



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07572974 3

*The  
Gordon Lester Ford  
Collection  
Presented by his sons  
Worthington Chauncy Ford  
and  
Paul Leicester Ford  
to the  
New York Public Library.*

NEW  
Edgeworth, M.













# HELEN,

A TALE.



BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

---

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

1834.

823

A faint, rectangular library stamp is visible in the bottom right corner of the page. It contains several lines of text, including what appears to be a date and a number, but the details are too light to read accurately.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
163357  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.  
1899.

---

GRIGGS & CO., PRINTERS.

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

# HELEN.

---

## CHAPTER I.

"~~THERE~~ is Helen in the Lime-walk," said Mrs. Collingwood, to her husband, as she looked out of the window. The slight figure of a young person in deep mourning appeared between the trees,—“how slowly she walks! She looks very unhappy!”

“Yes,” said Mr. Collingwood, with a sigh, “she is young to know sorrow, and to struggle with difficulties to which she is quite unsuited both by nature and by education, difficulties which no one could ever have foreseen. How changed are all her prospects!”

“Changed, indeed!” said Mrs. Collingwood, “pretty young creature!—Do you recollect how gay she was when first we came to Cecilhurst? and even last year, when she had hopes of her uncle’s recovery, and when he talked of taking her to London, how she enjoyed the thoughts of going there! The world was bright before her then. How cruel of that uncle, with all his fondness for her, never to think what was to become of her the moment he was dead: to breed her up as an heiress, and leave her a beggar!”

“But what is to be done, my dear!” said her husband.

“I am sure I do not know; I can only feel for her, you must think for her.”

“Then I think I must tell her directly of the state in which her uncle’s affairs are left, and that there is no provision for her.”

“Not yet, my dear,” said Mrs. Collingwood; “I don’t mean about there being no provision for herself, that would not strike her, but her uncle’s debts, there is the point: she would feel dreadfully the disgrace to his memory—she loved him so tenderly!”



"Yet it must be told," said Mr. Collingwood, resolutely, "and, perhaps, it will be better now; she will feel it less, while her mind is absorbed by grief for him."

Helen was the only daughter of Colonel and Lady Anne Stanley; her parents had both died when she was too young to know her loss, nor had she ever felt till now, that she was an orphan, for she had been adopted and brought up with the greatest tenderness by her uncle, Dean Stanley, a man of genius, learning, and sincere piety, with the most affectionate heart, and a highly cultivated understanding. But on one subject he really had not common sense; in money matters he was inconceivably imprudent and extravagant; extravagant from charity, from taste, from habit. He possessed rich benefices in the church, and an ample private fortune, and it was expected that his niece would be a great heiress—he had often said so himself, and his fondness for her confirmed every one in this belief. But the Dean's taste warred against his affection: his too hospitable, magnificent establishment had exceeded his income; he had too much indulged his passion for all the fine arts, of which he was a liberal patron; he had made a splendid collection of pictures—a magnificent library; and on buildings and improvements he had lavished immense sums of money. Cursed with too fine a taste, and with too soft a heart—a heart too well knowing how to yield, never could he deny himself, much less any other human being, any gratification which money can command; and soon the necessary consequence was, that he had no money to command, his affairs fell into embarrassment—his estate was sold; but, as he continued to live with his accustomed hospitality and splendour, the world believed him to be as rich as ever.

Some rise superior from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, but that was not the case with Dean Stanley, not from want of elasticity of mind, but, perhaps, because his ingenuity continually suggested resources, and his sanguine character led him, in his difficulties, to plunge into speculations—they failed, and in the anxiety and agitation which his embarrassments occasioned him, he fell into bad health, his physicians ordered him to Italy. Helen, his devoted nurse, the object upon which all his affections centred, accompanied him to Florence. There his health and spirits seemed at first, by the change of climate, to be renovated; but in Italy he found fresh temptations to extravagance, his learning and his fancy combined to lead him on from day to day to new expense, and he satisfied his conscience by saying to himself that all the purchases which he now made were only so much capital, which would, when sold in England, bring more than their original price, and would, he flattered himself, increase the fortune he intended for his niece. But one day, while he was actually bargaining for an antique, he was seized

with a fit of apoplexy. From this fit, he recovered, and was able to return to England with his niece. Here he found his debts and difficulties had been increasing; he was harassed with doubts as to the moneyed value of his last chosen chef-d'œuvre; his mind preyed upon his weakened frame, he was seized with another fit, lost his speech, and after struggles the most melancholy for Helen to see, feeling that she could do nothing for him—he expired—his eyes fixed on her face, and his powerless hand held between both hers.

All was desolation and dismay at the deanery; Helen was removed to the vicarage by the kindness of the good Vicar and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood.

It was found that the Dean, instead of leaving a large fortune, had nothing to leave. All he had laid out at the deanery was sunk and gone; his real property all sold; his imaginary wealth, his pictures, statues—his whole collection, even his books, his immense library, shrunk so much in value when estimated after his death, that the demands of the creditors could not be nearly answered: as to any provision for Miss Stanley, that was out of the question.

These were the circumstances which Mrs. Collingwood feared to reveal, and which Mr. Collingwood thought should be told immediately to Helen; but hitherto she had been so much absorbed in sorrow for the uncle she had loved, that no one had ventured on the task.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood had not known her long (for they had but lately come to the neighbourhood,) they had the greatest sympathy for her orphan state; and they had seen enough of her during her uncle's illness to make them warmly attached to her. Every body loved her that knew her, rich or poor, for in her young prosperity, from her earliest childhood, she had been always sweet-tempered and kind-hearted; for though she had been bred up in the greatest luxury, educated as heiress to a large fortune, taught every accomplishment, used to every fashionable refinement, she was not spoiled—she was not in the least selfish. Indeed, her uncle's indulgence, excessive though it was, had been always joined with so much affection, that it had early touched her heart, and filled her whole soul with ardent gratitude.

It is said, that the ill men do, lives after them—the good is oft interred with their bones. It was not so with Dean Stanley: the good he had intended for Helen, his large fortune, was lost and gone; but the real good he had done for his niece remained in full force, and to the honour of his memory: the excellent education he had given her—it was excellent not merely in the worldly meaning of the word, as regards accomplishments and elegance of manners, but excellent in having given her a firm

sense of duty, as the great principle of action, and as the guide of her naturally warm generous affections.

And now, when Helen returned from her walk, Mr. Collingwood, in the gentlest and kindest manner he was able, informed her of the confusion in her uncle's affairs, the debts, the impossibility of paying the creditors, the total loss of all fortune for herself.

Mrs. Collingwood had well foreseen the effect this intelligence would have on Helen. At first, with fixed, incredulous eyes, she could not believe that her uncle could have been in any way to blame. Twice she asked—"Are you sure—are you certain—is there no mistake!" And when the conviction was forced upon her, still her mind did not take in any part of the facts, as they regarded herself. Astonished and shocked, she could feel nothing but the disgrace that would fall upon the memory of her beloved uncle.

Then she exclaimed—"One part of it is not true, I am certain:" and hastily leaving the room, she returned immediately with a letter in her hand, which, without speaking, she laid before Mr. Collingwood, who wiped his spectacles quickly, and read.

It was addressed to the poor Dean, and was from an old friend of his, Colonel Munro, stating that he had been suddenly ordered to India, and was obliged to return a sum of money which the Dean had many years before placed in his hands, to secure a provision for his niece, Miss Stanley.

This letter had arrived when the Dean was extremely ill. Helen had been afraid to give it to him, and yet thought it right to do so. The moment her uncle had read the letter, which he was still able to do, and to comprehend, though he was unable to speak, he wrote on the back with difficulty, in a sadly trembling hand, yet quite distinctly, these words:—"That money is yours, Helen Stanley: no one has any claim upon it. When I am gone, consult Mr. Collingwood; consider him as your guardian."

Mr. Collingwood perceived that this provision had been made by the Dean for his niece before he had contracted his present debts—many years before, when he had sold his paternal estate, and that, knowing his own disposition to extravagance, he had put this sum out of his own power.

"Right—all right, my dear Miss Stanley," said the vicar; "I am very glad—it is all justly yours."

"No," said Helen, "I shall never touch it: take it, my dear Mr. Collingwood, take it, and pay all the debts before any one can complain."

Mr. Collingwood pressed her to him without speaking; but after a moment's recollection he replied:—

"No, no, my dear child, I cannot let you do this: as your guardian, I cannot allow such a young creature as you are, in a moment of feeling, thus to give away your whole earthly fortune—it must not be."

"It must, indeed it must, my dear sir. Oh, pay every body at once—directly."

"No, not directly, at all events," said Mr. Collingwood—"certainly not directly: the law allows a year."

"But if the money is ready," said Helen, "I cannot understand why the debt should not be paid at once. Is there any law against paying people immediately?"

Mr. Collingwood half smiled, and on the strength of that half smile Helen concluded that he wholly yielded. "Yes, do," cried she, "send this money this instant to Mr. James, the solicitor: he knows all about it, you say, and he will see every body paid."

"Stay, my dear Miss Stanley," said the Vicar, "I cannot consent to this, and you should be thankful that I am steady. If I were at this minute to consent, and to do what you desire—pay away your whole fortune, you would repent, and reproach me with my folly before the end of the year—before six months were over."

"Never, never," said Helen.

Mrs. Collingwood strongly took her husband's side of the question. Helen could have no idea, she said, how necessary money would be to her. It was quite absurd to think of living upon air; could Miss Stanley think she was to go on in this world without money?

Helen said she was not so absurd; she reminded Mrs. Collingwood that she should still have what had been her mother's fortune.

Before Helen had well got out the words, Mrs. Collingwood replied,

"That will never do, you will never be able to live upon that; the interest of Lady Anne Stanley's fortune, I know what it was, would just do for pocket-money for you in the style of life for which you have been educated. Some of your uncle's great friends will of course invite you presently, and then you will find what is requisite with that set of people."

"Some of my uncle's friends perhaps will," said Helen; "but I am not obliged to go to great or fine people, and if I cannot afford it I will not, for I can live independently on what I have, be it ever so little."

Mrs. Collingwood allowed that if Helen were to live always in the country in retirement, she might do upon her mother's fortune.

"Wherever I live—whatever becomes of me, the debts must

be paid—I will do it myself;” and she took up a pen as she spoke—“I will write to Mr. James by this day’s post.”

Surprised at her decision of manner and the firmness of one in general so gentle, yielding, and retired, and feeling that he had no legal power to resist, Mr. Collingwood at last gave way, so far as to agree that he would, in due time, use this money in satisfying her uncle’s creditors; *provided she lived for the next six months within her income.*

Helen smiled, as if that were a needless proviso.

“I warn you,” continued Mr. Collingwood, “that you will most probably find, before six months are over, that you will want some of this money to pay debts of your own.”

“No, no, no,” cried she; “of that there is not the slightest chance.”

“And now, my dear child,” said Mrs. Collingwood, “now that Mr. Collingwood has promised to do what you wish, will you do what we wish? Will you promise to remain with us? to live here with us, for the present at least; we will resign you whenever better friends may claim you, but, for the present, will you try us?”

“Try!” in a transport of gratitude and affection she could only repeat the words, “Try! oh, my dear friends, how happy I am, an orphan, without a relation, to have such a home.”

But though Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood, childless as they were, felt real happiness in having such a companion—such an adopted daughter, yet they were sure that some of Dean Stanley’s great friends and acquaintance in high life would ask his niece to spend the spring in town, or the summer in the country with them; and post after post came letters of condolence to Miss Stanley from all these personages of high degree, professing the greatest regard for their dear amiable friend’s memory, and for Miss Stanley, his and their dear Helen; and these polite and kind expressions were probably sincere at the moment, but none of these dear friends seemed to think of taking any trouble on her account, or to be in the least disturbed by the idea of never seeing their dear Helen again in the course of their lives.

Helen, quite touched by what was said of her uncle, thought only of him; but when she showed the letters to Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood, they marked the oversight, and looked significantly as they read, folded the letters up, and returned them to Helen in silence. Afterwards, between themselves, they indulged in certain comments.

“Lady C—— does not invite her, for she has too many daughters, and they are too ugly, and Helen is too beautiful!” said Mrs. Collingwood.

“Lady L—— has too many sons,” said Mr. Colling-

wood, "and they are too poor, and Helen is not an heiress now."

"But old Lady Margaret Dawe, who has neither sons nor daughters, what stands in the way there? Oh! her delicate health—delicate health is a blessing to some people—excuses them always from doing any thing for any body."

"And the Berkeleys, the Dean's most particular friends, and who doted on Helen, what can they find to say? They would have been really so happy to have her; *but*, going to travel, heaven knows where, or for how long! Oh!—and no carriage could carry Miss Stanley, I suppose, along with them."

Then came many, who hoped, in general, to see Miss Stanley as soon as possible; and some who were "very anxious indeed" to have their dear Helen with them; but when or where never specified, and a general invitation, as every body knows, means nothing but "Good morning to you."

Mrs. Coldstream ends with, "I forbear to say more at present," without giving any reason.

"And here is the Dean's dear Duchess, always in the greatest haste, with 'You know my heart,' in a parenthesis, 'ever and ever most sincerely and affectionately—yours.'"

"And the Davenants," continued Mrs. Collingwood, "who were such near neighbours, and who were so kind to the Dean at Florence; they have not even written!"

"But they are at Florence still," said Mr. Collingwood, "they can hardly have heard of the poor Dean's death."

The Davenants were the great people of this part of the country; their place, Cecilhurst, was close to the deanery and the vicarage, but they were not known to the Collingwoods, who had come to Cecilhurst during the Dean's absence abroad.

"And here is Mrs. Wilmot, too," continued Mrs. Collingwood, "wondering, as usual, at every body else, wondering that Lady Barker has not invited Miss Stanley to Castle-port; and it never enters into Mrs. Wilmot's head that she might invite her to Wilmot's fort. And this is friendship, as the world goes!"

"And as it has been ever since the beginning of the world, and will be to the end," replied Mr. Collingwood. "Only I thought in Dean Stanley's case—however, I am glad his niece does not see it as we do."

No—with all Helen's natural quickness of sensibility, she suspected nothing, saw nothing in each excuse but what was perfectly reasonable and kind; she was sure that her uncle's friends could not mean to neglect her. In short, she had an undoubting belief in those she loved, and she loved all those

who she thought had loved her uncle, or who had ever shown her kindness. Helen had never yet experienced neglect or detected insincerity, and nothing in her own true and warm heart could suggest the possibility of double-dealing, or even of coldness in friendship. She had yet to learn that—

"No after-friendship ere can raze  
Th' endearments of our early days,  
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,  
As when it first began to love;  
Ere lovely nature is expelled,  
And friendship is romantic held.  
But prudence comes with hundred eyes,  
The veil is rent, the vision flies,  
The dear illusions will not last,  
The era of enchantment 's past :  
The wild romance of life is done,  
The real history begun!"

## CHAPTER II.

SOME time after this, Mr. Collingwood, rising from the breakfast table, threw down the day's paper, saying there was nothing in it; Mrs. Collingwood glancing her eye over it exclaimed—

"Do you call this nothing? Helen, hear this!

"Marriage in high life—At the Ambassador's chapel, Paris, on the 16th instant, General Clarendon to Lady Cecilia Davenant, only daughter of Earl and Countess Davenant."

"Married! absolutely married!" exclaimed Helen: "I knew it was to be, but so soon I did not expect. Ambassador's chapel—where did you say?—Paris? No, that must be a mistake, they are all at Florence—settled there, I thought their letters said."

Mrs. Collingwood pointed to the paragraph, and Helen saw it was certainly Paris—there could be no mistake. Here was a full account of the marriage, and a list of all the fashionables who attended the fair bride to the hymeneal altar. Her father gave her away.

"Then certainly it is so," said Helen, and she came to the joyful conclusion that they must all be on their way home:—

"Dear Lady Davenant coming to Cecilhurst again!"

Lady Cecilia, "the fair bride," had been Helen's most intimate friend; they had been, when children, much together, for the deanery was so close to Cecilhurst, that the shrubbery opened into the park.

"But is not it rather extraordinary, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Collingwood, "that you should see this account of your dear Lady Cecilia's marriage in the public papers only, without having heard of it from any of your friends themselves—not one letter, not one line from any of them?"

A cloud came over Helen's face, but it passed quickly, and she was sure they had written—something had delayed their letters. She was certain Lady Davenant or Lady Cecilia had written; or, if they had not, it was because they could not possibly, in such a hurry, such agitation as they must have been in. At all events, whether they had written or not, she was



certain they could not mean any thing unkind; she could not change her opinion of her friend for a letter more or less.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Collingwood, "how long is it since you have seen them?"

"About two years; just two years it is since I parted from them at Florence."

"And you have corresponded with Lady Cecilia constantly ever since?" asked Mrs. Collingwood.

"Not constantly."

"Not constantly—oh!" said Mrs. Collingwood, in a prolonged and somewhat sarcastic tone.

"Not constantly—so much the better," said her husband; "a constant correspondence is always a great burden, and moreover, sometimes a great evil, between young ladies especially—I hate the sight of ladies' long cross-barred letters."

Helen said that Lady Cecilia's letters were never cross-barred, always short and far between.

"You seem wonderfully fond of Lady Cecilia," said Mrs. Collingwood.

"Not wonderfully," replied Helen, "but very fond, and no wonder—we were bred up together. And"—continued she, after a little pause, "and if Lady Cecilia had not been so generous as she is, she might have been—she must have been, jealous of the partiality, the fondness which her mother always showed me."

"But was not Lady Davenant's heart large enough to hold two?" asked Mrs. Collingwood. "You and her daughter, was not she fond of her daughter?"

"Yes, as far as she knew her, but she did not know Lady Cecilia."

"Not know her own daughter!" Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood both at once exclaimed, "How could that possibly be?"

"Very easily," Helen said, "because she saw so little of her."

"Was not Lady Cecilia educated at home?"

"Yes, but still Lady Cecilia, when a child, was all day long with her governess, and at Cecilhurst, the governess's apartments were quite out of the way, in one of the wings at the end of a long corridor, with a separate staircase; she might as well have been in another house."

"Bad arrangement," said Mr. Collingwood, speaking to himself as he stood on the hearth. "Bad arrangement which separates mother and daughter."

"At that time," continued Helen, "there was always a great deal of company at Cecilhurst. Lord Davenant was one of the ministers of state then. I believe—I know he saw a great

many political people, and Lady Davenant was forced to be always with them talking."

"Talking! yes, yes!" said Mr. Collingwood, "I understand it all; Lady Davenant is a great politician, and female politicians, with their heads full of the affairs of Europe, cannot have time to think of the affairs of their families."

"What is the matter, my dear Helen?" said Mrs. Collingwood, taking her hand. Helen had tears in her eyes, and looked unhappy.

"I have done very wrong," said she; "I have said something that has given you a bad, a false opinion of one for whom I have the greatest admiration and love—of Lady Davenant. I am excessively sorry; I have done very wrong."

"Not the least, my dear child; you told us nothing but what every body knows—that she is a great politician, you told us no more."

"But I should have told you more, and what nobody knows better than I do," cried Helen; "that Lady Davenant is a great deal more, and a great deal better than a politician. I was too young to judge, you may think; but young as I was, I could see and feel, and children can and do often see a great deal into character, and I assure you Lady Davenant's is a sort of deep, high character, that you would admire."

Mrs. Collingwood observed with surprise, that Helen spoke of her with even more enthusiasm than of her dear Lady Cecilia.

"Yes, because she is a person more likely to excite enthusiasm."

"You did not feel afraid of her then?"

"I do not say that," replied Helen; "yet it was not fear exactly, it was more a sort of awe, but still I liked it. It is so delightful to have something to look up to. I love Lady Davenant all the better, even for that awe I felt of her."

"And I like you all the better for every thing you feel, think, and say about your friends," cried Mrs. Collingwood; "but let us see what they will do; when I see whether they can write, and what they write to you, I will tell you more of my mind—if any letters come."

"If!—" Helen repeated, but would say no more—and there it rested, or at least stopped. By common consent the subject was not recurred to for several days. Every morning at post-time Helen's colour rose with expectation, and then faded with disappointment, still with the same confiding look and tone of affection, she said, "I am sure it is not their fault."

"Time will show," said Mrs. Collingwood.

At length, one morning when she came down to breakfast, "Triumph, my dear Helen!" cried Mrs. Collingwood, holding

up two large letters! all scribbled over with "Try this place and try that, mis-sent to Cross-keys—Over moor," and heaven knows where—and—no matter.

Helen seized the packets and tore them open; one was from Paris, written immediately after the news of Dean Stanley's death; it contained two letters, one from Lady Davenant, the other from Lady Cecilia—"written, only think!" cried she, "how kind!—the very day before her marriage; signed, 'Cecilia Davenant, for the last time,'"—and Lady Davenant, too—to think of me in all their happiness."

—She opened the other letters, written since their arrival in England, she read eagerly on—then stopped, and her looks changed.

"Lady Davenant is not coming to Cecilhurst. Lord Davenant is to be sent ambassador to Petersburg, and Lady Davenant will go along with him—oh! there is an end of every thing, I shall never see her again!—Stay—she is to be first with Lady Cecilia at Clarendon Park, wherever that is, for some time—she does not know how long—she hopes to see me there—oh! how kind, how delightful!"

Helen put Lady Davenant's letter proudly into Mrs. Collingwood's hand, and eagerly opened Lady Cecilia's.

"So like herself! so like Cecilia," cried she. Mrs. Collingwood read and acknowledged that nothing could be kinder, for here was an invitation, not vague or general, but particular, and pressing as heart could wish or heart could make it. "We shall be at Clarendon Park on Thursday, and shall expect you, dearest Helen, on Monday, just time, the General says, for an answer; so write and say where horses shall meet you," &c. &c.

"Upon my word, this is being in earnest, when it comes to horses meeting," cried Mr. Collingwood. "Of course, you will go directly?"

Helen was in great agitation.

"Write—write—my dear, directly," said Mrs. Collingwood, "for the post-boy waits."

And before she had written many lines the Cross-post boy sent up word that he could wait no longer.

Helen wrote she scarcely knew what, but, in short, an acceptance, signed, sealed, delivered, and then she took breath. Off cantered the boy with the letters bagged, and scarcely was he out of sight, when Helen saw under the table the cover of the packet, in which were some lines that had not yet been read. They were in Lady Cecilia's hand-writing—a postscript.

"I forgot, dear Helen, the thing that is most essential, (you remember our friend D——'s definition of *une bêtise*; *c'est d'oublier la chose essentielle*;) I forgot to tell you that the General declares he will not hear of a mere *visit* from you. He

"bids me tell you that it must be 'till death or marriage.' So, my dear friend, you must make up your mind in short to live with us till you find a General Clarendon of your own. To this postscript no reply—silence gives consent."

"If I had seen this!" said Helen, as she laid it before Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood, "I ought to have answered, but, indeed, I never saw it;" she sprang forward instantly to ring the bell, exclaiming, "It is time yet—stop the boy—silence gives consent." I must write. I cannot leave you, my dear friends, in this way. I did not see that postscript, believe me I did not."

They believed her, they thanked her, but they would not let her ring the bell; they said she had better not bind herself in any way either to themselves or to Lady Cecilia. Accept of the present invitation she must—she must go to see her friend on her marriage; she must take leave of her dear Lady Davenant before her departure.

"They are older friends than we are," said Mr. Collingwood, "they have the first claim upon you; but let us think of it only as a visit now. As to residence for life, that you can best judge of for yourself after you have been some time at Clarendon Park; if you do not like to remain there, you know how gladly we shall welcome you here again, my child, or if you decide to live with those you have known so long and loved so much, we cannot be offended at your choice."

This generous kindness, this freedom from jealous susceptibility, touched Helen's heart, and increased her agitation. She could not bear the thoughts of either the reality or appearance of neglecting these kind good people, the moment she had other prospects, and frequently in all the hurry of her preparations, she repeated, "It will only be a visit at Clarendon Park. I will return to you, I shall write to you, my dear Mrs. Collingwood, at all events, constantly."

When Mr. Collingwood gave her his parting blessing he reminded her of his warning about her fortune. Mrs. Collingwood reminded her of her promise to write. The carriage drove from the door. Helen's heart was full of the friends she was leaving, but by degrees the agitation of the parting subsided, her tears ceased, her heart grew lighter, and the hopes of seeing her friends at Clarendon Park arose bright in her mind, and her thoughts all turned upon Cecilia and Lady Davenant.

## CHAPTER III.

HELEN looked eagerly out of the carriage-window for the first view of Clarendon Park. It satisfied—it surpassed her expectations. It was a fine, aristocratic place:—ancestral trees; and a vast expanse of park: herds of deer, yellow and dark, or spotted; their heads appearing in the distance just above the fern, or grazing near, startled as the carriage passed. Through the long approach, she caught various views of the house, partly Gothic, partly of modern architecture; it seemed of great extent and magnificence.

All delightful so far; but now for her own reception. Her breath grew quick and quicker as she came near and nearer to the house. Some one was standing on the steps. Was it General Clarendon? No; only a servant. The carriage stopped, more servants appeared, and, as Helen got out, a very sublime looking personage informed her that "Lady Cecilia and the General were out riding—only in the park—would be in immediately."

And as she crossed the great hall, the same sublime person informed her that there would be still an hour before dinner-time, and inquired whether she would be pleased to be shown to her own apartment, or to the library? Helen felt chilled and disappointed, because this was not exactly the way she had expected things would be upon her arrival. She had pictured to herself Cecilia running to meet her in the hall.

Without answering the groom of the chambers, she asked, "Is Lady Davenant out too?"

"No; her ladyship is in the library."

"To the library then directly."

And through the antechamber, she passed rapidly, impatient of a momentary stop of her conductor to open the folding-doors, while a man, with a letter-box in hand, equally impatient, begged that Lady Davenant might be told, "The General's express was waiting."

Lady Davenant was sealing letters in great haste for this express, but when the door opened, and she saw Helen, she threw wax and letter from her, and pushing aside the sofa-table, came forward to receive her with open arms.

All was in an instant happy in Helen's heart; but there was the man of the letter-box; he must be attended to. "Beg your pardon, Helen, my dear—one moment. Letters must be finished—great consequence."

By the time letters were finished, before they were gone, Lady Cecilia came in. The same as ever, with affectionate delight in her eyes—her beautiful eyes. The same, yes, the same Cecilia as ever; yet different: less of a girl, less lively, but more happy. The moment she had embraced her, Lady Cecilia turned quick to present General Clarendon, thinking he had followed, but he had stopped in the hall.

"Send off the letters," were the first words of his which Helen heard. The tone commanding, the voice remarkably gentleman-like. An instant afterwards he came in. A fine figure, a handsome man; in the prime of life; with a high-born, high-bred military air. English decidedly—proudly English. Something of the old school—composed self-possession; with voluntary deference to others—rather distant. Helen felt that his manner of welcoming her to Clarendon Park was perfectly polite, yet she would have liked it better had it been less polite—more cordial. Lady Cecilia, whose eyes were anxiously upon her, drew her arm within hers and hurried her out of the room. She stopped at the foot of the stairs, gathered up the folds of her riding dress, and turning suddenly to Helen, with her vivacious manner, said,—

"Helen, my dear, you must not think *that*"—

"Think what?" said Helen.

"Think *that*—for which you are now blushing. Oh, you know what I mean? Helen, your thoughts are just as legible in your face, as they always were to me. His manner is reserved—cold, may be—but not his heart. Understand this, pray—once for all. Do you? will you, dearest Helen?"

"I do, I will," cried Helen; and every minute she felt more perfectly to understand and to be more perfectly pleased with her friend. Lady Cecilia showed her through the apartment destined for her, which she had taken the greatest pleasure in arranging; every thing there was not only most comfortable, but particularly to her taste; and some little delicate proofs of affection, recollections of childhood, were there:—keepsakes, early drawings, nonsensical things, not worth preserving, but still preserved:—they said so much, and so tenderly, to Helen's heart!

"Look how near we are together," said Cecilia, opening a door into her own dressing-room. You may shut this up whenever you please, but I hope you will never please to do so. You see how I leave you your own free will, as friends usually do, with a proviso, a hope at least, that you are never to use it on any account—like the child's half-guinea pocket-money, never to be changed."

Her playful tone relieved, as she intended it should, Helen's

too keen emotion; and this too was felt with the quickness with which every touch of kindness ever was felt by her. Helen pressed her friend's hand, and smiled without speaking.

They were to be some time alone before the commencement of bridal visits, and an expected succession of troops of friends. This was a time of peculiar enjoyment to Helen: she had leisure to grow happy in the feeling of reviving hopes from old associations.

She did not forget her promise to write to Mrs. Collingwood; nor afterwards (to her credit be it here marked)—even when the house was full of company, and when, by amusement or by feeling, she was most pressed for time—did she ever omit to write to those excellent friends. Those who best know the difficulty will best appreciate this proof of the reality of her gratitude.

As Lady Cecilia was a great deal with her husband riding or walking, Helen had opportunities of being much alone with Lady Davenant, who now gave her a privilege that she had enjoyed in former times at Cecilhurst, that of entering her apartment in the morning at all hours without fear of being considered an intruder.

The first morning, however, on seeing her ladyship immersed in papers with a brow of care, deeply intent, Helen paused on the threshold, "I am afraid I interrupt—I am afraid I disturb you."

"Come in, Helen, come in," cried Lady Davenant, looking up, and the face of care was cleared, and there was a radiance of pleasure—"Interrupt—yes: disturb—no. Often in your little life, Helen, you have interrupted—never disturbed me. From the time you were a child till this moment, never did I see you come into my room without pleasure."

Then sweeping away heaps of papers, she made room for Helen on the sofa beside her.

"Now tell me how things are with you—somewhat I have heard reported of my friend the Dean's affairs—tell me all."

Helen told all as briefly as possible; she hurried on through her uncle's affairs with a tremulous voice, and before she could come to a conclusion Lady Davenant, exclaimed,

"I foresaw it long since: with all my friend's virtues, all his talents—but we will not go back upon the painful past. You, my dear Helen, have done just what I should have expected from you,—right;—right, too, the condition Mr. Collingwood has made—very right. And now to the next point:—where are you to live, Helen? or rather with whom?"

Helen was not quite sure yet: she said she had not quite determined.

"Am I to understand that your doubt lies between the Collingwoods and my daughter?"

"Yes; Cecilia most kindly invited me, but I do not know Ge-

neral Clarendon yet, and he does not know me yet. Cecilia might wish most sincerely that I should live with her, and I am convinced she does; but her husband must be considered."

"True," said Lady Davenant—true; a husband is certainly a thing *to be cared for*—in Scottish phrase, and General Clarendon is no doubt a person to be considered,—but it seems that I am not a person to be considered in your arrangements."

Even the altered, dry, and almost acrid tone in which Lady Davenant spoke, and the expression of disappointment in her countenance—were, as marks of strong affection, deeply gratifying to Helen. Lady Davenant went on:—

"Was not Cecilhurst always a home to you, Helen Stanley?"

"Yes, yes,—always a most happy home!"

"Then why is not Cecilhurst to be your home?"

"My dear Lady Davenant! how kind!—how very, very kind of you to wish it—but I never thought of——"

"And why did not you think of it, Helen?"

"I mean—I thought you were going to Russia."

"And have you settled, my dear Helen," said Lady Davenant, smiling, "have you settled that I am never to come back from Russia? Do not you know that you are—that you ever were—you ever will be to me a daughter!" and drawing Helen fondly towards her, she added, "as my own very dear—I must not say *dearest* child,—must not, because as I well remember once—little creature as you were then—you whispered to me, 'Never call me *dearest*,'—generous-hearted child!" And tears started into her eyes as she spoke; but at that moment came a knock at the door. "A packet from Lord Davenant, by Mr. Mapletott, my lady."

Helen rose to leave the room, but Lady Davenant laid a detaining hand upon her, saying, "You will not be in my way in the least;" and she opened her packet, adding, that while she read, Helen might amuse herself "with arranging the books on that table, or in looking over the letters in that portfolio."

Helen had hitherto seen Lady Davenant only with the eyes of very early youth: but now, after an absence of two years—a great space in her existence, it seemed as if she looked upon her with new eyes, and every hour made fresh discoveries in her character. Contrary to what too often happens when we again see and judge of those whom we have early known, Lady Davenant's character and abilities, instead of sinking and diminishing, appeared to rise and enlarge, to expand and be ennobled to Helen's view. Strong lights and shades there were, but these only excited and fixed her attention. Even her defects—those inequalities of temper of which she had already had some example, were interesting as evidences of the power and warmth of her affections.

The books on the table were those which Lady Davenant had



had in her travelling carriage. They gave Helen an idea of the range and variety of the reader's mind. Some of them were presentation copies, as they are called, from several of the first authors of our own and foreign countries; some with dedications to Lady Davenant; others with inscriptions expressing respect or propitiating favour, or anxious for judgment.

The portfolio contained letters whose very signatures would have driven the first of modern autograph collectors distracted with joy—whose meanest scrap would make a scrap-book the envy of the world.

But among the letters in this portfolio, there were none of those nauseous notes of compliment, none of those epistles adulatory, degrading to those who write, and equally to those by whom they are produced; letters which are, however cleverly turned, (Pope's included,) inexpressibly wearisome to all but the parties concerned.

After opening and looking at the signatures of several of these letters, Helen sat in a delightful *embarras de richesse*. To read them all—all at once, was impossible; with which to begin, she could not determine. One after another was laid aside as too good to be read first, and after glancing at the contents of each, she began to deal them round alphabetically till she was struck by a passage in one of them—she looked to the signature, it was unknown to fame—she read the whole, it was striking and interesting. There were several letters in the same hand, and Helen was surprised to find them arranged according to their dates, in Lady Davenant's own writing—preserved with those of persons of illustrious reputation! These she read on without farther hesitation. There was no sort of affectation in them—quite easy and natural, “real feeling, and genius,” certainly genius, she thought!—and there seemed something romantic and uncommon in the character of the writer. They were signed Granville Beauclerc.

Who could he be, this Granville Beauclerc? She read on till Lady Davenant, having finished her packet, rang a silver hand-bell, as was her custom, to summon her page. At the first tingle of the bell Helen started, and Lady Davenant asked—“Whose letter, my dear, has so completely abstracted you?”

Carlos, the page, came in at this instant, and after a quick glance at the handwriting of the letters, Lady Davenant gave her orders in Portuguese to Carlos, and then returning to Helen, took no farther notice of the letters, but went on just where she had left off. “Helen, I remember when you were about nine years old, timid as you usually were, your coming forward, bold as a little lion, to attack me in Cecilia's defence; I forget the particulars, but I recollect that you said I was *unjust*, and that I did not know Cecilia, and there you were right; so, to reward you, you shall see that now I do her perfect justice, and

that I am as fond of her as your heart can wish. I really never did know Cecilia till I saw her heartily in love; I had imagined her incapable of real love; I thought the desire of pleasing universally had been her ruling passion—the ruling passion that, of a little mind and a cold heart; but I did her wrong. In another more material point, too, I was mistaken.”

Lady Davenant paused, and looked earnestly at Helen, whose eyes said I am glad, and yet she was not quite certain she knew to what she alluded.

“Cecilia righted herself, and won my good opinion, by the openness with which she treated me from the very commencement of her attachment to General Clarendon.”

Lady Davenant again paused to reflect, and played for some moments with the tablets in her hand.

“Some one says that we are apt to flatter ourselves that we leave our faults when our faults leave us, from change of situation, age, and so forth; and, perhaps, it does not signify much which it is, if the faults are fairly gone, and if there be no danger of their returning: all our former misunderstandings arose on Cecilia’s part from cowardice of character; on mine from—no matter what—no matter either which of us was most wrong.”

“True, true,” cried Helen, eagerly; and, anxious to prevent recurrence to painful recollections, she went on to ask, rapidly, several questions about Cecilia’s marriage.

Lady Davenant smiled, and promised that she should have the whole history of the marriage in true gossip detail.

“When I wrote to you, I gave you some general ideas on the subject, but there are little things which could not well be written, even to so safe a young friend as you are, for what is written remains, and often for those by whom it was never intended to be seen; the *dessous des cartes* can seldom be either safely or satisfactorily shown on paper, so give me my embroidery-frame, I never can tell well without having something to do with my hands.”

And as Helen set the embroidery-frame, Lady Davenant searched for some skeins of silk and silk winders.

“Take these, my dear, and wind this silk for me, for I must have my hearer comfortably established, not like the agonized listener in the ‘World,’ leaning against a table, with the corner running into him all the time.”

## CHAPTER IV.

"I must go back," continued Lady Davenant; "quite to the dark ages, the time when I knew nothing of my daughter's character but by the accidental lights which you offered me. I will take up my story before the reformation, in the middle ages, when you and your dear uncle left us at Florence; about two years ago, when Cecilia was in the height of her conquests, about the time when a certain Colonel D'Aubigny flourished,—you remember him?"

Helen answered "Yes," rather in a constrained voice, which caused Lady Davenant to look up, and on seeing that look of inquiry, Helen coloured, though she would have given the world not to be so foolish. The affair was Cecilia's, and Helen only wished not to have it recurred to, and yet she had now, by colouring, done the very thing to fix Lady Davenant's attention, and as the look was prolonged, she coloured more and more.

"I see I was wrong," said Lady Davenant; "I had thought Colonel D'Aubigny's ecstasy about that miniature of you was only a feint; but I see he really was an admirer of yours, Helen?"

"Of mine! oh no, never!" Still, from her fear of saying something that should implicate Cecilia, her tone, though she spoke exactly the truth, was not to Lady Davenant's discriminative ear quite natural—Helen seeing doubt, added,

"Impossible, my dear Lady Davenant! you know I was then so young, quite a child!"

"No, no, not quite; two from eighteen and sixteen remain, I think, and in our days sixteen is not absolutely a child."

Helen made no answer; her thoughts had gone back to the time when Colonel D'Aubigny was first introduced to her, which was just before her uncle's illness, and when her mind had been so engrossed by him, that she had but a confused recollection of all the rest."

"Now you are right, my dear," said Lady Davenant; "right to be absolutely silent. In difficult cases say nothing; but still you are wrong in sitting so uneasily under it, for that seems as if there *was* something."

"Nothing upon earth!" cried Helen; "if you would not look at me so, my dear Lady Davenant."

"Then, my dear Helen, do not break my embroidery silk; that jerk was imprudent, and trust me, my dear, the screw of that silk winder is not so much to blame as you would have me think; take patience with yourself and with me. There is no great harm done, no unbearable imputation, you are not accused of loving or liking, only of having been admired."

"Never!" cried Helen.

"Well, well! it does not signify in the least now; the man is either dying or dead."

"I am glad of it," cried Helen.

"How barbarous!" said Lady Davenant, "but let it pass, I am neither glad nor sorry; contempt is more dignified and safer than hatred, my dear."

"Now to return to Cecilia; soon after, I will not say the D'Aubigny era, but soon after you left us, I fell sick, Cecilia was excessively kind to me. In kindness her affectionate heart never failed, and I felt this the more, from a consciousness that I had been a little harsh to her. I recovered but slowly; I could not bear to have her confined so long in a sick room, and yet I did not much like either of the chaperons with whom she went out, though they were both of rank, and of unimpeachable character—the one English, one of the best women in the world, but the most stupid; the other a foreigner, one of the most agreeable women in the world, but the most false. I prevailed on Cecilia to break off that—I do not know what to call it, friendship it was not, and my daughter and I drew nearer together. Better times began to dawn, but still there was little sympathy between us; my mind was intent on Lord Davenant's interests, hers on amusement and admiration. Her conquests were numerous, and she gloried in their number, for, between you and me, Cecilia was, before the reformation, not a little of a coquette. You will not allow it, you did not see it, you did not go out with her, and being three or four years younger, you could not be a very good critic of Cecilia's conduct; and depend upon it I am right, she was not a little of a coquette. She did not know, and I am sure I did not know, that she had a heart, till she became acquainted with General Clarendon."

"The first time we met him,"—observing a quickening of attention in Helen's eyes, Lady Davenant smiled, and said,—  
"Young ladies always like to hear of 'the first time we saw him.'—The first time we saw General Clarendon was—forgive me the day of the month—in the gallery at Florence. I forget how it happened that he had not been presented to me—to Lord Davenant he must have been. But so it was, and it was new to Cecilia to see a man of his appearance who had not on his first arrival shown himself ambitious to be made known to her. He

was admiring a beautiful Magdalene, and he was standing with his back towards us. I recollect that his appearance when I saw him as a stranger—the time when one can best judge of appearance, struck me as that of a distinguished person, but little did I think that there stood Cecilia's husband! so little did my maternal instinct guide me.

"As we approached, he turned and gave one look at Cecilia; she gave one look at him. He passed on, she stopped me to examine the picture which he had been admiring.

"Every English mother at Florence, except myself, had their eyes fixed upon General Clarendon from the moment of his arrival. But whatever I may have been, or may have been supposed to be, on the great squares of politics, I believe I never have been accused or even suspected of being a manœuvrer on the small domestic scale.

My reputation for imbecility in these matters was, perhaps, advantageous. He did not shun me as he did the tribe of knowing ones; a hundred reports flew about concerning him, settling in one that he was resolved never to marry. Yet he was a passionate admirer of beauty and grace, and it was said that he had never been unsuccessful where he had wished to please. The secret of his resolution against marriage was accounted for by the gossiping public in many ways variously absurd. The fact was, that in his own family, and in that of a particular friend, there had been about this time two or three scandalous intrigues, followed by the 'public brand of shameful life.' One of these 'sad affairs,' as they are styled, was marked with premeditated treachery and turpitude. The lady had been, or had seemed to be, for years a pattern wife, the mother of several children; yet she had long betrayed, and at last abandoned, a most amiable and confiding husband, and went off with a man who did not love her, who cared for naught but himself, and a disgusting monster of selfishness, vanity and vice! This woman was said to have been once good, but to have been corrupted and depraved by residence abroad—by the contagion of foreign profligacy. In the other instance, the seduced wife had been originally most amiable, pure-minded, uncommonly beautiful; loved to idolatry by her husband, Clarendon's particular friend, a man high in public estimation. The husband shot himself. The seducer was, it is said, the lady's first love. That these circumstances should have made a deep impression on Clarendon, is natural; the more feeling—the stronger the mind, the more deep and lasting it was likely to be. Besides his resolution against marriage in general, we heard that he had specially resolved against marrying any travelled lady, and most especially against any woman with whom there was danger of a first love. How this danger was to be avoided or ascertained, mothers and daughters looked at one another, and did not ask, or at least did not answer.

" Cecilia, apparently unconcerned, heard and laughed at these high resolves, after her gay fashion with her young companions, and marvelled how long the resolution would be kept. General Clarendon, of course, could not but be introduced to us, could not but attend our assemblies, nor could he avoid meeting us in all the good English and foreign society at Florence; but whenever he met us, he always kept at a safe distance: this caution marked his sense of danger. To avoid its being so construed, perhaps, he made approaches to me, politely cold; we talked very wisely on the state of the Continent, and the affairs of Europe; I did not, however, confine myself or him to politics, I gave him many unconscious opportunities of showing in conversation, not his abilities, for they are nothing extraordinary; but his character, which is first-rate. Gleams came out, of a character born to subjugate, to captivate, to attach for life. It worked first on Cecilia's curiosity; she thought she was only curious, and she listened at first, humming an opera air between times, with the least concerned look conceivable. But her imagination was caught, and thenceforward through every thing that every body else might be saying, and through all she said herself, she heard every word that fell from our General, and even all that was repeated of his saying at second or third hand. So she learned in due season that he had seen women as handsome, handsomer than Lady Cecilia Davenant; but that there was something in her manner peculiarly suited to his taste—his fastidious taste! so free from coquetry, he said she was. And true, perfectly true, from the time he became acquainted with her; no hypocrisy on her part, no mistake on his; at the first touch of a real love, there was an end of vanity and coquetry. Then her deference—her affection for her mother, was so charming, he thought; such perfect confidence—such quick intelligence between us. No deceit here either, only a little self-deception on Cecilia's part. She had really grown suddenly fonder of me; what had become of her fear she did not know. But I knew full well my new charm and my real merit; I was a good and safe conductor of the electric shock.

" It chanced one day, when I was listening only as one listens to a man who is talking at another through oneself, I did not immediately catch the meaning, or, I believe, hear what the General said. Cecilia, unawares, answered for me, and showed that she perfectly understood:—he bowed—she blushed.

" Man is usually quick-sighted to woman's blushes. But our General was not vain, only proud; the blush he did not set down to his own account, but very much to hers. It was a proof, he thought, of so much simplicity of heart, so unspoiled by the world, so unlike—in short, so like the very woman he had painted in his fancy, before he knew too much of women. Lady Cecilia was now a perfect angel. Not one word of all this did he

say, but it was understood quite as well as if it had been spoken: his lips were firmly compressed, and the whole outer man composed—frigidly cold;—yet through all this Cecilia saw—such is woman's penetration in certain cases—Cecilia saw what must sooner or later happen. He, still proud of his prudence, refrained from word, look, or sigh, resolved to be impassive till his judgment should be perfectly satisfied. At last this judgment was perfectly satisfied; that is he was passionately in love—fairly 'caught,' my dear, 'in the strong toils of grace,' and he threw himself at Cecilia's feet. She was not quite so much surprised as he expected, but more pleased than he had ventured to hope. There was that, however, in his proud humility, which told Cecilia there must be no trifling.

'He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who fears to put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.'

He put it to the test, and won it all. General Clarendon, indeed, is a man likely to win and keep the love of woman, for this, among other good reasons, that love and honour being with him inseparable, the idol he adores must keep herself at the height to which he has raised her, or cease to receive his adoration. She must be no common vulgar idol for every passing worshipper."

As Lady Davenant paused, Helen looked up, hesitated, and said: "I hope that General Clarendon is not disposed to jealousy."

"No: he's too proud to be jealous," replied Lady Davenant. Are proud men never jealous? thought Helen.

"I mean," continued Lady Davenant, "that General Clarendon is too proud to be jealous of his wife. For aught I know, he might have felt jealousy of Cecilia before she was his, for then she was but a woman, like another; but once his—once having set his judgment on the cast, both the virtues and the defects of his character join in security for his perfect confidence in the wife 'his choice and passion both approve.' From temper and principle he is unchangeable. I acknowledge that I think the General is a little inclined perhaps to obstinacy; but, as Burke says, though obstinacy is certainly a vice, it happens that the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, fidelity, fortitude, magnanimity, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which we have so just an abhorrence.

"It is most peculiarly happy for Cecilia that she has a husband of this firm character, one on whom she can rely—one to whom she may, she must, look up, if not always, yet upon all important occasions where decision is necessary, or integrity re-

quired. It is between her and her General as it should be in marriage, each has the compensating qualities to those which the other possesses: General Clarendon is inferior to Cecilia in wit, but superior in judgment; inferior in literature, superior in knowledge of the world; inferior to my daughter altogether in abilities, in what is called genius, but far superior in that ruling power, *strength of mind*. Strength of mind is an attaching as well as a ruling power: all human creatures, women especially, become attached to those who have power over their minds. Yes, Helen, I am satisfied with their marriage, and with your congratulations: yours are the sort I like. Vulgar people—by vulgar people I mean all who think vulgarly—very great vulgar people have congratulated me upon this establishment of my daughter's fortune and future rank (a dukedom in view,) all that could be wished in worldly estimation. But I rejoice in it as the security for my daughter's character and happiness. Thank you again, my dear young friend, for your sympathy; *you can understand me, you can feel with me.*"

Sympathy, intelligent, quick, warm, unwearied, unweariable, such as Helen's, is really a charming accomplishment in a friend; the only obligation a proud person is never too proud to receive; and it was most gratifying to Helen to be allowed to sympathize with Lady Davenant—one who, in general, never spoke of herself, or unveiled her private feelings, even to those who lived with her on terms of intimacy. Helen felt responsible for the confidence granted to her thus upon credit, and a strong ambition was excited in her mind to justify the high opinion her superior friend had formed of her. She determined to become all that she was believed to be; as the flame of a taper suddenly rises towards what is held over it, her spirit mounted to the point to which her friend wished her to aspire.



## CHAPTER V.

HELEN's perfect happiness at Clarendon Park, was not of long duration. People who have not been by nature blessed or cursed with nice feelings, or who have well rubbed off their delicacy in roughing through the world, can be quite happy, or, at least, happy enough without ascertaining whether they are really esteemed or liked by those with whom they live. Many, and some of high degree, when well sheltered and fed, and provided with all the necessities, and surrounded by all the luxuries of life, and with appearances tolerably well kept up by outward manner, care little or naught about the inside sentiments.

But Helen was neither of the case-hardened philosophic, or the naturally obtuse-feeling class; she belonged to the over-anxious. Surrounded at Clarendon Park with all the splendour of life, and with the immediate expectation of seeing and being seen by the first society in England; with the certainty also of being tenderly loved, and highly esteemed, by two of the persons she was living with, yet a doubt about the third began to make her miserable. Whether General Clarendon really liked her or not, was a question that hung upon her mind sometimes as a dead weight—then vibrating backwards and forwards, she often called to mind and endeavoured to believe what Cecilia the first day told her, that this reserved manner was natural to him with strangers, and would wear off. But to her the icy coldness did not thaw. So she felt, or so she fancied, and which it was she could not decide. She had never before lived with any one about whose liking for her she could doubt, therefore, as she said to herself, "I know I am a bad judge." She feared to open her mind to Cecilia. Lady Davenant would be the safest person to consult, yet, Helen, with all her young delicacy fresh about her, scrupled, and could not screw her courage to the sticking-place. Every morning going to Lady Davenant's room, she half resolved and yet came away without speaking. At last, one morning, she began:

"You said something the other day, my dear Lady Davenant about a visit from Miss Clarendon. Perhaps—I am afraid—in short, I think,—I fear the General does not like my being here; and I thought, perhaps, he was displeased at his sister's not being here,—that he thought Cecilia's having asked me prevented his

sister's coming; but then you told me he was not of a jealous temper, did not you?"

"*Distinguez*," said Lady Davenant; "*distinguons*, as the old French metaphysicians used to say, *distinguons*, there be various kinds of jealousy, as of love. The old romancers make a distinction between *amour* and *amour par amours*. Whatever that mean, I beg leave to take a distinction full as intelligible, I trust, between *jalousie par amour*, and *jalousie par amitié*. Now, to apply; when I told you that our General was not subject to jealousy, I should have distinguished, and said, *jalousie par amour*—jealousy in love, but I will not ensure him against *jalousie par amitié*—jealousy in friendship—of friends and relations, I mean. Methinks, I have seen symptoms of this in the General, he does not like my influence over Cecilia, nor yours, my dear."

"I understand it all," exclaimed Helen, "and I was right from the very first; I saw he disliked me, and he ever will and must dislike and detest me—I see it in every look, hear it in every word, in every tone."

"Now, my dear Helen, if you are riding off on your imagination, I wish you a pleasant ride, and till you come back again I will write my letters," said Lady Davenant, taking up a pen.

Helen begged pardon, and protested she was not going to ride off upon any imagination,—she had no imagination now,—she entreated Lady Davenant to go on, for she was very anxious to know the whole truth, whatever it might be. Lady Davenant laid down her pen, and told her all she knew. In the first place, that Cecilia did not like Miss Clarendon, who, though a very estimable person, had a sort of uncompromising sincerity, joined with a *brusquerie* of manner which Cecilia could not endure. How her daughter had managed matters to refuse the sister without offending the brother, Lady Davenant said she did not know; that was Cecilia's secret, and probably it lay in her own charming manner of doing things, aided by the whole affair having occurred a few days before marriage, when nothing could be taken ill of the bride elect. "The General, as Cecilia told me, desired that she would write to invite you, Helen; she did so, and I am very glad of it. This is all I know of this mighty matter."

But Helen could not endure the idea of being there, contrary to the General's wishes, in the place of the sister he loved. Oh, how very, very unfortunate she was to have all her hopes blighted, destroyed—and Cecilia's kindness all in vain. Dear, dear Cecilia!—but for the whole world Helen would not be so selfish—she would not run the hazard of making mischief. She would never use her influence over Cecilia in opposition to the General. Oh, how little he knew of her character, if he thought it possible.

Helen had now come to tears. Then the keen sense of injus-

tice turned to indignation, and the tears wiped away and pride prevailing, colouring she exclaimed, "That she knew what she ought to do, she knew what she would do—she would not stay where the master of the house did not wish for her. Orphan though she was, she could not accept of protection or obligation from any human being who neither liked or esteemed her. She would shorten her visit at Clarendon Park—make it as short as his heart could desire,—she would never be the cause of any disagreement—poor, dear, kind Cecilia! She would write directly to Mrs. Collingwood."

At the close of these last incoherent sentences, Helen was awe-struck by the absolute composed immovability and silence of Lady Davenant. Helen stood rebuked before her.

"Instead of writing to Mrs. Collingwood, had not you better go at once!" said her ladyship, speaking in a voice so calm, and and in a tone so slightly ironical, that it might have passed for earnest on any but an acutely feeling ear—"Shall I ring and order your carriage?" putting her hand on the bell as she spoke, and resting it there, she continued—"It would be so spirited to be off instantly; so wise, so polite, so considerate towards *dear* Cecilia—so dignified towards the General, and so kind towards me, who am going to a far country, Helen, and may perhaps not see you ever again."

"Forgive me!" cried Helen; "I never could go while you were here."

"I did not know what you might think proper when you seemed to have lost your senses."

"I have recovered them," said Helen; "I will do whatever you please—whatever you think best."

"It must not be what I please, my dear child, nor what I think best; but what you judge for yourself to be best; else what will become of you when I am in Russia? It must be some higher and more stable principle of action that must govern you. It must not be the mere wish to please this or that friend;—the defect of your character, Helen, remember I tell you, is this—inordinate desire to be loved, this impatience of not being loved—that which but a moment ago made you ready to abandon two of the best friends you have upon earth, because you imagine, or you suspect, or you fear, that a third person, almost a stranger, does not like before he has had time to know you."

"I was very foolish," said Helen; "but now I will be wise, I will do whatever is—right. Surely you would not have me live here if I were convinced that the master of the house did not wish it?"

"Certainly not—certainly not," repeated Lady Davenant; "but let us see our way before us; never gallop, my dear, much less leap; never move, till you see your way;—once it is ascertained that General Clarendon does not wish you to be here, nor

approve of you for the chosen companion of his wife, I as your best friend would say, begone, and speed you on your way; then as much pride, as much spirit as you will; but those who are conscious of possessing real spirit, should never be—seldom are—in a hurry to show it, that kind of ostentatious haste is undignified in man, and ungraceful in woman."

Helen promised that she would be patience itself: "But tell me exactly," said she, "what you would have me do."

"Nothing," said Lady Davenant.

"Nothing! that is easy, at least," said Helen, smiling.

"No, not so easy as you imagine; it requires sometimes no small share of strength of mind."

"Strength of mind!" said Helen, "I am afraid I have not any."

"Acquire it then, my dear," said her friend.

"But can I?"

"Certainly; strength of mind, like strength of body, is improved by exercise."

"If I had any to begin with—" said Helen.

"You have some, Helen, a great deal in one particular, else why should I have any more regard for you, or more hope of you than of any other well-dressed, well-taught beauty, any of the tribe of young ladies who pass before me without ever fixing my mind's eye for one moment?"

"But in what particular, my dear Lady Davenant, do you mean?" said Helen, anxiously: "I am afraid you are mistaken; in what do you think I ever showed strength of mind? Tell me, and I will tell you the truth."

"That you will, and there is the point that I mean. Ever since I have known you, you have always, as at this moment, coward as you are, been brave enough to speak the truth; and truth I believe to be the only real lasting foundation for friendship; in all but truth there is a principle of decay and dissolution. Now good b'ye, my dear;—stay, one word more—there is a line in some classic poet, which says 'the suspicion of ill-will never fails to produce it.'—Remember this in your intercourse with General Clarendon; show no suspicion of his bearing you ill-will, and to show none, you must feel none. Put absolutely out of your head all that you may have heard or imagined about Miss Clarendon, or her brother's prejudices on her account."

"I will—I will, indeed," said Helen, and so they parted.

A few words have sometimes a material influence on events in human life. Perhaps even among those who hold in general that advice never does good, there is no individual who cannot recollect some few words—some conversation which has altered the future colour of their lives.

Helen's over-anxiety concerning General Clarendon's opinion of her, being now balanced by the higher interest Lady Davenant

had excited, she met him with a new-born courage; and Lady Cecilia, not that she suspected it was necessary, but merely by way of prevention, threw in little douceurs of flattery, on the General's part, repeated sundry pretty compliments, and really kind things which he had said to her of Helen. These always pleased Helen at the moment, but she could never make what she was told he said of her, quite agree with what he said to her: indeed he said so very little, that no absolute discrepancy could be detected between the words spoken, and the words reported to have been said; but still the looks did not agree with the opinions, or the cordiality implied.

One morning Lady Cecilia told her that the General wished that she would ride out with them, "and you must come, indeed you must, and try his pretty Zelica; he wishes it of all things, he told me so last night."

The General chancing to come in as she spoke, Lady Cecilia appealed to him with a look that almost called upon him to enforce her request; but he only said that if Miss Stanley would do him the honour, he should certainly be happy, if Zelica would not be too much for her; but he could not take it upon him to advise. Then looking for some paper, of which he came in search, and passing her with the most polite and deferential manner possible, he left the room.

Half vexed, half smiling, Helen looked at Cecilia, and asked whether all she had told her, was not a little—"plus belle que la verité."

Lady Cecilia, blushing slightly, poured out rapid protestations that all she had ever repeated to Helen of the General's sayings was perfect truth—"I will not swear to the words—because in the first place it is not pretty to swear, and next, because I never can recollect any body's words, or my own, five minutes after they have been said."

Partly by playfulness, and partly by protestations, Lady Cecilia half convinced Helen; but from this time she refrained from repeating compliments which, true or false, did no good, and things went on better; observing this, she left them to their natural course, upon all such occasions the best way.

And now visitors began to appear, and some officers of the General's staff arrived. Clarendon Park happened to be in the district which General Clarendon commanded, so that he was able usually to reside there. It was in what is called a good neighbourhood, and there was much visiting and many entertainments.

One day at dinner, Helen was seated between the General and a fine young guardsman, who, as far as his deep sense of his own merit, and his fashionable indifference to young ladies would permit, had made some demonstrations of a desire to attract her notice. He was piqued when, in the midst of some-

thing he had wonderfully exerted himself to say, he observed that her attention was distracted by a gentleman opposite, who had just returned from the Continent, and who among other pieces of news, marriages and deaths of English abroad, mentioned that "poor D'Aubigny" was at last dead.

Helen looked first at Cecilia, who, as she saw, heard what was said with perfect composure; and then at Lady Davenant, who had mean time glanced imperceptibly at her daughter, and then upon Helen, whose eyes she met—and Helen coloured merely from association, because she had coloured before—provoking! yet impossible to help it. All passed in less time than it can be told, and Helen had left the guardsman in the midst of his sentence, discomfited, and his eyes were now upon her; and in confusion she turned from him, and there were the General's eyes; but he was only inviting her to taste some particular wine, which he thought she would like, and which she willingly accepted, and praised, though she assuredly did not know in the least what manner of taste it had. The General now exerted himself to occupy the guardsman in a conversation about promotion, and drew all observation from Helen. Yet not the slightest indication of having seen, heard, or understood, appeared in his countenance, not the least curiosity or interest about Colonel D'Aubigny. Of one point Helen was however intuitively certain, that he had noticed the confusion which he had so ably, so coolly covered. One ingenious look from her thanked him, and his look in return was most gratifying; she could not tell how it was, but it appeared more as if he understood and liked her than any look she had ever seen from him before. They were both more at their ease. Next day, he certainly justified all Cecilia's former assurances, by the urgency with which he desired to have her of the riding party. He put her on horseback himself, bade the aide-de-camp ride on with Lady Cecilia—three several times set the bridle right in Miss Stanley's hand, assuring her that she need not be afraid, that Zelica was the gentlest creature possible, and he kept his fiery horse, Fleetfoot, to a pace that suited her during the whole time they were out. Helen took courage, and her ride did her a vast deal of good.

The rides were repeated, the General evidently became more and more interested about Miss Stanley; he appealed continually to her taste, and marked that he considered her as part of his family; but, as Helen told Lady Davenant, it was difficult, with a person of his high-bred manners and reserved temper, to ascertain what was to be attributed to general deference to her sex, what to particular regard for the individual, how much to hospitality to his guest, or attention to his wife's friend, and what might be considered as proof of his own desire to share

that friendship, and of a real wish that she should continue to live with them.

While she was in this uncertainty, Lord Davenant arrived from London; he had always been fond of Helen, and now the great changes which had taken place since they had met last, the first sight of her youthful figure in deep mourning, touched him to the heart—he folded her in his arms, and was unable to speak. He! a great bulky man, with a face of constitutional joy—but so it was; he had a tender heart, strong feelings of all kinds under an appearance of *insouciance* which deceived the world. He was distinguished as a political leader—for, as he said of himself, he had been three times inoculated with ambition—once by his mother, once by his brother, and once by his wife; but it had never taken well; the last the best, however,—it had shown at least sufficiently to satisfy his friends, and he was happy to be no more tormented. With talents of the first order, and integrity unblenching, his character was not of that stern stuff—no, not of that corrupt stuff—of which modern ambition should be made.

He had now something to tell Helen, which he would say even before he opened his London budget of news. He told her, with a congratulatory smile, that he had had an opportunity of showing his sense of Mr. Collingwood's merits; and as he spoke he put a letter into her hand.

The letter was from her good friend Mr. Collingwood. A vacant bishopric in the West Indies had been offered to him; and in his answer to Lord Davenant, who had been empowered to make the offer, Mr. Collingwood, after saying all that was proper of gratitude, unworthiness, and the good of the church, accepted the bishopric, and enclosed a letter for Helen, and a most kind letter it was, desiring that she would let him know immediately and decidedly (before their own plans were farther determined) where and with whom she intended to live: and there was a postscript from Mrs. Collingwood, full of affection, and doubts, and hopes, and fears.

The moment Helen had finished this letter, without seeming to regard the inquiring looks of all present, and without once looking towards any one else, she walked deliberately up to General Clarendon, and begged to speak to him alone. Never was General more surprised, but of course he was too much of a general to let that appear. Without a word, he offered his arm, and led her to his study; he drew a chair towards her—

"No misfortune, I hope, Miss Stanley? If I can in any way be of service —"

"The only service, General Clarendon," said Helen, her manner becoming composed, and her voice steadying as she went on—"the only service you can do me now is to tell me the plain truth, and this will prevent what would certainly be a

misfortune to me—perhaps to all of us. Will you read this letter?"

He received it with an air of great interest, and again moved the chair to her. Before she sat down, she added—

"I am unused to the world, you see, General Clarendon. I have been accustomed to live with one who always told me his mind sincerely, so that I could judge always what I ought to do. Will you do so now? It is the greatest service as well as favour, you can do me."

"Depend upon it, I will," said General Clarendon.

"I should not ask you to tell me in words—that might be painful to your politeness; only let me see it," said Helen, and she sat down.

The General read on without speaking, till he came to the mention of Helen's original promise of living with the Collingwood's. He did not comprehend that passage, he said, showing it to her. He had always, on the contrary, understood that it had been a long settled thing, a promise between Miss Stanley and Lady Cecilia, that Helen should live with Lady Cecilia when she married.

"No such thing!" Helen said. "No such agreement had ever been made."

So the General now perceived; but this was a mistake of his which he hoped would make no difference in her arrangements, he said: "Why should it?—unless Miss Stanley felt unhappy at Clarendon Park!"

He paused, and Helen was silent: then, taking desperate resolution, she answered—

"I should be perfectly happy here, if I were sure of your wishes, your feelings about me—about it."

"Is it possible that there has been any thing in my manner," said he, "that could give Miss Stanley pain? What could have put a doubt into her mind?"

"There might be some other person nearer, and naturally dearer to you," said Helen, looking up in his face ingenuously—"one whom you might have desired to have in my place:—your sister, Miss Clarendon, in short."

"Did Cecilia tell you of this?"

"No, Lady Davenant did; and since I heard it, I never could be happy—I never can be happy till I know your feelings."

His manner instantly changed.

"You shall know my feelings, then," said he. "Till I knew you, Helen, my wish was, that my sister should live with my wife; now I know you, my wish is, that you should live with us. You will suit Cecilia better than my sister could—will suit us both better, having the same truth of character, and more gentleness of manner. I have answered you with frankness equal to your own. And now," said he, taking her hand, "you know



Cecilia has always considered you as her sister—allow me to do the same: consider me as a brother—such you shall find me. Thank you. This is settled for life," added he, drawing her arm through his, and taking up her letters, he led her back towards the library.

But her emotion, the stronger for being suppressed, was too great for reappearing in company; she withdrew her arm from his when they were passing through the hall, and, turning her face away, she had just voice enough to beg he would show her letters to —

He understood. She ran up stairs to her own room, glad to be alone; a flood of joy came over her.

"A brother in Cecilia's husband!—a brother!"

The word had a magical charm, and she could not help repeating it aloud—she wept like a child. Lady Cecilia soon came flying in, all delight and affection, reproaches and wonder alternately, in the quickest conceivable succession. "Delighted—it is settled, and for ever! my dear, dear Helen! But how could you think of leaving us, you wicked Helen? Well! now you see what Clarendon really is! But, my dear, I was so terrified when I heard it all! You are, and ever were, the oddest mixture of cowardice and courage. I—do you know I, brave I—never should have advised—never should have ventured as you have. But he is delighted at it all, and so am I now it has all ended so charmingly, now I have you safe. I will write to the Collingwoods: you shall not have a moment's pain; I will settle it all, and invite them here before they leave England; Clarendon desired I would—oh, he is!—now you will believe me! The Collingwoods, too, will be glad to be asked here to take leave of you, and all will be right. I love, as you do, dear Helen, that every body should be pleased when I am happy."

When Lady Davenant heard all that had passed, she did not express that prompt, unmixed delight which Helen expected: a cloud came over her brow, something painful regarding her daughter seemed to strike her; for her eyes fixed on Cecilia, and her emotion was visible in her countenance; but pleasure unmixed appeared as she turned to Helen; and to her she gave, what was unusual, unqualified approbation.

"My dear Helen, I admire your plain straight-forward truth: I am satisfied with this first essay of your strength of mind and courage."

"Courage," said Helen, smiling.

"Not such as is required to take a lion by the beard, or a bull by the horns," replied Lady Davenant; "but there are many persons in this world who, brave though they be, would rather beard a lion, sooner seize a bull by the horns, than, when they get into a dilemma, dare to ask a direct question, and tell plainly what passes in their own minds. Moral courage is, believe me,

uncommon in both sexes, and yet in going through the world it is equally necessary to the virtue of both men and women."

"But do you really think," said Helen, "that strength of mind, or what you call moral courage is as necessary to women as it is to men?"

"Certainly, show me a virtue male or female—if virtues admit of grammatical distinctions, if virtues acknowledge the more worthy gender and the less worthy of the grammar, show me a virtue male or female that *can* long exist without truth. Even that emphatically termed the virtue of our sex, Helen, on which social happiness rests, society depends, on what is it based? is it not on that single-hearted virtue truth?—and truth on what? on courage of the mind. They who dare to speak the truth, will not ever dare to go irretrievably wrong. Then what is falsehood but cowardice!—and a false woman!—does not that say all in one word?"

"But whence arose all this? you wonder, perhaps," said Lady Davenant; "and I have not inclination to explain. Here comes Lord Davenant. Now for politics—farewell morality, a long farewell. Now for the London budget, and 'what news from Constantinople? Grand Vizier certainly strangled, or not?'"

## CHAPTER VI.

THE London budget of news was now opened, and gone through by Lord Davenant, including quarrels in the Cabinet and all that with fear of change perplexes politicians. But the fears and hopes of different ages are attached to such different subjects, that Helen heard all this as though she heard it not, and went on with her drawing, touching, and retouching it, without ever looking up till her attention was awakened by the name of Granville Beauclerc; this was the name of the person who had written those interesting letters which she had met with in Lady Davenant's portfolio.

"What is he doing in town?" asked the General.

"Amusing himself, I suppose," replied Lord Davenant.

"I believe he forgets that I am his guardian," said the General.

"I am sure he cannot forget that you are his friend," said Lady Cecilia; "for he has the best heart in the world."

"And the worst head for any thing useful," said the General.

"He is a man of genius," said Lady Davenant.

"Did you speak to him, my lord," pursued the General, "about standing for the county?"

"Yes."

"And he said what?"

"That he would have nothing to do with it."

"Why?"

"Something about not being tied to party, and somewhat he said about patriotism," replied Lord Davenant.

"Nonsense!" said the General, "he is a fool."

"Only young," said Lady Davenant.

"Men are not so very young in these days at two and twenty," said the General.

"In some," said Lady Davenant, "the classical touch, the romance of political virtue, lasts for months, if not years, after they leave college; even those, who, like Granville, go into high life in London, do not sometimes for a season or two, lose their first enthusiasm of patriotism."

The General's lips became compressed. Lord Davenant, throwing himself back in his easy chair, repeated, "Patriotism! yes, every young man of talent is apt to begin with a fit of that sort."

"My dear lord," cried Lady Davenant, "you, of all men, to speak of patriotism as a disease!"

"And a disease that can be had but once in life, I am afraid," replied her lord, laughing; "and yet," as if believing in that at which he laughed, "it evaporates in most men in words, written or spoken, lasts till the first pamphlet is published, or till the maiden-speech in parliament is fairly made, and fairly paid for—in all honour—all honourable men."

Lady Davenant passed over these satirical observations, and somewhat abruptly asked Lord Davenant if he recollected the late Mr. Wyndham.

"Certainly, he was not a man to be easily forgotten; but what in particular?"

"The scales of his mind were too fine," said Lady Davenant, "too nicely adjusted for common purposes; diamond scales will not do for weighing wool. Very refined, very ingenious, very philosophical minds, such as Wyndham, Burke, Bacon, were all too scrupulous weighers: their scales turned with the millionth of a grain, and all from the same cause, subject to the same defect, indecision. They saw too well how much can be said on both sides of the question. There is a sort of philosophical doubt, arising from enlargement of understanding, quite different from that irresolution of character which is caused by infirmity of will; and I have observed," continued Lady Davenant, "in some of these over-scrupulous weighers, that when once they come to a balance, that instant they become most wilful; so it will be, you will see, with Beauclerc. After excessive indecision, you will see him start, perhaps, at once to rash action."

"Rash of wrong, resolute of right," said Lord Davenant.

"He is constitutionally wilful and metaphysically vacillating," said Lady Davenant.

The General waited till the metaphysics were over, and then said to Lord Davenant that he suspected there was something more than mere want of ambition in Beauclerc's refusal to go into Parliament. Some words were here inaudible to Helen, and the General began to walk up and down the room with so strong a tread, that at every step the china shook on the table near which Helen sat, so that she lost most part of what followed, and yet it seemed interesting, about some Lord Beltravers, and a Comtesse de Saint—something, or a Lady Blanche—somebody.

"Lady Davenant looked anxious, the General's steps became more deliberately, more ominously firm; till Lady Cecilia came up to him, and playfully linking her arm in his, the steps were moderated, and when a soothing hand came upon his shoulder, the compressed lips were relaxed—she spoke in a low voice—he answered aloud.

"By all means! write to him yourself, my love; get him down here, and he will be safe; he cannot refuse you."

"Tuesday, then?" she would name the earliest day if the General approved.

He approved of every thing she said; "Tuesday let it be." Following him to the door, Lady Cecilia added something which seemed to fill the measure of his contentment.

"Always good and kind," said he; "so let it be."

"Then shall I write to your sister, or will you?"

"You," said the General, "let the kindness come from you, as it always does."

Lady Cecilia, in a moment at the writing table, ran off, as fast as pen could go, two notes, which she put into her mother's hand, who gave an approving nod; and, leaving them with her to seal and have franked, Cecilia darted out on the terrace, carrying Helen along with her to see some Italian garden she was projecting.

And as she went, and as she stood directing the workmen, at every close of her directions she spoke to Helen. She said she was very glad that she had settled that Beauclerc was to come to them immediately. He was a great favourite of hers.

"Not for any of those grandissimo qualities which my mother sees in him, and which, I am not quite clear, exist; but just because he is the most agreeable person in nature, and really natural; though he is a man of the world, yet not the least affected. Quite fashionable, of course, but with true feeling. Oh! he is delightful, just"—then she interrupted herself to give directions to the workmen about her Italian garden—

"Oleander in the middle of that bed; vases nearer to the balustrade—"

"Beauclerc has a very good taste, and a beautiful place he has, Thorndale. He will be very rich. Few very rich young men are agreeable now, women spoil them so.—[Border that bed with something pretty.]—Still he is, and I long to know what you will think of him; I know what I think he will think, but, however, I will say no more; people are always sure to get into scrapes in this world, when they say what they think.—[*'That fountain looks beautiful.'*]—I forgot to tell you he is very handsome. The General is very fond of him, and he of the General, except when he considers him as his guardian, for Granville Beauclerc does not particularly like to be controlled—who does? especially by one only a few years older than himself. It is a curious story—[*'Unpack those vases, and by the time that is done I will be back.'*]—Take a turn with me, Helen, this way. It is a curious story: Granville Beauclerc's father—but I don't know it perfectly, I only know that he was a very odd man, and left the General, though he was so much younger than

himself, guardian to Granville, and settled that he was not to be of age, I mean not to come into possession of his large estates, till he is five-and-twenty: shockingly hard on poor Granville, and enough to make him hate Clarendon, but he does not, and that is charming, that is one reason I like him! so amazingly respectful to his guardian, always, considering how impetuous he is, amazingly respectful, though I cannot say I think he is what the gardening books call *patient of the knife*, I don't think he likes his fancies to be lopped, but then he is so clever. Much more what you would call a reading man than the General, distinguished at college, and all that which usually makes a young man conceited, but Beauclerc is only a little headstrong—all the more agreeable, it keeps one in agitation; one never knows how it will end, but I am sure it will all go on well now. It is curious, too, that mamma knew him also when he was at Eton, I believe—I don't know how, but long before we ever heard of Clarendon, and she corresponded with him, but I never knew him till he came to Florence, just after it was all settled with me and the General; and he was with us there and at Paris, and travelled home with us, and I like him. Now you know all, except what I do not choose to tell you, so come back to the workmen.—That vase will not do there, move it in front of those evergreens; that will do."

Then, returning to Helen—"After all, I did so right, and I am so glad I thought in time of inviting Esther, now Mr. Beauclerc is coming—the General's sister—half-sister. Oh, so unlike him! you would never guess Miss Clarendon was his sister, except from her pride. But she is so different from other people; she knows nothing, and wishes to know nothing of the world. She lives always at an old castle in Wales, Llan—something, which she inherited from her mother, and she has always been her own mistress, living with her aunt in melancholy grandeur there, till her brother brought her to Florence, where—oh, how she was out of her element! Come this way and I will tell you more. The fact is, I do not much like Miss Clarendon, and I will tell you why—I will describe her to you."

"No, no, do not," said Helen; "do not, my dear Cecilia, and I will tell you why."

"Why, why?" cried Cecilia.

"Do you recollect the story my uncle told us about the young bride and her old friend, and the bit of advice?"

No, Cecilia did not recollect any thing of it. She should be very glad to hear the anecdote, but as to the advice, she hated advice.

"Still, if you know who gave it—it was given by a very great man."

"A very great man! now you make me curious. Well, what is it?" said Lady Cecilia.

"That for one year after her marriage, she would not tell to her friends the opinion she had formed, if unfavourable, of any of her husband's relations, as it was probable she might change that opinion on knowing them better, and would afterwards be sorry for having told her first hasty judgment. Long afterwards the lady told her friend that she owed to this advice a great part of the happiness of her life, for she really had, in the course of the year, completely changed her first notions of some of her husband's family, and would have had sorely to repent, if she had told her first thoughts!"

Cecilia listened, and said it was all "Vastly well! excellent! But I had nothing in the world to say of Miss Clarendon, but that she was too good—too sincere for the world we live in. For instance, at Paris, one day a charming Frenchwoman was telling some anecdote of the day in the most amusing manner. Esther Clarendon all the while stood by, grave and black as night, and at last turning upon our charmer at the end of the story, pronounced, 'There is not one word of truth in all you have been saying!' Conceive it, in full salon! The French were in such amazement. 'Inconceivable!' as they might well say to me, as she walked off with her tragedy queen air; '*Inconcevable—mais, vraiment inconcevable*;' and '*Bien Anglaise*,' they would have added, no doubt, if I had not been by."

"But there must surely have been some particular reason," said Helen.

"None in the world, only the story was not true, I believe. And then another time, when she was with her cousin, the Duchess of Lisle, at Lisle-Royal, and was to have gone out the next season in London with the Duchess, she came down one morning, just before they were to set off for town, and declared that she had heard such a quantity of scandal since she had been there, and such shocking things of London society, that she had resolved not to go out with the Duchess, and not to go to town at all! So absurd—so prudish!"

Helen felt some sympathy in this, and was going to have said so, but Cecilia went on with—

"And then to expect that Granville Beauclerc—should——"

Here Cecilia paused, and Helen felt curious, and ashamed of her curiosity; she turned away, to raise the branches of some shrub, which were drooping from the weight of their flowers.

"I know something *has* been thought of," said Cecilia. "A match has been in contemplation—do you comprehend me, Helen?"

"You mean that Mr. Beauclerc is to marry Miss Clarendon," said Helen, compelled to speak.

"I only say it has been thought of," replied Lady Cecilia; "that is, as every thing in this way is thought of about every couple not within the prohibited degrees, one's grandmother inclusive. And the plainer the woman, the more sure she is to contemplate such things for herself, lest no one else should think of them for her. But, my dear Helen, if you mean to ask——"

"Oh, I don't mean to ask any thing," cried Helen.

"But, whether you ask or not, I must tell you that the General is too proud to own, even to himself, that he could ever think of any man for his sister who had not first proposed for her."

There was a pause for some minutes.

"But," resumed Lady Cecilia, "I could not do less than ask her here for Clarendon's sake, when I know it pleases him; and she is very—estimable, and so I wish to make her love me if I could! But I do not think she will be nearer her point with Mr. Beauclerc, if it is her point, by coming here just now. Granville has eyes as well as ears, and contrasts will strike. I know who I wish should strike him as she strikes me—and I think—I hope——"

Helen looked distressed.

"I am as innocent as a dove," pursued Lady Cecilia; "but I suppose even doves may have their own private little thoughts and wishes."

Helen was sure Cecilia had meant all this most kindly, but she was sorry that some things had been said. She was conscious of having been interested by those letters of Mr. Beauclerc's, but a particular thought had now been put into her mind, and she could never more say, never more feel, that such a thought had not come into her head. She was very sorry; it seemed as if somewhat of the freshness, the innocence, of her mind was gone from her. She was sorry, too, that she had heard all that Cecilia had said about Miss Clarendon; it appeared as if she was actually doomed to get into some difficulty with the General about his sister; she felt as if thrown back into a sea of doubts, and she was not clear that she could, even by opposing, end them.

On the appointed Tuesday, late, Miss Clarendon arrived; a fine figure, but ungraceful, as Helen observed, from the first moment when she turned sharply away from Lady Cecilia's embrace to a great dog of her brother's—"Ah, old Neptune! I'm glad you're here still."

And when Lady Cecilia would have put down his paws—"Let him alone, let him alone, dear honest old fellow."

"But the dear, honest, old fellow's paws are wet, and will ruin your pretty new pelisse," said Lady Cecilia.

"It may be new, but you know it is not pretty," said Miss Clarendon, continuing to pat Neptune's head as he jumped up with his paws on her shoulders.



"O my dear Esther, how can you bear him? he is so rough in his love!"

"I like rough better than smooth." The rough paw caught in her lace frill, and it was torn to pieces before "down! down!" and the united efforts of Lady Cecilia and Helen could extricate it—"Don't distress yourselves about it, pray; it does not signify in the least. Poor Neptune, how really sorry *he* looks—there, there, wag your tail again, no one shall come between us two old friends."

Her brother came in, and, starting up, her arms were thrown round his neck, and her bonnet falling back, Helen, who had thought her quite plain before, was surprised to see that, now her colour was raised, and there was life in her eyes, she was really handsome.

Gone again, that expression, when Cecilia spoke to her; whatever she said, Miss Clarendon differed from; if it was a matter of taste, she was always of the contrary opinion; if narrative or assertion, she questioned, doubted, seemed as if she could not believe. Her conversation, if conversation it could be called, was a perpetual rebating and regrating, especially with her sister-in-law; if Lady Cecilia did but say there were three instead of four, it was taken up as "quite a mistake," and marked not only as a mistake, but as "not true." Every, the slightest error, became a crime against majesty, and the first day ended with Helen's thinking her really the most disagreeable, intolerable person she had ever seen.

And the second day went on a little worse. Helen thought Cecilia took too much pains to please, and said it would be better to let her quite alone. Helen did so completely, but Miss Clarendon did not let Helen alone; but watched her with penetrating eyes continually, listened to every word she said, and seeming to weigh every syllable—"Oh, my words are not worth your weighing," said Helen, laughing.

"Yes, they are, to settle my mind."

The first thing that seemed at all to settle it was Helen's not agreeing with Cecilia about the colour of two ribands which Helen said she could not flatter her were good matches. The next was about a drawing of Miss Clarendon's, of Llansillan, her Aunt Pennant's place; a beautiful drawing, indeed, which she had brought for her brother, but one of the towers of the old abbey certainly was out of the perpendicular. Helen was appealed to, and could not say it was upright; Miss Clarendon instantly took up a knife, cut the paper at the back of the frame, and, taking out the drawing, set the tower to rights.

"There's the use of telling the truth."

"Of listening to it," said Helen.

"We shall get on, I see, Miss Stanley, if you can get over the first bitter outside of me;—a hard outside, difficult to crack

—stains delicate fingers, may be,” she continued, as she replaced her drawing in its frame—“stains delicate fingers, may be, in the opening too, but a good walnut you will find it, taken with a grain of salt.”

Many a grain seemed necessary, and very strong nut-crackers in very strong hands. Lady Cecilia’s evidently were not strong enough, though she strained hard. Helen did not feel inclined to try.

Cecilia invited Miss Clarendon to walk out and see some of the alterations her brother had made. As they passed the new Italian garden, Miss Clarendon asked, “What’s all this?—I don’t like this—how I regret the old English garden, and the high beech hedges. Every thing is to be changed here, I suppose,—pray do not ask my opinion about any of the alterations.”

“I do not wonder,” said Cecilia, “that you should prefer the old garden, with all your early associations; warm-hearted, amiable people must always be so fond of what they have loved in childhood.”

“I never was here when I was a child, and I am not one of your amiable people.”

“Very true, indeed,” thought Helen.

“Miss Stanley looks at me as if I had seven heads,” said Miss Clarendon, laughing; and, a minute after, overtaking Helen as she walked on, she looked full in her face, and added, “Do acknowledge that you think me a savage.” Helen did not deny it, and from that moment, Miss Clarendon looked less savagely upon her: she laughed and said, “I am not quite such a bear as I seem, you’ll find; at least, I never hug people to death. My growl is worse than my bite, unless some one should flatter my classical, bearish passion, and offer to feed me with honey, and when I find it all comb and no honey, who would not growl then?”

Lady Cecilia now came up, and pointed out views to which the General had opened. “Yes, it’s well, he has done very well, but pray don’t stand on ceremony with me. I can walk alone, you may leave me to my own cogitations, as I like best.”

“Surely, as you like best,” said Lady Cecilia; “pray consider yourself, as you know you are, at home here.”

“No, I never shall be at home here,” said Esther.

“Oh! don’t say that, let me hope—let me hope—” and she withdrew. Helen just staid to unlock a gate for Miss Clarendon’s “rambles farther,” and, as she unlocked it, she heard Miss Clarendon sigh as she repeated the word, “Hope! I do not like to hope, hope has so often deceived me.”

“You will never be deceived in Cecilia,” said Helen.

“Take care—stay till you try.”

“I have tried,” said Helen, “I know her.”

“How long?”

"From childhood!"

"You're scarcely out of childhood yet."

"I am not so very young. I have had trials of my friends—of Cecilia particularly, much more than you could ever have had."

"Well, this is the best thing I ever heard of her, and from good authority too; her friends abroad were all false," said Miss Clarendon. "It is so very extraordinary to hear such a young person as you are, talk so—"

"So—how?"

"Of false friends—you must have been very unfortunate."

"Pardon me—very fortunate—to find them out in time." She looked at the prospect, and liked all that her brother was doing, and disliked all that she even guessed Lady Cecilia had done. Helen showed her that she guessed wrong here and there, and smiled at her prejudices, and Miss Clarendon smiled again, and admitted that she was prejudiced, "but every body is; only some show and tell, and others smile and fib. I wish that word fib was out of the English language, and white lie drummed out after it. Things by their right names and we should all do much better. Truth must be told, whether agreeable or not."

"But whoever makes truth disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue," said Helen.

"Is that yours?" cried Miss Clarendon, stopping short.

"No," said Helen.

"It is excellent, whoever said it."

"It was from my Uncle Stanley I heard it," said Helen.

"Superior man that uncle must have been."

"I will leave you now," said Helen.

"Do, I see we shall like one another in time, Miss Stanley; in time,—I hate sudden friendships."

That evening Miss Clarendon questioned Helen more about her friendship with Cecilia, and how it was she came to live with her. Helen plainly told her.

"Then it was not an original promise between you?"

"Not at all," said Helen.

"Lady Cecilia told me it was. Just like her,—I knew all the time it was a lie."

Shocked and startled at the word, and at the idea, Helen exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Clarendon, how can you say so? any body may be mistaken. Cecilia mistook——"

Lady Cecilia joined them at this moment. Miss Clarendon's face was flushed. "This room is insufferably hot. What can be the use of a fire at this time of year?"

Cecilia said it was for her mother, who was apt to be chilly in the evenings; and as she spoke, she put a screen between the flushed cheek and the fire. Miss Clarendon pushed it away, saying, "I can't talk, I can't hear, I can't understand with a

screen before me. What did you say, Lady Cecilia, to Lady Davenant, as we came out from dinner, about Mr. Beaucherc?"

"That we expect him to-morrow."

"You did not tell me so when you wrote!"

"No, my dear."

"Why, pray?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know, Lady Cecilia! why should people say they do not know, when they do know perfectly well?"

"If I had thought it was of any consequence to you, Esther," said Cecilia, with an arch look—

"Now you expect me to answer that it was not of the least consequence to me—that is the answer you would make, but my answer is, that it was of consequence to me, and you knew it was."

"And if I did?"

"If you did, why say 'If I had thought it of any consequence to you?'—why say so? answer me truly."

"Answer me truly!" repeated Lady Cecilia, laughing. "Oh, my dear Esther, we are not in a court of justice."

"Nor in a court of honour," pursued Miss Clarendon.

"Well, well! let it be a court of love, at least," said Lady Cecilia. "What a pretty proverb that was, Helen, that we met with the other day in that book of old English proverbs—'Love rules his kingdom without a sword.'"

"Very likely; but to the point," said Miss Clarendon, "when do you expect Mr. Beaucherc?"

"To-morrow."

"Then I shall go to-morrow!"

"My dear Esther, why?"

"You know why; you know what reports have been spread; it suits neither my character nor my brother's to give any foundation for such reports. Let me ring the bell, and I will give my own orders."

"My dear Esther, but your brother will be so vexed—so surprised."

"My brother is the best judge of his own conduct, he will do what he pleases, or what you please. I am the judge of mine, and certainly shall do what I think right."

She rang accordingly, and ordered that her carriage should be at the door at six o'clock in the morning.

"Nay, my dear Esther," persisted Cecilia, "I wish you would not decide so suddenly; we were so glad to have you come to us—"

"Glad! why you know——"

"I know," interrupted Lady Cecilia, colouring, and she began as fast as possible to urge every argument she could think of to

persuade Miss Clarendon; but no arguments, no entreaties of hers or the General's, public or private, were of any avail, go she would, and go she did, at six o'clock.

"I suppose," said Helen to Lady Davenant, "that Miss Clarendon is very estimable, and she seems to be very clever: but I wonder that with all her abilities she does not learn to make her manners more agreeable."

"My dear," said Lady Davenant, "we must take people as they are; you may graft a rose upon an oak, but those who have tried the experiment tell us the graft will last but a short time, and the operation ends in the destruction of both; where the stocks have no common nature, there is ever a want of conformity, which sooner or later proves fatal to both."

But Beauclerc, what was become of him?—that day passed, and no Beauclerc; another and another came, and on the third day, only a letter from him, which ought to have come on Tuesday.—But "*too late*," the shameful brand of procrastination was upon it—and it contained only a few lines blotted in the folding, to say that he could not possibly be at Clarendon Park on Tuesday, but would on Wednesday or Thursday, if possible.

Good-natured Lord Davenant observed, "When a young man in London, writing to his friends in the country, names two days for leaving town, and adds an '*if possible*,' his friends should never expect him till the last of the two named."

The last of the two days arrived—Thursday. The aide-de-camp asked if Mr. Beauclerc was expected to-day.

"Yes, I expect to see him to-day," the General answered.

"I hope, but do not expect," said Lady Davenant; for, as learned authority tells me, 'to expect is to hope with some degree of certainty'——"

The General left the room, repeating, "I expect him to-day, Cecilia."

The day passed, however, and he came not—the night came. The General ordered that the gates should be kept open, and that a servant should sit up. The servant sat up all night, cursing Mr. Beauclerc. And in the morning he replied with malicious alacrity to the first question his master asked, "No, sir, Mr. Beauclerc is not come."

At breakfast, the General, after buttering his toast in silence for some minutes, confessed that he loved punctuality. It might be a military prejudice;—it might be too professional, martinet, perhaps,—but still he owned he did love punctuality. He considered it as a part of politeness, a proper attention to the convenience and feelings of others; indispensable between strangers it is usually felt to be, and he did not know why intimate friends should deem themselves privileged to dispense with it.

His eyes met Helen's as he finished these words, and smiling, he complimented her upon her constant punctuality. It was a voluntary grace in a lady, but an imperative duty in a man—and a young man.

"You are fond of this young man, I see, General," said Lord Davenant.

"But not of his faults."

Lady Cecilia said something about forgiving a first fault.

"Never!" said Lady Davenant. "Lord Collingwood's rule was—never forgive a first fault, and you will not have a second. You love Beauclerc, I see, as Lord Davenant says."

"Love him!" resumed the General; "with all his faults and follies, I love him as if he were my brother."

At which words Lady Cecilia, with a scarcely perceptible smile, cast a furtive glance at Helen.

The General called for his horses, and, followed by his aide-de-camp, departed, saying that he should be in at luncheon-time, when he hoped to find Beauclerc. In the same hope, Lady Davenant ordered her pony-phæton earlier than usual; Lady Cecilia farther hoped most earnestly that Beauclerc would come this day, for the next the house would be full of company, and she really wished to have him one day at least to themselves, and she gave a most significant glance at Helen.

"The first move often secures the game against the best players," said she.

Helen blushed, because she could not help understanding; she was ashamed, vexed with Cecilia, yet pleased by her kindness, and half amused by her arch look and tone.

They were neither of them aware that Lady Davenant had heard the words that passed, or seen the looks; but immediately afterwards, when they were leaving the breakfast-room, Lady Davenant came between the two friends, laid her hand upon her daughter's arm, and said,

"Before you make any move in a dangerous game, listen to the voice of old experience."

Lady Cecilia startled, looked up, but as if she did not comprehend.

"Cupid's bow, my dear," continued her mother, "is, as the Asiatics tell us, strung with bees, which are apt to sting—sometimes fatally—those who meddle with it."

Lady Cecilia still looked with an innocent air, and still as if she could not comprehend.

"To speak more plainly, then, Cecilia," said her mother, "build no matrimonial castles in the air; standing or falling they do mischief—mischief either to the builder, or to those for whom they may be built!"

"Certainly if they fall they disappoint one," said Lady Cecilia, "but if they stand!"

Seeing that she made no impression on her daughter, Lady Davenant turned to Helen, and gravely said,

"My dear Helen, do not let my daughter inspire you with false, and perhaps vain imaginations, certainly premature, therefore unbecoming."

Helen shrunk back, yet instantly looked up, and her look was ingenuously grateful.

"But, mamma," said Lady Cecilia, "I declare I do not understand what all this is about."

"About Mr. Granville Beauclerc," said her mother.

"How can you, dear mamma, pronounce his name so *loud* as long?"

"Pardon my indelicacy, my dear; delicacy is a good thing, but truth a better. I have seen the happiness of many young women sacrificed by such false delicacy, and by the fear of giving a moment's present pain, which it is sometimes the duty of a true friend to give."

"Certainly, certainly, mamma, only not necessary now; and I am so sorry you have said all this to poor dear Helen."

"If you have said nothing to her, Cecilia, I acknowledge I have said too much."

"I said—I did nothing," cried Lady Cecilia; "I built no castles—never built a regular castle in my life; never had a regular plan in my existence; never mentioned his name, except about another person——"

An appealing look to Helen was, however, *protested*.

"To the best of my recollection, at least," Lady Cecilia immediately added.

"Helen seems to be blushing for your want of recollection, Cecilia."

"I am sure I do not know why you blush, Helen. I am certain I never did say a word distinctly."

"Not *distinctly*, certainly," said Helen, in a low voice. "It was my fault if I understood——"

"Always true, you are," said Lady Davenant.

"I protest I said nothing but the truth," cried Lady Cecilia, hastily.

"But not the whole truth, Cecilia," said her mother.

"I did, upon my word, mamma," persisted Lady Cecilia, repeating "upon my word."

"Upon your word, Cecilia! that is either a vulgar expletive or a most serious asseveration."

She spoke with a grave tone, and with her severe look, and Helen dared not raise her eyes; Lady Cecilia now coloured deeply.

"Shame! Nature's hasty conscience," said Lady Davenant. "Heaven preserve it!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Lady Cecilia, laying her hand on her

mother's "surely you do not think seriously—surely you are not angry—I cannot bear to see you displeased," said she, looking up imploringly in her mother's face, and softly, urgently pressing her hand. No pressure was returned, that hand was slowly and with austere composure withdrawn, and her mother walked away, down the corridor to her own room.

Lady Cecilia stood still, and the tears came into her eyes.

"My dear friend, I am exceedingly sorry," said Helen. She could not believe that Cecilia meant to say what was not true, yet she felt that she had been to blame in not telling all, and her mother in saying too much.

Lady Cecilia, her tears dispersed, stood looking at the impression which her mother's signet-ring had left in the palm of her hand. It was at that moment a disagreeable recollection that the motto of that ring was "Trata." Rubbing the impress from her hand, she said, half speaking to herself, and half to Helen—

"I am sure I did not mean any thing wrong; and I am sure nothing can be more true than that I never formed a regular plan in my life. After all, I am sure that so much has been said about nothing, that I do not understand any thing: I never do, when mamma goes on in that way, making mountains of mole-hills, which she always does with me, and did ever since I was a child; but she really forgets that I am not a child. Now, it is well the General was not by: he would never have borne to see his wife so treated. But I would not, for the world, be the cause of any disagreement. Oh! Helen, my mother does not know how I love her, let her be ever so severe to me! But she never loved me; she cannot help it. I believe she does her best to love me—my poor, dear mother!"

Helen seized this opportunity to repeat the warm expressions she had heard so lately from Lady Davenant, and melting they sunk into Cecilia's heart. She kissed Helen again and again, for a dear, good peacemaker, as she always was—and "I'm resolved"—but in the midst of her good resolves she caught a glimpse through the glass door opening on the park, of the General, and a fine horse they were ringing, and she hurried out; all light of heart she went, as though

"Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
Or shake the downy *blowball* from her stalks."



## CHAPTER VII.

SINCE Lord Davenant's arrival, Lady Davenant's time was so much taken up with him, that Helen could not have many opportunities of conversing with her, and she was the more anxious to seize every one that occurred. She always watched for the time when Lady Davenant went out in her pony phaeton, for then she had her delightfully to herself, the carriage holding only two.

It was at the door, and Lady Davenant was crossing the hall followed by Helen, when Cecilia came in with a look, unusual in her, of being much discomfited.

"Another put-off from Mr. Beauclerc! He will not be here to-day. I give him up."

Lady Davenant stopped short, and asked whether Cecilia had told him that probably she should soon be gone?"

"To be sure I did, mamma."

"And what reason does he give for his delay?"

"None, mamma, none—not the least apology. He says, very cavalierly indeed, that he is the worst man in the world at making excuses—shall attempt none."

"There he is right," said Lady Davenant. "Those who are good at excuses, as Franklin justly observed, are apt to be good for nothing else."

The General came up the steps at this moment, rolling a note between his fingers, and looking displeased. Lady Davenant inquired if he could tell her the cause of Mr. Beauclerc's delay. He could not.

Lady Cecilia exclaimed—"Very extraordinary! Provoking! Insufferable! Intolerable!"

"It is Mr. Beauclerc's own affair," said Lady Davenant, wrapping her shawl round her; and, giving her hand to the General, she walked on to her carriage. Seating herself, and gathering up the reins, she repeated—"Mr. Beauclerc's own affair, completely."

The lash of her whip was caught somewhere, and, while the groom was disentangling it, she reiterated—"That will do: let the horses go:"—and with half-suppressed impatience thanked Helen, who was endeavouring to arrange some ill-disposed cloak—"Thank you, thank you, my dear: it's all very well. Sit down, Helen."

She drove off rapidly, through the beautiful park scenery. But the ancient oaks, standing alone, casting vast shadows; the woods, of magnificent extent, and of soft and varied foliage; the glades in the distant views, to which there were most beautiful openings—all were lost upon her. Looking straight between her horses' ears, she drove on in absolute silence.

Helen's idea of Mr. Beauclerc's importance increased wonderfully. What must he be, whose coming or not coming could so move all the world, or those who were all the world to her? And, left to her own cogitations, she was picturing to herself what manner of man he might be, when suddenly Lady Davenant turned, and asked what she was thinking of? "I beg your pardon for startling you so, my dear; I am aware that it is a dreadfully imprudent, impertinent question—one which, indeed, I seldom ask. Few interest me sufficiently to make me care of what they think: from fewer still could I expect to hear the truth. Nay—nothing upon compulsion, Helen. Only say, plainly, if you would rather not tell me. That answer I should prefer to the ingenious formula of evasion, the solecism in metaphysics, which Cecilia used the other day, when unwittingly I asked her of what she was thinking—'Of a great many different things, mamma.'"

Helen, still more alarmed by Lady Davenant's speech than by her question, and aware of the conclusions which might be drawn from her answer, nevertheless bravely replied, that she had been thinking of Mr. Beauclerc, of what he might be, whose coming or not coming was of such consequence. As she spoke, the expression of Lady Davenant's countenance changed.

"Thank you, my dear child, you are truth itself, and truly do I love you therefore. It's well that you did not ask me of what I was thinking, for I am not sure that I could have answered so directly."

"But I could never have presumed to ask such a question of you," said Helen; "there is such a difference."

"Yes," replied Lady Davenant: "there is such a difference as age and authority require to be made, but nevertheless, such as is not quite consistent with the equal rights of friendship. You have told me the subject of your day-dream, my love, and, if you please, I will tell you the subject of mine. I was wrapt into times long past; I was living over again some early scenes—some which are connected, and which connect me, in a curious manner, with this very young man, Mr. Granville Beauclerc."

She seemed to speak with some difficulty, and yet to be resolved to go on.

"Helen, I have a mind," continued she, "to tell you what, in the language of affected autobiographers, I might call 'some passages of my life.'"

Helen's eyes brightened, as she eagerly thanked her: but hear-

ing a half-suppressed sigh, she added—"Not if it be painful to you, though, my dear Lady Davenant."

"Painful it must be," she replied, "but it may be useful to you; and a weak friend is that who can do only what is pleasurable. You have often trusted me with those little inmost feelings of the heart, which, however innocent, we shrink from exposing to any but the friends we most love; it is unjust and absurd of those advancing in years, to expect of the young that confidence should come all and only on their side: the human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return."

Lady Davenant paused again, and then said,—"It is a general opinion, that nobody is the better for advice."

"I am sure I do not think so," said Helen.

"I am glad you do not; nor do I. Much depends upon the way in which it is offered. General maxims, drawn from experience, are to the young at least, but as remarks—moral sentences—mere dead letter, and take no hold of the mind. 'I have felt' must come before 'I think,' especially in speaking to a young friend, and, though I am accused of being so fond of generalizing that I never come to particulars, I can and will: therefore, my dear, I will tell you some particulars of my life; in which, take notice, there are no adventures. Mine has been a life of passion—of feeling, at least—not of incidents: nothing, my dear, to excite or to gratify curiosity."

"But, independently of all curiosity about events," said Helen, "there is such an interest in knowing what has been really felt and thought in their former lives by those we know and love."

"I shall sink in your esteem," said Lady Davenant—"so be it."

"I need not begin, as most people do, with 'I was born'—" but, interrupting herself, she said "this heat is too much for me."

They turned into a long shady drive through the woods. Lady Davenant drew up the reins, and her ponies walked slowly on the grassy road: then, turning to Helen, she said:—

"It would have been well for me if any friend had, when I was of your age, put me on my guard against my own heart: but my too indulgent, too sanguine mother, led me into the very danger against which she should have warned me—misled me, though without being aware of it. Our minds, our very natures, differed strangely."

"She was a castle-builder—yes, now you know, my dear, why I spoke so strongly, and, as you thought, so severely, the other morning. My mother was a castle-builder of the ordinary sort: a worldly plan of a castle was hers, and little care had she about the knight within; yet she had sufficient tact to know that it must be the idea of the *preux chevalier* that would lure her daughter into the castle. Prudent for herself, imprudent for

me, and yet she loved me—all she did was for love of me. She managed with so much address, that I had no suspicion of my being the subject of any speculation—otherwise, probably, my imagination might have revolted, my self-will have struggled, my pride have interfered, or my delicacy might have been alarmed, but nothing of all that happened; I was only too ready, too glad to believe all that I was told, all that appeared in that spring-time of hope and love. I was very romantic, not in the modern, fashionable, young-lady sense of the word, with the mixed ideas of a shepherdess's hat and paraphernalia of a peeress—love in a cottage, and a fashionable house in town. No; mine was honest, pure, real romantic love—absurd if you will; it was love nursed by imagination more than by hope. I had early, in my secret soul, as perhaps you have at this instant in yours, a pattern of perfection—something chivalrous, noble, something that is no longer to be seen now-a-days—the more delightful to imagine, the moral sublime and beautiful; more than human, yet with the extreme of human tenderness. Mine was to be a demigod whom I could worship, a husband to whom I could always look up, with whom I could always sympathize, and to whom I could devote myself with all a woman's self-devotion. I had then a vast idea—as I think you have now, Helen—of self-devotion; you would devote yourself to your friends, but I could not shape any of my friends into a fit object. So after my own imagination I made one, dwelt upon it, doted on it, and at last threw this bright image of my own fancy full upon the being to whom I thought I was most happily destined—destined by duty, chosen by affection. The words "I love you" once pronounced, I gave my whole heart in return, gave it, sanctified, as I felt, by religion. I had high religious sentiments; a vow once passed the lips, a look, a single look, of appeal to Heaven, was as much for me as if pronounced at the altar, and before thousands to witness. Some time was to elapse before the celebration of our marriage. Protracted engagements are unwise, yet I should not say so; this gave me time to open my eyes—my bewitched eyes; still, some months I passed in a trance of beatification, with visions of duties all performed—benevolence universal, and gratitude, and high success, and crowns of laurel, for my hero, for he was military; it all joined well in my fancy. All the pictured tales of vast heroic deeds were to be his. Living, I was to live in the radiance of his honour; or dying, to die with him, and then to be most blessed.

It is all to me now as a dream, long passed, and never told; no, never, except to him who had a right to know it—my husband, and now to you, Helen. From my dream I was awakened by a rude shock—I saw, I thank Heaven I first, and I alone, saw that his heart was gone from me—that his heart had never been mine—that it was unworthy of me. No, I will not say that; I

will not think so. Still I trust that he deceived himself, though not so much as he deceived me. I am willing to believe he did not know that what he professed for me was not love, till he was seized by that passion for another, a younger, fairer—Oh! how much fairer. Beauty is a great gift of Heaven—not for the purposes of female vanity; but a great gift for one who loves and wishes to be loved. But beauty I had not.”

“Had not!” interrupted Helen, “I always heard——”

“He did not think so, my dear; no matter what others thought, at least so I felt at that time. My identity is so much changed that I can look back upon this now, and tell it all to you calmly.

“It was at a rehearsal of the ancient music; I went there accidentally one morning without my mother, with a certain old duchess and her daughters; the dowager, full of some Indian skreen which she was going to buy; the daughters, intent, one of them, on a quarrel between two of the singers; the other upon loves and hates of her own. I was the only one of the party who had any real taste for music. I was then particularly fond of it.

“Well, my dear, I must come to the point,” her voice changing as she spoke.—“After such a lapse of time, during which my mind, my whole self has so changed, I could not have believed before I began to speak on this subject, that these reminiscences could have so moved me; but it is merely this sudden awakening of ideas long dormant, for years not called up, never put into words.

“I was sitting, wrapt in a silent ecstasy of pleasure, leaning back behind the whispering party, when I saw him come in, and, thinking only of his sharing my delight, I made an effort to catch his attention, but he did not see me—his eye was fixed on another; I followed that eye, and saw that most beautiful creature on which it fixed; I saw him seat himself beside her—one look was enough—it was conviction. A pang went through me; I grew cold, but made no sound nor motion; I gasped for breath, I believe, but I did not faint. None cared for me; I was unnoticed—saved from the abasement of pity. I struggled to retain my self-command, and was enabled to complete the purpose on which I then—even *then*, resolved. That resolve gave me force.

“In any great emotion we can speak better to those who do not care for us than to those who feel for us. More calmly than I now speak to you, I turned to the person who then sat beside me, to the dowager whose heart was in the Indian skreen, and begged that I might not longer detain her, as I wished that she would carry me home—she readily complied: I had presence of mind enough to move when we could do so without attracting attention. It was well that woman talked as she did all the way home; she never saw, never suspected, the agony of her to whom

she spoke. I ran up to my own room, bolted the door, and threw myself into a chair; that is the last thing I remember, till I found myself lying on the floor, wakening from a state of insensibility. I know not what time had elapsed; as soon as I could, I rang for my maid; she had knocked at my door, and, supposing I slept, had not disturbed me—my mother, I found, had not yet returned.

"I dressed for dinner: HE was to dine with us. It was my custom to see him for a few minutes before the rest of the company arrived. No time ever appeared to me so dreadfully long as the interval between my being dressed that day and his arrival.

"I heard him coming up stairs: my heart beat so violently that I feared I should not be able to speak with dignity and composure, but the motive was sufficient.

"What I said, I know not; I am certain only that it was without one word of reproach. What I had at one glance foreboded was true—he acknowledged it. I released him from all engagement to me. I saw he was evidently relieved by the determined tone of my refusal—at what expense to my heart he was set free, he saw not—never knew—never suspected. But after that first involuntary expression of the pleasure of relief, I saw in his countenance surprise, a sort of mortified astonishment at my self-possession. I own my woman's pride enjoyed this; it was something better than pride—the sense of the preservation of my dignity. I felt that in this shipwreck of my happiness I made no cowardly exposure of my feelings, but he did not understand me. Our minds, as I now found, moved in different orbits. We could not comprehend each other. Instead of feeling, as the instinct of generosity would have taught him to feel, that I was sacrificing my happiness to his, he told me that he now believed I had never loved him. My eyes were opened—I saw him at once as he really was. The ungenerous look upon self-devotion as madness, folly, or art: he could not think me a fool, he did not think me mad, artful I believe he did suspect me to be; he concluded that I made the discovery of his inconstancy an excuse for my own; he thought me, perhaps, worse than capricious, interested—for, our engagement being unknown, a lover of higher rank had, in the interval, presented himself. My perception of this base suspicion was useful to me at the moment, as it roused my spirit, and I went through the better, and without relapse of tenderness, with that which I had undertaken. One condition only I made: I insisted that this explanation should rest between us two; that, in fact, and in manner, the breaking off the match should be left entirely to me. And to this part of the business I now look back with satisfaction, and I have honest pride in telling you, who will feel the same for me, that I practised in the whole conduct of the affair no deceit of any kind, not one false-

hood was told. The world knew nothing; there my mother had been prudent. She was the only person to whom I was bound to explain—to speak, I mean, for I did not feel myself bound to explain. Perfect confidence only can command perfect confidence in whatever relation of life. I told her all that she had a right to know. I announced to her that the intended marriage could never be—that I objected to it; that both our minds were changed; that we were both satisfied in having released each other from our mutual engagement. I had, as I foresaw, to endure my mother's anger, her entreaties, her endless surprise, her bitter disappointment; but she exhausted all these, and her mind turned sooner than I had expected to that hope of higher establishment which amused her during the rest of the season in London. Two months of it were still to be passed—to me the two most painful months of my existence. The daily, nightly, effort of appearing in public, while I was thus wretched, in the full gala of life, in the midst of the young, and gay, the happy—broken-hearted as I felt—it was an effort beyond my strength. That summer was, I remember, intolerably hot. Whenever my mother observed that I looked pale, and that my spirits were not so good as formerly, I exerted myself more and more; accepted every invitation because I dared not refuse; danced at this ball, and the next, and the next; urged on, I finished to the dregs the dissipation of the season.

"My mother certainly made me do dreadfully too much. But I blame others, as we usually do when we are ourselves the most to blame—I had attempted that which could not be done. By suppressing all outward sign of suffering, allowing no vent for sorrow in words or tears—by actual force of compression—I thought at once to extinguish my feelings. Little did I know of the human heart when I thought this! The weak are wise in yielding to the first shock. They cannot be struck to the earth who sink prostrate; sorrow has little power where there is no resistance.—'The flesh will follow where the pincers tear.' Mine was a presumptuous—it had nearly been a fatal struggle. That London season at last over, we got into the country; I expected rest, but found none. The pressing necessity for exertion over, the stimulus ceasing, I sunk—sunk into a state of apathy.

"Time enough had elapsed between the breaking off of my marriage, and the appearance of this illness, to prevent any ideas on my mother's part of cause and effect, ideas, indeed, which were never much looked for, or well joined in her mind. The world knew nothing of the matter. My illness went under the convenient head 'nervous.' I heard all the opinions pronounced on my case, and knew they were all mistaken, but I swallowed whatever they pleased. No physician, I repeated to myself, can 'minister to a mind diseased.'

"I tried to call religion to my aid; but my religious sentiments were, at that time, tinctured with the enthusiasm of my early character. Had I been a catholic, I should have escaped from my friends and thrown myself into a cloister; as it was, I had formed a strong wish to retire from that world which was no longer any thing to me: the spring of passion, which I then thought the spring of life, being broken, I meditated my resolution secretly and perpetually as I lay on my bed. They used to read to me, and among other things, some papers of "The Rambler," which I liked not at all; its tripod sentences tired my ear, but I let them go on—as well one sound as another.

"It chanced that one night as I was going to sleep, an eastern story in "The Rambler," was read to me, about some man, a-weary of the world, who took to the peaceful hermitage. There was a regular moral tagged to the end of it; a thing I hate: the words were, 'No life pleasing to God that is not useful to man.' When I wakened in the middle of that night, this sentence was before my eyes, and the words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again to my ears when I was sinking to sleep. The impression remained in my mind, and though I voluntarily recurred to it, came out long afterwards, perfectly fresh, and became a motive of action.

"Strange, mysterious connexion between mind and body; in mere animal nature we see the same. The bird wakened from his sleep to be taught a tune sung to him in the dark, and left to sleep again,—the impression rests buried within him, and weeks afterward he comes out with the tune perfect. But these are only phenomena of memory—mine was more extraordinary. I am not sure that I can explain it to you. In my weak state, my understanding enfeebled as much as my body—my reason weaker than my memory, I could not help allowing myself to think that the constant repetition of that sentence was a warning sent to me from above. As I grew stronger, the superstition died away, but the sense of the thing still remained with me. It led me to examine and reflect. It did more than all my mother's entreaties could effect. I had refused to see any human creature, but I now consented to admit a few. The charm was broken. I gave up my longing for solitude, my plan of retreat from the world; suffered myself to be carried where they pleased—to Brighton it was—to my mother's satisfaction. I was ready to appear in the ranks of fashion at the opening of the next London campaign. Automatically I 'ran my female exercises o'er' with as good grace as ever. I had followers and proposals; but my mother was again thrown into despair by what she called the short work I made with my admirers, scarcely allowing decent time for their turning into lovers, before I warned them not to think of me. I have heard that women who have suffered from man's inconstancy are disposed af-



terwards to revenge themselves by inflicting pain such as they have themselves endured, and delight in all the cruelty of coquetry. It was not so with me. Mine was too deep a wound—skinned over—not callous, and all danger of its opening again I dreaded. I had lovers the more, perhaps, because I cared not for them; till amongst them there came one who, as I saw, appreciated my character, and, as I perceived, was becoming seriously attached. To prevent danger to his happiness, as he would take no other warning, I revealed to him the state of my mind. However humiliating the confession, I thought it due to him. I told him that I had no heart to give—that I had received none in return for that with which I had parted, and that love was over with me.

'As a passion, it may be so—not as an affection,' was his reply.

The words opened to me a view of his character. I saw, too, by his love increasing with his esteem, the solidity of his understanding and the nobleness of his nature. He went deep and deeper into my mind, till he came to a spring of gratitude, which rose and overflowed, vivifying and fertilizing the seemingly barren waste. After the first whirlwind of passion all seems a desert, and in the stillness and desolation there is no hope. After the stillness of passion has poured forth its burning mass and covered all, the power of vegetation seems buried for ever—buried it is, but not extinct; it revives, it reproduces. Such is the beneficent law of nature. I believe it to be true, that, after the first great misfortune, persons never return to be the same that they were before, but this I know—and this it is important you should be convinced of, my dear Helen—that the mind, though sorely smitten, can recover its powers. A mind, I mean, sustained by good principles, and by them made capable of persevering efforts for its own recovery. It may be sure of regaining, in time—observe, I say in time—its healthful tone.

"Time was given to me by that kind, that noble being, who devoted himself to me with a passion which I could not return—but, with such affection as I could give, and which he assured me would make his happiness, I determined to devote to him the whole of my future existence. Happiness for me, I thought, was gone, except in so far as I could make him happy.

"I married Lord Davenant much against my mother's wish, for he was then the younger of three brothers, and with a younger brother's very small portion. Had it been a more splendid match, I do not think I could have been prevailed on to give my consent. I could not have been sure of my own motives, or rather my pride would not have been clear as to the opinion which others might form. This was a weakness, for in acting we ought to depend upon ourselves, and not to look for the praise or blame of others; but I let you see me as I am, or as I was: I do not insist, like Queen Elizabeth, in having my portrait without shade."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"I AM proud to tell you, that at the time I married we were so poor, that I was obliged to give up many of those luxuries to which I was entitled, and to which I had been so accustomed, that the doing without them had till then hardly come within my idea of possibility. Our whole establishment was on the most humble scale.

"I look back to this period of my life with the greatest satisfaction. I had exquisite pleasure, like all young people of sanguine temperament and generous disposition, in the consciousness of the capability of making sacrifices. This notion was my idol, the idol of the inmost sanctuary of my mind, and I worshipped it with all the energies of body and soul.

"In the course of a few years, my husband's two elder brothers died. If you have any curiosity to know how, I will tell you, though indeed it is as little to the purpose as half the things people tell in their histories. The eldest, a home-bred lordling, who, from the moment he slipped his mother's apron-strings, had fallen into folly, and then, to show himself manly, run into vice, lost his life in a duel about some lady's crooked thumb, or more crooked mind.

"The second brother distinguished himself in the navy; he died the death of honour; he fell gloriously, and was by his country honoured—by his country mourned.

"After the death of this young man, the inheritance came to my husband. Fortune soon after poured in upon us a tide of wealth, swelled by collateral streams.

"You will wish to know what effect this change of circumstances produced upon my mind, and you shall, as far as I know it myself. I fancied that it would have made none, because I had been before accustomed to all the trappings of wealth; yet it did make a greater change in my feelings than you could have imagined, or I could have conceived. The possibility of producing a great effect in society, of playing a distinguished part, and attaining an eminence which pleased my fancy, had never till now been within my reach. The incense of fame had been wafted near me, but not to me—near my husband, I

mean, yet not to him; I had heard his brother's name from the trumpet of fame, I longed to hear his own. I knew, what to the world was then unknown, his great talents for civil business, which, if urged into action, might make him distinguished as a statesman even beyond his hero brother; but I knew that in him ambition, if it ever awoke, must be awakened by love. Conscious of my influence, I determined to use it to the utmost.

"Lord Davenant had not, at that time, taken any part in politics, but from his connexions he could ask and obtain; and there was one in the world for whom I desired to obtain a favour of importance. It chanced that he, whom I have mentioned to you as my inconstant lover, now married to my lovely rival, was, at this time, in some difficulty about a command abroad. His connexions, though of very high rank, were not now in power. He had failed in some military exploit which had formerly been intrusted to him. He was anxious to retrieve his character; his credit, his whole fate in life, depended on his obtaining this appointment, which, at my request, was secured to him by Lord Davenant. The day it was obtained was, I think, the proudest of my life. I was proud of returning good for evil; that was a Christian pride, if pride can be Christian. I was proud of showing that in me there was none of the fury of a woman scorned—no sense of the injury of charms despised.

"But it was not yet the fulness of success; it had pained me in the midst of my internal triumph, that my husband had been obliged to use intermediate powers to obtain that which I should have desired should have been obtained by his own. Why should not he be in that first place of rule? He could hold the balance with a hand as firm, an eye as just. That he should be in the House of Peers was little satisfaction to me, unless distinguished among his peers. It was this distinction that I burned to see obtained by Lord Davenant; I urged him forward then by all the motives which make ambition virtue. He was averse from public life, partly from indolence of temper, partly from sound philosophy: power was low in the scale in his estimate of human happiness; he saw how little can be effected of real good in public by any individual; he felt it scarcely worth his while to stir from his easy chair of domestic happiness. However, love urged him on, and inspired him, if not with ambition, at least, with what looked like it in public. He entered the lists, and in the political tournaments tilted successfully. Many were astonished, for, till they came against him in the joust, they had no notion of his weight, or of his skill in arms; and many seriously inclined to believe that Lord Davenant was only Lady Davenant in disguise; and all he said, wrote, and did, was attributed to me. Envy gratifies herself continually by thus shifting the merit from one person to another; in hopes that the actual quantity may be diminished, she tries to make out that it is never the

real person, but somebody else who does that which is good. This silly, base propensity might have cost me dearly; would have cost me my husband's affections, had he not been a man, as there are few, above all jealousy of female influence or female talent; in short, he knew his own superiority, and needed not to measure himself to prove his height. He is quite content, rather glad, that every body should set him down as a commonplace character. Far from being jealous of his wife's ruling him, he was amused by the notion: it flattered his pride, and it was convenient to his indolence; it fell in, too, with his peculiar humour. The more I retired, the more I was put forward, he, laughing behind me, prompted and forbade me to look back.

"Now, Helen, I am come to a point where ambition ceased to be virtue. But why should I tell you all this? no one is ever the better for the experience of another."

"Oh! I cannot believe that," cried Helen, "pray, pray go on; for though this is a sort of experience I can never want, yet it is most interesting to me to know all that you have felt."

"Thank you, my love, but as to your never being in a similar situation, I don't see any impossibility. You may marry a man of high political influence.

"Ambition first rose in my mind from the ashes of another passion. Fresh materials, of heterogeneous kinds, altered the colour, and changed the nature of the flame: I should have told you, but narrative is not my forte, I never can remember to tell things in their right order. I forgot to tell you, that when Madame de Staël's book, '*Sur la Revolution Française*,' came out, it made an extraordinary impression upon me. I turned, in the first place, as every body did, eagerly to the chapter on England, but, though my national feelings were gratified, my female pride was dreadfully mortified by what she says of the ladies of England: in fact, she could not judge of them. They were afraid of her. They would not come out of their shells. What she called timidity, and what I am sure she longed to call stupidity, was the silence of over-awed admiration, or mixed curiosity and discretion. Those who did venture, had not full possession of their powers, or in a hurry showed them in a wrong direction. She saw none of them in their natural state. She asserts that, though there may be women distinguished as writers in England, there are no ladies who have any great conversational and political influence in society, of that kind which, during *l'ancien regime*, was obtained in France by what they would call their *femmes marquantes*, such as Madame de Tencin, Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. This remark stung me to the quick, for my country and for myself, and raised in me a foolish, vain-glorious emulation, an ambition false in its objects, and unsuited to the manners, domestic habits, and public

virtue of our country. I ought to have been gratified by her observing, that a lady is never to be met with in England, as formerly in France, at the Bureau du Ministre; and that in England there has never been any example of a woman's having known in public affairs, or at least told, what ought to have been kept secret. Between ourselves, I suspect she was a little mistaken in some of these assertions; but, be that as it may, I determined to prove that she was mistaken; I was conscious that I had more within me than I had yet brought out; I did not doubt that I had eloquence, if I had but courage to produce it. It is really astonishing what a mischievous effect those few passages produced on my mind. In London, one book drives out another, one impression, however deep, is effaced by the next shaking of the sand; but I was then in the country; for, unluckily for me, Lord Davenant had been sent away on some special embassy. Left alone with my nonsense, I set about, as soon as I was able to assemble an audience round me, to exhibit myself in the character of a female politician, and I believe I had a notion at the same time of being the English Corinne. Rochefoucault, the dexterous anatomist of self-love, says, that we confess our small faults, to persuade the world that we have no large ones. But, for my part, I feel that there are some small faults more difficult to me to confess than any large ones. Affectation, for instance; it is something so little, so paltry, it is more than a crime, it is a ridicule: I believe I did make myself completely ridiculous; I am glad Lord Davenant was not by, it lasted but a short time. Our dear good friend D—— (you knew D—— at Florence?) could not bear to see it; his regard for Lord Davenant urged him the more to disenchant me, and bring me back, before his return, to my natural form. The disenchantment was rather rude.

"One evening, after I had been snuffing up incense till I was quite intoxicated, when my votaries had departed, and we were alone together, I said to him, 'Allow that this is what would be called at Paris *un grand succès*.'

"D—— made no reply, but stood opposite to me, playing in his peculiar manner with his great snuff-box, slowly swaying the snuff from side to side. Knowing this to be a sign that he was in some great dilemma, I asked of what he was thinking. 'Of you,' said he. 'And what of me?' In his French accent he repeated those two provoking lines—

'Now wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,  
Too strong for feeble women to sustain.'

" 'To my face!' said I, smiling, for I tried to command my temper.

'Better than behind your back, as others do,' said he.

"'Behind my back!' said I, 'impossible.'

"'Perfectly possible,' said he, 'as I could prove if you were strong enough to bear it.'

"'Quite strong enough,' I said, and bade him speak on.

"'Suppose you were offered,' said he, 'the fairy-ring that rendered the possessor invisible, and enabled him to hear every thing that was said, and all that was thought of him, would you throw it away, or put it on your finger?'"

"'Put it on my finger,' I replied; 'and this instant, for a true friend is better than a magic ring, I put it on.'

"'You are very brave,' said he, 'then you shall hear the lines I heard in a rival salon, repeated by him who last wafted the censer to you to-night.' He repeated a kind of doggrel pastouade, beginning with—

'Tell me, gentles, have you seen,  
The prating she, the mock Coriane.'

"D——, who had the courage for my good to inflict the blow, could not stay to see its effect, and this time I was left alone, not with my nonsense, but with my reason. It was quite sufficient. I was cured. My only consolation in my disgrace was, that I honourably kept D——'s counsel. The friend who composed the lampoon, from that day to this never knew that I had heard it; though I must own I often longed to tell him, when he was offering his incense again, that I wished he would reverse his practice, and let us have the satire in my presence, and keep the flattery for my absence. The graft of affectation, which was but a poor weak thing, fell off at once, but the root of the evil had not yet been reached. My friend D—— had not cut deep enough, or perhaps feared to cut away too much that was sound and essential to life; my political ambition remained, and on Lord Davenant's return sprang up in full vigour.

"Now it is all over, I can analyze and understand my own motives: when I first began my political course I really and truly had no love for power; full of other feelings, I was averse from it; it was absolutely disagreeable to me; but as people acquire a taste for drams after making faces at first swallowing, so I, from experience of the excitation, acquired the habit, the love, of this mental dram-drinking; besides, I had such delightful excuses for myself: I didn't love power for its own sake, it was never used for myself, always for others; ever with my old principle of sacrifice in full play: this flattering unction I laid to my soul, and it long hid from me its weakness, its gradual corruption.

"The first instance in which I used my influence, and by my husband's intervention obtained a favour of some importance, the thing done, though actually obtained by private favour, was in a public point of view well done and fit to be done; but when

in time Lord Davenant had reached that eminence which had been the summit of my ambition, and when once it was known that I had influence (and in making it known between jest and earnest Lord Davenant was certainly to blame,) numbers of course were eager to avail themselves of the discovery, swarms born in the noontide ray, or such as salute the rising morn, buzzed round me. I was good-natured and glad to do the service, and proud to show that I could do it. I thought I had some right to share with Lord Davenant, at least the honour and pleasures of patronage, and so he willingly allowed it to be, as long as my objects were well chosen, though he said to me once with a serious smile, 'The patronage of Europe would not satisfy you; you would want India, and if you had India, you would sigh for the new world,' I only laughed and said 'The same thought as Lord Chesterfield's, only more neatly put. 'If all Ireland were given to such a one for his patrimony, he'd ask for the Isle of Man for his cabbage-garden.'" Lord Davenant did not smile. I felt a little alarmed, and a feeling of estrangement began between us.

"I recollect one day his seeing a note on my table from one of my *protégés*, thanking me outrageously, and extolling my very obliging disposition. He read, and threw it down, and with one of his dry-humour smiles repeated half to himself—

———' By flatterers besieged,  
And so obliging that she ne'er obliged.'

"I thought these lines were in the Characters of Women, and I hunted all through them in vain; at last I found them in the character of a man, which could not suit me, and I was pacified, and, what is extraordinary, my conscience quite put at ease.

"The week afterwards I went to make some request for a friend: my little boy—for I had a dear little boy then,—had come in along with mamma. Lord Davenant complied with my request, but unwillingly I saw, and as if he felt it a weakness; and, putting his hand upon the curly-pated little fellow's head, he said, 'This boy rules Greece, I see.' The child was sent for the Grecian history, his father took him on his knee, while he read the anecdote, and as he ended he whispered in the child's ear, 'Tell mamma this must not be; papa should be ruled only by justice.' He really had public virtue, I only talked of it.

"After this you will wonder that I could go on, but I did.

"I had at that time a friend, who talked always most romantically, and acted most selfishly, and for some time I never noticed the inconsistency between her words and actions. In fact, she had two currents in her mind, two selves, one romantic from books, the other selfish from worldly education and love of fashion, and of the goods of this world. She had charming manners,

which I thought went for nothing with me, but which I found stood for every thing. In short, she was as caressing, as graceful, in her little ways, and as selfish as a cat. She had claws, too; but at first I only felt the velvet.

"It was for this woman that I hazarded my highest happiness—my husband's esteem, and for the most paltry object imaginable. She wanted some petty place for some man who was to marry her favourite maid. When I first mentioned it to him, Lord Davenant coldly said, 'It can't be done,' and his pen went on very quickly with the letter he was writing. Vexed and ashamed, and the more vexed because ashamed, I persisted. 'Cannot be done for me?' said I. 'Not for any body,' said he—'by me, at least.'—I thought—Helen, I am ashamed to tell you what I thought, but I will tell it you, because it will show you how a mind may be debased by the love of power, or rather by the consequence which its possession bestows. I thought he meant to point out to me that, although he would not do it, I might *get it done*. And, speaking as if to myself, I said, 'Then I'll go to such a person, thou I'll use such and such ways and means.'

"Looking up from his writing at me, with a look such as I had never seen from him before, he replied, in the words of a celebrated minister, '*C'est facile de se servir de pareils moyens, c'est difficile de s'y résoudre.*'

"I admired him, despised myself, left the room, and went and told my friend decidedly it could not be done. That instant, she became my enemy, and I felt her claws. I was proud of the wounds, and showed them to my husband. Now, Helen, you think I am cured for ever, and safe. Alas! no, my dear, it is not so easy to cure habit. I have, however, some excuse, let me put it forward: the person for whom I again transgressed was my mother, and for her I was proud of doing the utmost, because she had, as I could not forget, been ready to sacrifice my happiness to her speculations. She had left off building castles in the air, but she had outbuilt herself on earth. She had often recourse to me in her difficulties, and I supplied funds, as well I might, for I had a most liberal allowance from my most liberal lord; but schemes of my own, very patriotic but not otherwise, had in process of time drained my purse. I had a school at Cecilhurst, and a lace manufactory, and to teach my little girls I must needs bring over lace-makers from Flanders, and Lisle thread, at an enormous expense: I shut my lace-makers up in a room (for secrecy was necessary,) where, like spiders they quarrelled with each other and fought, and the whole failed.

"Another scheme, very patriotic too, cost me an immensity: trying to make Indian Cachemires in England, very beautiful they were, but they left not the tenth part of a penny in my private



purse, and then my mother wanted some thousands for a new dairy; dairies were then the fashion, and hers was to be floored with the finest Dutch tiles, furnished with Sevres china, with plate-glass windows, and a porch hung with French mirrors; so she set me to represent to Lord Davenant her very distressed situation, and to present a petition from her for a pension. The first time I urged my mother's request, Lord Davenant said, 'I am sure, Anne, that you do not know what you are asking.' I desisted. I did not, indeed, well understand the business, nor at all comprehend that I was assisting a fraudulent attempt to obtain public money for a private purpose, but I wished to have the triumph of success, I wished to feel my own influence.

"Had it been foretold to me that I could so forget myself in the intoxication of political power, how I should have disdained the prophecy, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' There is a fine sermon of Blair's on this subject; it had early made a great impression upon me; but what are good impressions; good feelings, good impulses, good intentions, good any thing, without principle!

"My mother wondered how I could so easily take a refusal; she piqued my pride by observing that she was sorry my influence had declined; her pity, so near contempt, wounded me, and I unadvisedly exclaimed that my influence had in no way declined. Scarcely had I uttered the words, when I saw the inference to which they laid me open, that I had not used my influence to the utmost for her. My mother had quite sense and just feeling enough to refrain from marking this in words. She noted it only by an observing look, followed by a sigh. She confessed that I had always been so kind, so much kinder than she could have expected, that she would say no more. This was more to the purpose with me than if she had talked for hours. I heard fresh sighs, and saw tears begin to flow—a mother's sighs and tears it is difficult, and I felt it was shameful, to bear. I was partly melted, much confused, and hurried, too, by visitors coming in, and I hastily promised that I would try once more what I could do. The moment I had time for reflection I repented of what I had promised. But the words were past recall. It was so disagreeable to me to speak about the affair to my husband, that I wanted to get it off my mind as soon as possible, but the day passed without my being able to find a moment when I could speak to Lord Davenant in private. Company stayed till late, my mother the latest. At parting, as she kissed me, calling me her dearest Anne, she said she was convinced I could do whatever I pleased with Lord Davenant, and as she was going down stairs, added, she was sure the first words she should hear from me in the morning would be 'victory, victory.'

"I flattered myself for admitting the thought, and yet there it

was; I let it in, and could not get it out. From what an indescribable mixture of weak motives or impulses, and often without one reasonable principle, do we act in the most important moments of life. Even as I opened the door of his room I hesitated, my heart beat forebodingly; but I thought I could not retreat, and I went in.

"He was standing on the hearth looking weary, but a reviving smile came on seeing me, and he held out his hand—'My comfort always,' said he.

"I took his hand, and, hesitating, was again my better self; but I would not go back, nor could I begin with any preface.—Thank heaven that was impossible. I began:

"Davenant, I am come to ask you a favour, and you must do it for me.'

"I hope it is in my power, my dear,' said he; 'I am sure you would not ask——' and there he stopped.

"I told him it was in his power, and that I would not ask it for any creature living, but——' He put his hand upon my lips, told me he knew what I was going to say, and begged me not to say it; but I, hoping to carry it off playfully, kissed his hand, and putting it aside said, 'I must ask, and you must grant this to my mother.' He replied, 'It cannot be, Anne, consistently with public justice, and with my public duty. I——'

"Nonsense, nonsense,' I said, 'such words are only to mask a refusal.' *Mask*, I remember, was the word that hurt him. Of all I could have used, it was the worst: I knew it the instant I had said it. Lord Davenant stepped back and with such a look! You, Helen, who have seen only his benign countenance, his smiling eyes, cannot conceive it. I am sure he must have seen how much it alarmed me, for suddenly it changed, and I saw all the melting softness of love.

"Oh fool! vain wicked fool that I was! I thought of 'victory,' and pursued it. My utmost power of persuasion—words—smiles—and tears I tried—and tried in vain; and then I could not bear to feel that I had in vain made this trial of power and love. Shame and pride and anger seized me by turns, and raised such a storm within me—such confusion—that I knew not what I did or said. And he was so calm! looked so, at least, though I am sure he was not. His self-possession piqued and provoked me past all bearing. I cannot tell you exactly how it was—it was so dreadfully interesting to me that I am unable to recall the exact words; but I remember at last hearing him say, in a voice I had never before heard, 'Lady Davenant!'—He had never called me so before; he had always called me 'Anne,' it seemed as if he had dismissed me from his heart.

"Call me Anne! O call me Anne!"

"And he yielded instantly, he called me Anne, and caressing me, 'his Anne.'

"O Helen! never do as I did. I whispered, 'Then, my love, you will do this for me—for me, your own Anne?'

"He put me gently away, and leaned against the chimney-piece in silence. Then turning to me, in a low suppressed voice, he said:

"'I have loved you—love you as much as man can love woman, there is nothing I would not sacrifice for you, except——'

"'No exceptions!' cried I, in an affected tone of gaiety.

"'Except honour,' he repeated, firmly.—Helen, my dear, you are of a generous nature, so am I, but the demon of pride was within me, it made me long to try the extent of my power. Disappointed, I sunk to meanness; never, never, however tempted, however provoked, never do as I did, never reproach a friend with any sacrifice you have made for them; this is a meanness which your friend may forgive, but which you can never forgive yourself.

"I reproached him with the sacrifice of my feelings, which I had made in marrying him! His answer was, 'I feel that what you say is true, I am now convinced you are incapable of loving me; and, since I cannot make you happy, we had better——part.'

"These were the last words I heard. The blow was wholly unexpected.

"Whether I sunk down, or threw myself at his feet, I know not; but when I came to myself he was standing beside me. There were other faces, but my eyes saw only his: I felt his hand holding mine, I pressed it, and said 'Forget.' He stooped down and whispered 'It is forgotten.'

"I believe there is nothing can touch a generous mind so much as the being treated with perfect generosity—nothing makes us so deeply feel our own fault."

Lady Davenant was here so much moved that she could say no more. By an involuntary motion, she checked the reins, and the horses stopped, and she continued quite silent for a few minutes: at length two or three deeply drawn sighs seemed to relieve her; she looked up, and her attention seemed to be caught by a bird that was singing sweetly on a branch over their heads. She asked what bird it was? Helen showed it to her where it sat: she looked up and smiled, touched the horses with her whip, and went on where she had left off.—

"The next thing was the meeting my mother in the morning; I prepared myself for it, and thought I was now armed so strong in honesty that I could go through with it well: my morality, however, was a little nervous, was fluttered by the knock at the door, and, when I heard her voice as she came towards my room,

asking eagerly if I was alone, I felt a sickness at the certainty that I must at once crush her hopes. But I stood resolved; my eyes fixed on the door through which she was to enter. She came in, to my astonishment, with a face radiant with joy, and hastening to me she embraced me with the warmest expression of fondness and gratitude.—I stood petrified as I heard her talk of my kindness—my generosity. I asked what she could mean, said there must be some mistake. But holding before my eyes a note, 'Can there be any mistake in this?' said she. That note, for I can never forget it, I will repeat to you.

"What you wish can be done in a better manner than you proposed. The public must have no concern with it; Lady Davenant must have the pleasure of doing it her own way; an annuity to the amount required shall be punctually paid to your banker. The first instalment will be in his hands by the time you receive this.—DAVENANT."

"When I had been formerly disenchanted from my trance of love, the rudeness of the shock had benumbed all my faculties, and left me scarcely power to think; but now, when thus recovered from the delirium of power, I was immediately in perfect possession of my understanding, and when I was made to comprehend the despicable use I would have made of my influence, or the influence my husband possessed, I was so shocked, that I have ever since, I am conscious, in speaking of any political corruption, rather exaggerated my natural abhorrence of it. Not from the mean and weak idea of convincing the world how foreign all such wrong was to my soul, but because it really is foreign to it, because I know how it can debase the most honourable characters; I do not feel so much shocked at the criminal as at the crime, because I saw it once in all its hideousness so near myself.

"A change in the ministry took place this year, Lord Davenant's resignation was sent in and accepted, and in retirement I had not only leisure to be good, but also leisure to cultivate my mind. Of course I had read all such reading as ladies read, but this was very different from the kind of study that would enable me to keep pace with Lord Davenant and his highly informed friends. Many of these, more men of thought than of show, visited us from time to time in the country. Though I had passed very well in London society, blue, red, and green, literary, fashionable, and political, and had been extolled as both witty and wise, especially when my husband was in place; yet when I came into close contact with minds of a higher order, I felt my own deficiencies. Lord Davenant's superiority I particularly perceived in the solidity of the ground he uniformly took and held in reasoning. And when I, too confident, used to venture rashly, and often found myself surrounded, and in imminent danger in argument, he often used to bring me off and ably cover

my retreat, and looked so pleased, so proud, when I made a happy hit, or jumped to a right conclusion.

"But what I most liked, most admired, in him was, that he never triumphed or took unfair advantages on the strength of his learning, of his acquirements, or of what I may call his logical training.

"I mention these seeming trifles because it is not always in the great occasions of life that a generous disposition shows itself in the way which we most feel. Little instances of generosity shown in this way, unperceived by others, have gone most deeply into my mind; and have most raised my opinion of his character. The sense that I was over rather than undervalued, made me the more ready to acknowledge and feel my own deficiencies. I felt the truth of an aphorism of Lord Verulam's, which is now come down to the copy-books; that 'knowledge is power.' Having made this notable discovery, I set about with all my might to acquire knowledge. You may smile, and think that this was only in a new form the passion for power; no, it was something better. Not to do myself injustice, I now felt the pure desire of knowledge, and enjoyed the pure pleasure of obtaining it; assisted, supported, and delighted, by the sympathy of a superior mind.

"As to intellectual happiness, this was the happiest time of my life. As if my eyes had been rubbed by your favourite dervise in the Arabian tales, with his charmed ointment, which opened at once to view all the treasures of the earth, I saw and craved the boundless treasures opened to my view. I now wanted to read all that Lord Davenant was reading, that I might be up to his ideas, but this was not to be done in an instant. There was a Frenchwoman who complained that she never could learn any thing, because she could not find any body to teach her all she wanted to know in two words. I was not quite so *exigante* as this lady; but, after having skated on easily and rapidly, far on the superficies of knowledge, it was difficult and rather mortifying to have to go back and begin at the beginning. Yet, when I wanted to go a little deeper, and really to understand what I was about, this was essentially necessary. I could not have got through without the assistance of one who showed me what I might safely leave unlearned, and who pointed out what fruit was worth climbing for, what would only turn to ashes.

"This happy time of my life too quickly passed away. It was interrupted, however, not by any fault or folly of my own, but by an infliction from the hand of Providence, to which, I trust, I submitted with resignation—we lost our dear little boy; my second boy was born dead, and my confinement was followed by long and severe illness. I was ordered to try the air of Devonshire.

"One night—now, my dear, I have kept for the last the only romantic incident in my life—one night, a vessel was wrecked upon our coast; one of the passengers, a lady, an invalid, was brought to our house; I hastened to her assistance;—it was my beautiful rival!

"She was in a deep decline, and had been at Lisbon for some time, but she was now sent home by the physicians, as they send people from one country to another to die. The captain of the ship in which she was, mistook the lights upon the coast, and ran the ship ashore near to our house.

"Of course we did for her all we could, but she was dying: she knew nothing of my history, and, I trust, I soothed her last moments—she died in my arms.

"She had one child, a son, then at Eton: we sent for him, he arrived too late, the feeling he showed interested us deeply; we kept him with us some time, he was grateful, and afterwards as he grew up he often wrote to me. His letters you have read."

"Mr. Beauclerc!" said Helen.

"Mr. Beauclerc.—I had not seen him for some time, when General Clarendon presented him to me as his ward at Florence, where I had opportunities of essentially serving him.

"You may now understand, my dear, why I had expected that Mr. Granville Beauclerc might have preferred coming to Clarendon Park this last month of my stay in England to the pleasures of London. I was angry, I own, but, after five minutes' grace I cooled, saw that I must be mistaken, and came to the just conclusion of the old poet, that no one sinks at once to the depth of ill, and ingratitude I consider as the depth of ill. I opine, therefore, that some stronger feeling than friendship now operates to detain Granville Beauclerc. In that case I forgive him, but, for his own sake, and with such a young man I should say for the sake of society—of the public good—for he will end in public life, I hope the present object is worthy of him, whoever she may be.

"Have I any thing more to tell you? Yes, I should say that, when by changes in the political world Lord Davenant was again in power, I had learned, if not to be less ambitious, at least to show it less. D——, who knew always how to put sense into my mind, so that I found it there, and thought it completely my own, had once said that 'every public man who has a cultivated and high minded-wife has in fact two selves, each holding watch and ward for the other.' The notion pleased me—pleased both my fancy and my reason; I acted on it, and Lord Davenant assures me that I have been this second self to him; and I am willing to believe it, first because he is a man of strict truth, and secondly, because every woman is willing to believe what she wishes.

Lady Davenant paused, and after some minutes of reflection,

said, "I confess, however, that I have not reason to be quite satisfied with myself as a mother; I did not attend sufficiently to Cecilia's early education: engrossed with politics, I left her too much to governesses, at one period to a very bad one. I have done what I can to remedy this, and you have done more perhaps; but I much fear that the early neglect can never be completely repaired: she is, however, married to a man of sense, and when I go to Russia I shall think with satisfaction that I leave you with her."

After expressing how deeply she had been interested in all that she had heard, and how grateful she felt for the confidence reposed in her, Helen said she could not help wishing that Cecilia knew all that had been just told to her of Lady Davenant's history. If Cecilia could but know all the tenderness of her mother's heart, how much less would she fear, how much more would she love her!"

"It would answer no purpose," replied Lady Davenant; "there are persons with intrinsic differences of character, who, explain as you will, can never understand one another beyond a certain point. Nature and art forbid—no spectacles you can furnish will remedy certain defects of vision. Cecilia sees as much as she can ever see of my character, and I see, in the best light, the whole of hers. So Helen, my dear, take the advice of a Scotch proverb—proverbs are vulgar, because they usually contain common sense—'Let well alone.'"

"You are really a very good little friend," added she, "but keep my personal narrative for your own use."

## CHAPTER IX.

It was late before they reached home, and Helen dressed as fast as possible, for the General's punctual habits required that all should assemble in the drawing-room five minutes at least before dinner. Helen was coming down the private turret staircase, which led from the family apartments to the great hall, when just at the turn, and in the most awkward way possible, she met a gentleman, a stranger where never stranger had been seen by her before, running up full speed, so that they had but barely space and time to clear out of each other's way. Pardons were begged of course. The manner and voice of the stranger were particularly gentleman-like. A servant followed with his portmanteau, inquiring into which room Mr. Beauclerc was to go?

"Mr. Beauclerc!"—When Helen got to the drawing-room, and found that not even the General was there, she thought she could have time to run up the great staircase to Lady Davenant's room, and tell her that Mr. Beauclerc was come.

"My dear Lady Davenant, Mr. Beauclerc!"—He was there! and she made her retreat as quickly as possible. The quantity that had been said about him, and the awkward way in which they had thus accidentally met, made her feel much embarrassed when they were regularly introduced.

At the beginning of dinner Helen fancied that there was an unusual silence and constraint; perhaps this might be so, or perhaps people were really hungry, or perhaps Mr. Beauclerc had not yet satisfied the General and Lady Davenant; however, towards the end of dinner, and at the dessert, he was certainly entertaining; and Lady Cecilia appeared particularly amused by an account which he was giving of a little French piece he had seen just before he left London, called "*Les Premières Amours*," and Helen might have been amused too, but that Lady Cecilia called upon her to listen, and Mr. Beauclerc turning his eyes upon her, she saw, or fancied that he was put out in his story, and though he went on with perfect good breeding, yet it was evidently with diminished spirit. As soon as politeness permitted, at the close of the story, she, to relieve him and herself, turned to the aide-de-camp on her other side, and devoted



or seemed to devote to him her exclusive attention. He was always tiresome to her, but now more than ever; he went on, when once set-a-going, about his horses and his dogs, while she had the mortification of hearing, almost immediately after her seceding, that Mr. Beauclerc recovered the life and spirit of his tone, and was in full and delightful enjoyment of conversation with Lady Cecilia. Something very entertaining caught her ear every now and then; but, with her eyes fixed in the necessary direction, it was impossible to make it out, through the aide-de-camp's never ending tediousness. She thought the sitting after dinner never would terminate, though it was in fact rather shorter than usual.

As soon as they reached the drawing-room, Lady Cecilia asked her mother what was the cause of Granville's delay in town, and why he had come to-day, after he had written it was impossible?

Lady Davenant answered that he had 'trampled,' as Lord Chatham did, 'on impossibilities.' "It was not a physical impossibility, it seems."

"I'm sure—I hope," continued Cecilia, "that none of the Beltravers' set had any thing to do with his delay, yet from a word or two the General let fall, I'm almost sure that they have—Lady Blanche, I'm afraid——" There she stopped. "If it were only a money difficulty with Lord Beltravers," resumed she, "that might be easily settled, for Beauclerc is rich enough."

"Yes," said Lady Davenant, "but rashly generous; an uncommon fault in these days, when young men are in general selfishly prudent or selfishly extravagant."

"I hope," said Cecilia,—"I hope Lady Blanche Forrester will not——" there she paused, and consulted her mother's countenance; her mother answered that Beauclerc had not spoken to her of Lady Blanche. After putting her hopes and fears, questions and conjectures, into every possible form and direction, Lady Cecilia was satisfied that her mother knew no more than herself, and this was a great comfort.

When Mr. Beauclerc reappeared, Helen was glad that she was settled at an embroidery frame, at the farthest end of the room, as there, apart from the world, she felt safe from all cause for embarrassment, and there she continued happy till some one came to raise the light of the lamp over her head. It was Mr. Beauclerc, and, as she looked up, she gave a foolish little start of surprise, and then, all her confusion returning, with thanks scarce audible, her eyes were instantly fixed on the geranium leaf she was embroidering. He asked how she could by lamplight distinguish blue from green? a simple and not very alarming question, but she did not hear the words rightly, and thinking he asked whether she wished for a screen, she answered "No, thank you."

Lady Cecilia laughed, and covering Helen's want of hearing by Beauclerc's want of sight explained—"Do not you see, Granville, the silk-cards are written upon 'blue' and 'green;' there can be no mistake."

Mr. Beauclerc made a few more laudable attempts at conversation with Miss Stanley, but she, still imagining that this was forced, could not in return say any thing but what seemed forced and unnatural, and as unlike her usual self as possible. Lady Cecilia tried to relieve her; she would have done better to have let it alone, for Beauclerc was not of the French opinion that, *La modestie n'est bonne qu'à quinze ans*, and to him it appeared only a graceful timidity. Helen retired earlier than any one else, and, when she thought over her foolish awkwardness, felt as much ashamed as if Mr. Beauclerc had actually heard all that Lady Cecilia had said about him—had seen all her thoughts, and understood the reason of her confusion. At last, when Lady Cecilia came into her room before she went to bed, she began with—"I am sure you are going to scold me, and I deserve it; I am so provoked with myself, and the worst of it is, that I do not think I shall ever get over it—I am afraid I shall be just as foolish again to-morrow."

"I could find it in my heart to scold you to death," said Lady Cecilia, "but that I am vexed myself."

Then hesitating, and studying Helen's countenance, she seemed doubtful how to proceed. Either she was playing with Helen's curiosity, or she was really herself perplexed. She made two or three beginnings, each a little inconsistent with the other.

"Mamma is always right; with her—'coming events' really and truly 'cast their shadows before.' I do believe she has the fatal gift, the coming ill to know!"

"Ill!" said Helen; "what ill is coming?"

"After all, however, it may not be an ill," said Lady Cecilia; "it may be all for the best; yet I am shockingly disappointed, though I declare I never formed any —"

"Oh, my dear Cecilia, do tell me at once what it is you mean."

"I mean that Granville Beauclerc, like all men of genius, has acted like the greatest fool."

"What has he done?"

"He is absolutely—you must look upon him in future—as a married man."

Helen was delighted. Cecilia could form no farther schemes on her account, and she felt relieved from all her awkwardness.

"Dearest Helen, this is well, at all events, cried Cecilia, seeing her cleared countenance. "This comforts me; you are at ease; and, if I have caused you one uncomfortable evening, I am sure you are consoled for it by the reflection that my mother was right, and I, as usual, wrong. But, Helen," continued she earnestly, "remember that this is not to be known; remember

you must not breathe the least hint of what I have told you to mamma or the General."

Something more than astonishment appeared in Helen's countenance. "And is it possible that Mr. Beaucherc does not tell them,—does not trust his guardian and such a friend as your mother?" said Helen.

"He will tell them, he will tell them—but not yet; perhaps not till—he is not to see his fiancée—they have for some reason agreed to be separated for some time—I do not know exactly, but surely every body may choose their own opportunity for telling their own secrets. In fact, Helen, the lady, I understand, made it a point with him that nothing should be said of it yet—to any one."

"But he told it to you?"

"No, indeed, he did not tell it; I found it out, and he could not deny it; but he charged me to keep it secret, and I would not have told it to any body living but yourself; and to you, after all I had said about him, I felt it was necessary—I thought I was bound—in short, I thought it would set things to rights, and put you at your ease at once."

And then, with more earnestness, she again pressed upon Helen a promise of secrecy, especially towards Lady Davenant. Helen submitted. Cecilia embraced her affectionately, and left the room. Quite tired and quite happy, Helen was in bed and asleep in a few minutes.

Not the slightest suspicion crossed her mind that all her friend had been telling her was not perfectly true. To a more practised, a less confiding, person the perplexity of Lady Cecilia's prefaces, and some contradictions or inconsistencies, might have suggested doubts; but Helen's general confidence in her friend's truth had never yet been seriously shaken. Lady Davenant she had always thought prejudiced on this point, and too severe. If there had been in early childhood a bad habit of inaccuracy in Cecilia, Helen thought it long since cured; and so perhaps it was, till she formed a friendship abroad with one who had no respect for truth.

But of this Helen knew nothing; and, in fact, till now Lady Cecilia's aberrations had been always trifling, almost imperceptible, errors, such as only her mother's strictness or Miss Clarendon's scrupulosity could detect. Nor would Cecilia have ventured upon a decided, an important, false assertion, except for a kind purpose. Never in her life had she told a falsehood to injure any human creature, or one that she could foresee might, by any possibility, do harm to any living being. But here was a friend, a very dear friend, in an awkward embarrassment, and brought into it by her means; and, by a little innocent stretching of the truth she could at once, she fancied, set all to rights. The moment the idea came into her head, upon the

spur of the occasion, she resolved to execute it directly. It was settled between the drawing-room door and her dressing-room. And when thus executed successfully, with happy sophistry she justified it to herself. "After all," said she to herself, "though it was not absolutely true, it was *ben trovato*, it was as near the truth, perhaps, as possible. Beauclerc's best friends really feared that he was falling in love with the lady in question. It was very likely, and too likely, it might end in his marrying this Lady Blanche Forrester. And, on every account, and every way, it was for the best that Helen should consider him as a married man. This would restore Helen by one magical stroke to herself, and release her from that wretched state in which she could neither please nor be pleased." And, as far as this good effect upon Helen was concerned, Lady Cecilia's plan was judicious; it succeeded admirably.

Wonderful! how a few words spoken, a single idea taken out of or put into the mind, can make such a difference, not only in the mental feelings, but in the whole bodily appearance, and in the actual powers of perception and use of our senses.

When Helen entered the breakfast-room the next morning, she looked, and moved, and felt, quite a different creature from what she had been the preceding day. She had recovered the use of her understanding, and she could hear and see quite distinctly; and the first she saw was, that nobody was thinking particularly about her; and now she for the first time actually saw Mr. Beauclerc. She had before looked at him without seeing him, and really did not know what sort of a looking person he was, except that he was like a gentleman; of that she had a sort of intuitive perception;—as Cuvier could tell from the first sight of a single bone what the animal was, what were its habits, and to what class it belonged,—so any person early used to good company can, by the first gesture, the first general manner of being, passive or active, tell whether a stranger, even scarcely seen, is or is not a gentleman.

At the beginning of breakfast, Mr. Beauclerc had all the perfect English quiet of look and manners, with somewhat of a high-bred air of indifference to all sublunary things, yet saying and doing whatever was proper for the present company; yet it was done and said like one in a dream, performed like a somnambulist, correctly from habit, but all unconsciously. He awakened from his reverie the moment General Clarendon came in, and he asked eagerly,—

"General! how far is it to Old Forest?" These were the first words which he pronounced like one wide awake. "I must ride there this morning; it's absolutely necessary."

The General replied, that he did not see the necessity.

"But when I do, sir," cried Beauclerc; the natural vivacity of the young man breaking through the conventional manner.

Next moment, with an humble look, he hoped that the General would accompany him; and the look of profound humility vanished from his countenance the next instant, because the General demurred, and Beauclerc added, "Will not you oblige me so far? Then I must go by myself."

The General, seeming to go on with his own thoughts, and not to be moved by his ward's impatience, talked of a review that was to be put off, and at length found that he could accompany him. Beauclerc then, delighted, thanked him warmly.

"What is the object of this essential visit to Old Forest, may I ask?" said Lady Davenant.

"To see a dilapidated house," said the General.

"To save a whole family from ruin," cried Beauclerc; "to restore a man of first-rate talents to his place in society."

"Pshaw!" said the General.

"Why that contemptuous exclamation, my dear General!" said Beauclerc.

"I have told you, and again I tell you, the thing is impossible!" said the General.

"So I hear you say, sir," replied his ward; "but till I am convinced, I hold to my project."

"And what is your project, Granville?" said Lady Davenant.

"I will explain it to you when we are alone," said Beauclerc.

"I beg your pardon, I was not aware that there was any mystery," said Lady Davenant.

"No mystery," said Beauclerc, "only about lending some money to a friend."

"To which I will not consent," said the General.

"Why not, sir?" said Beauclerc, throwing back his head with an air of defiance in his countenance: there was, as he looked at his guardian, a quick, mutable succession of feelings, in striking contrast with the fixity of the General's appearance.

"I have given you my reasons, Beauclerc," said the General. "It is unnecessary to repeat what I have said; you will do no good."

"No good, General? When I tell you that if I lend Beltravers the money, to put his place in repair, to put it in such a state that his sisters could live in it, he would no longer be a banished man, a useless absentee, a wanderer abroad; but he would come and settle at Old Forest, re-establish the fortune and respectability of his family, and, above all, save his own character and happiness. Oh, my dear General!"

General Clarendon, evidently moved by his ward's benevolent enthusiasm, paused, rubbed his forehead slowly, and said that there were many recollections which made it rather painful to him to revisit Old Forest. Still, he would do it for Beauclerc, since nothing but seeing the place would convince him of the impracticability of the scheme. "I have not been at Old Fo-

rest," continued the General, "since I was a boy—since it was deserted by the owners, and sadly changed I shall find it.

"In former times, these Forresters were a respectable, good old English family, till the second wife," pretty and silly, took a fancy for figuring in London, where, of course, she was nobody. Then, to make herself somebody, she forced her husband to stand for the county. A contested election—bribery—a petition—another election—ruinous expense. Then that Beltravers title coming to them; and they were to live up to it,—and beyond their income. The old story—over head and shoulders in debt. Then the new story,—that they must go abroad for economy!"

"Economy!—the cant of all those who have not courage to retrench at home," said Lady Davenant.

"They must," they said, "live abroad, "it is so cheap!" continued the General. "So cheap to leave their house to go to ruin! Cheap education, too!—and so good!—and what does it come to!"

"A cheap provision it is for a family in many cases," said Lord Davenant. "Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own."

"Not in this case," cried Beauclerc, "you cannot mean, I hope."

"I can answer for one, the daughter, at least," said Lady Davenant; "that Mad. de St. Cimon, whom we saw abroad, at Florence, you know Cecilia, with whom I would not let you form an acquaintance."

"Your ladyship was quite right," said the General.

Beauclerc could not say, "Quite wrong,"—and he looked—suffering.

"I know nothing of the son," pursued Lady Davenant.

"I do," said Beauclerc; "he is my friend."

"I thought he had been a very distressed man, that young Beltravers," said the aide-de-camp.

"And if he were, that would not prevent my being his friend, sir," said Beauclerc.

"Of course," said the aide-de-camp, "I only asked."

"He is a man of genius and feeling," continued Beauclerc, turning to Lady Davenant.

"But I never heard you mention Lord Beltravers before. How long has he been your friend?" said Lady Davenant.

Beauclerc hesitated. The General, without hesitation, answered, "Three weeks and one day."

"I do not count my friendship by days or weeks," said Beauclerc.

"No, my dear Beauclerc," said the General, "well would it be for you, if you would condescend to any such common-sense measure." He rose from the breakfast-table as he spoke, and rang the bell to order the horses."

"You are prejudiced against Beltravers, General; but you will think better of him, I am sure, when you know him."

"You will think worse of him when you know him, I suspect," replied the General.

"Suspect! But since you only *suspect*," said Beauclerc, "we English do not condemn on suspicion, unheard, unseen."

"Not unheard," said the General, "I have heard enough of him."

"From the reports of his enemies," said Beauclerc.

"I do not usually form my judgment," replied the General, "from reports either of friends or enemies; I have not the honour to know any of Lord Beltravers' enemies."

"Enemies of Lord Beltravers!" exclaimed Lady Davenant.

"What right has he to enemies as if he were a great man!—a person of whom nobody ever heard, setting up to have enemies! But now-a-days, these candidates for fame, these would-be-celebrated, set up their enemies as they would their equipages, on credit—then, by an easy process of prospective logic, make out the syllogism thus:—Every great man has enemies; therefore, every man who has enemies must be great—hey, Beauclerc?"

Beauclerc vouchsafed only a faint, absent smile, and, turning to his guardian, asked—"Since Lord Beltravers was not to be allowed the honours of enemies, or the benefits of pleading prejudice, on what *did* the General form his judgment?"

"From his own words."

"Stay judgment, my dear General," cried Beauclerc; "words repeated! by whom?"

"Repeated by no one—heard from himself by myself."

"Yourself!—I was not aware you had ever met;—when!—where?" Beauclerc started forward on his chair, and listened eagerly for the answer.

"Pity!" said Lady Davenant, speaking to herself—"pity! that 'with such quick affections kindling into flame,' they should burn to waste."

"When?—where?" repeated Beauclerc, with his eyes fixed on his guardian, and his soul in his eyes.

Soberly and slowly his guardian answered, and categorically,—"When did I meet Lord Beltravers? A short time before his father's death.—Where? At Lady Grace Bland's."

"At Lady Grace Bland's!—where he could not possibly appear to advantage! Well, go on, sir."

"One moment—pardon me, Beauclerc; I have curiosity as well as yourself. May I ask why Lord Beltravers could not possibly have appeared to advantage at Lady Grace Bland's?"

"Because I know he cannot endure her; I have heard him, speaking of her, quote what Johnson or somebody says of Clarissa—'a prating, preaching, frail creature.'"

"Good!" said the General, "he said this of his own aunt!"

"Aunt! You cannot mean that Lady Grace is his aunt?" cried Beauclerc.

"She is his mother's sister," replied the General, "and, therefore, is, I conceive, his aunt."

"Be it so," cried Beauclerc; "people must tell the truth sometimes, even of their own relations; they must know it best, and, therefore, I conclude that what Beltravers said of Lady Grace is true."

"Bravo! well jumped to a conclusion, Granville, as usual," said Lady Davenant. "But go on, General, tell us what you have heard from this precious lord; can you have better than what Beauclerc, his own witness, gives in evidence?"

"Better, I think, and in the same line," said the General; "his lordship has the merit of consistency. At table, servants, of course, present, and myself a stranger, I heard Lord Beltravers begin by cursing England and all that inhabit it. "But your country! remonstrated his aunt. He abjured England; he had no country, he said, no liberal man ever has; he had no relations—what nature gave him without his consent he had a right to disclaim, I think he argued. But I can swear to these words, with which he concluded—'My father is an idiot, my mother a brute, and my sister may go to the devil her own way.'"

"Such bad taste!" said the aide-de-camp.

Lady Davenant smiled at the unspeakable astonishment in Helen's face. "When you have lived one season in the world, my dear child, this power of surprise will be worn out."

"But even to those who have seen the world," said the aide-de-camp, who had seen the world, "as it strikes me, really it is such extraordinary bad taste!"

"Such ordinary bad taste! as it strikes me," said Lady Davenant; "base imitation, and imitation is always a confession of poverty, a want of original genius. But then there are degrees among the race of imitators. Some choose their originals well, some come near them tolerably; but here, all seems equally bad, clumsy, Birmingham counterfeit; don't you think so, Beauclerc? a counterfeit that falls and makes no noise. There is the worst of it for your protégé, whose great ambition I am sure it is to make a noise in the world. However, I may spare my remonstrances, for I am quite aware that you would never let drop a friend."

"Never, never!" cried Beauclerc.

"Then, my dear Granville, do not take up this man, this Lord Beltravers, for, depend upon it, he will never do. If he had made a bold stroke for a reputation, like a great original, and sported some deed without a name, to work upon the wonder-loving imagination of the credulous English public, one might have thought something of him. But this cowardly, negative sin, *not* honouring his father and mother! so common-



place too, neutral tint—no effect. Quite a failure, one cannot even stare, and you know, Granville, the object of all these strange speeches is merely to make fools stare. To be the wonder of the London world for a single day, is the great ambition of these ephemeral fame-hunters, 'insects that shine, buz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.'"

Beauclerc pushed away his tea-cup half across the table, exclaiming, "how unjust! to class him among a tribe he detests and despises as much as you can, Lady Davenant. And all for that one unfortunate speech—Not quite fair, General, not quite philosophical, Lady Davenant, to decide on a man's character from the specimen of a single speech: this is much like judging of a house from the sample of a single brick. All this time I know how Beltravers came to make that speech—I know how it was, as well as if I had been present—better!"

"Better!" cried Lady Cecilia.

"Ladies and gentlemen may laugh," resumed Beauclerc, "but I seriously maintain—better!"

"How better than the General, who was present, and heard and saw the whole?" said Lady Cecilia.

"Yes, better, for he saw only effects, and I know causes; and I appeal to Lady Davenant—from Lady Davenant sarcastic to Lady Davenant philosophic I appeal—may not the man who discovers causes, say he knows more than he who merely sees effects?"

"He may say he knows more, at all events," replied Lady Davenant; "but now for the discovery of causes, metaphysical sir."

"I have done," cried the General, turning to leave the breakfast-room; "when Beauclerc goes to metaphysics I give it up."

"No, no, do not give it up, my dear General," cried Lady Cecilia; "do not stir till we have heard what will come next, for I am sure it will be something delightfully absurd."

Beauclerc bowed, and feared he should not justify her ladyship's good opinion, for he had nothing delightfully absurd to say, adding that the cause of his friend's appearing like a brute was, that he feared to be a hypocrite among hypocrites.

"Lord Beltravers was in company with a set who were striving, with all their might of dissimulation, to appear better than they are, and he, as he always does, strove to make himself appear worse than he really is."

"Unnecessary, I should think," said Lady Davenant.

"Impossible, I should think," said the General.

"Impossible I know it is to change your opinion, General, of any one," said Beauclerc.

"For my own part, I am glad of that," said Lady Cecilia, rising; "and I advise you, Granville, to rest content with the General's opinion of yourself, and say no more."

"But," said Beauclerc; "one cannot be content to think only of one's self always."

"Say no more, say no more," repeated Lady Cecilia, smiling as she looked back from the door, where she had stopped the General. "For my sake say no more, I entreat, I do dislike to hear so much said about any thing or any body. What sort of a road is it to Old Forest?" continued she; "why should not we ladies go with you, my dear Clarendon, to enliven the way?"

Clarendon's countenance brightened at this proposal. The road was certainly beautiful, he said, by the banks of the Thames. Lady Cecilia and the General left the room, but Beauclerc remained sitting at the breakfast-table, apparently intently occupied in forming a tripod of three tea-spoons; Lady Davenant opposite to him, looking at him earnestly, "Granville!" said she. He started, "Granville! set my mind at ease by one word, tell me the *mot d'énigme* of this sudden friendship."

"Not what you suppose," said he, steadily, yet colouring deeply. "The fact is, that Beltravers and I were school-fellows; a generous little fellow he was as ever was born; he got me out of a sad scrape once at his own expense, and I can never forget it. We had never met since we left Eton, till about three weeks ago in town, when I found him in great difficulties, persecuted, too, by a party—I could not turn my back on him—I would rather be shot!"

"No immediate necessity for being shot, my dear Granville, I hope," said Lady Davenant. "But if this be, indeed, *all*, I will never say another word against your Lord Beltravers; I will leave it to you to find out his character, or to time to show it. I shall be quite satisfied that you throw away your money, if it be only money that is in question; be this Lord Beltravers what he may. Let him say, 'or let them do it, it is all one to me,' provided that he does not marry you to his sister."

"He has not a thought of it," cried Beauclerc: "and if he had, do you conceive, Lady Davenant, that any man on earth could dispose of me in marriage, at his pleasure?"

"I hope not," said Lady Davenant.

"Be assured not; my own will, my own heart alone, must decide that matter."

"The horses are at the door!" cried Cecilia, as she entered; "but where's Helen?"

Helen had made her escape out of the room when Lady Davenant had pronounced the words, "Set my mind at rest, Granville," as she felt it must then be embarrassing to him to speak, and to herself to hear. Her retreat had not, however, been effected without considerable loss, she had been compelled to leave a large piece of the crape trimming of her gown under the foot of Lady Davenant's inexorable chair.

"Here is something that belongs to Miss Stanley, if I mistake not," said the General, who first spied the fragment. The aide-de-camp stooped for it—Lady Cecilia pitied it—Lady Davenant pronounced it to be Helen's own fault—Beauclerc understood how it happened, and said nothing. "But, Helen," cried Lady Cecilia, as she reappeared,—“but, Helen, are you not coming with us?”

Helen had intended to have gone in the pony-carriage with Lady Davenant, but her ladyship now declared that she had business to do at home; it was settled, therefore, that Helen was to be of the riding party; and that party consisted of Lady Cecilia and the General, Beauclerc and herself.

## CHAPTER X.

It was a delightful day, sun shining, not too hot, air balmy, birds singing, all nature gay; and the happy influence was quickly felt by the riding party. Unpleasant thoughts of the past or the future, if any such had been, were now lost in present enjoyment. The General, twice a man on horseback, as he always felt himself, managed his own and Helen's horse to admiration, and Cecilia, riding on with Beauclerc, was well pleased to hear his first observation, that he had been quite wrong last night, in not acknowledging that Miss Stanley was beautiful. "People look so different by daylight and by candlelight," said he; "and so different when one does not know them at all, and when one begins to know something of them."

"But what can you know yet of Helen?"

"One forms some idea of character from trifles light as air. How delightful this day is!"

"And now you really allow she may be called beautiful?"

"Yes, that is, with some expression of mind, heart, soul, which is what I look for in general," said Beauclerc.

"In general, what can you mean by in general?"

"Not in particular; in particular cases I might think—I might feel—otherwise."

"In particular, then, do you like fools that have no mind, heart, or soul, Granville?—Answer me."

"Take care," said he, "that horse is too spirited for a lady."

"Not for me," said Lady Cecilia; "but do not think you shall get off so; what did you mean?"

"My meaning lies too deep for the present occasion."

"For the present company—eh?"

Beauclerc half smiled and answered—"You know you used to tell me that you hated long discussions on words, and nice distinctions."

"Well, well, but let me have the nice distinction now."

"Between love and friendship, then, there is a vast difference in what one wishes for in a woman's face; there are 'faces which pale passion loves.'"

"To the right, turn," the General's voice, far behind, was heard to say.

To the right they turned, into a glade of the park, which opened to a favourite view of the General's, to which Cecilia knew that all attention must be paid. He came up, and they proceeded through a wood which had been planted by his father, not one tree of which had ever been touched by sacrilegious axe. The road led them next into a village, one of the prettiest of that sort of scattered English villages where each habitation seems to have been suited to the fancy as well as to the convenience of each proprietor; giving an idea at once of comfort and liberty, such as can be seen only in England! Happy England, how blest, would she but know her bliss!

This village was inhabited by the General's tenants. His countenance brightened and expanded, as did theirs, whenever he came amongst them; he saw them happy, and they knew that they owed their happiness in just proportion to their landlord and themselves; therefore, there was a comfortable mixture in their feelings of gratitude and self-respect. Some old people, who were sitting on the stone benches, sunning themselves at their doors, rose as he passed, cap in hand, with cordial greeting. The oldest man, the father of the village, forgot his crutch as he came forward to see his landlord's bride, and to give him joy. At every house where they stopped, out came husband, wife, and children, even "wee toddling things;" one of these, while the General was speaking to its mother, made its way frightfully close to his horse's heels: Helen saw it, and called to the mother. The General, turning and leaning back on his horse, said to the bold little urchin, as the mother snatched him up, "My boy, as long as you live never again go behind a horse's heels."

"And remember, it was General Clarendon gave you this advice," added Beauclerc, and turning to Lady Cecilia—" *Et souvenez vous que c'est Marechal Turenne qui vous l'a dit.* "

While the General searched for that English memento, sixpence, Lady Cecilia repeated, "Marshal Turenne! I do not understand."

"Yes, if you recollect," said Helen, "you do."

"I dare say I know, but I don't remember," said Cecilia.

"It was only," said Helen, "that the same thing happened to Marshal Turenne, that he gave the same advice to a little child."

Lady Cecilia said she owed Beauclerc an acknowledgment down to her saddle-bow, for the compliment to her General, and a bow at least as low to Helen, for making her comprehend it; and, having paid both debts with graceful promptitude, she observed, in an aside to Beauclerc, that she quite agreed with him, that "In friendship it was good not to have to do with fools."

He smiled.

"It is always permitted," continued Cecilia, "to yoman to use

her intellects so far as to comprehend what man says; her knowledge, of whatever sort, never comes amiss when it serves only to illustrate what is said by one of the lords of the creation. Let us note this, my dear Helen, as a general maxim, for future use; and pray, since you have so good a memory, remember to tell mamma, who says I never generalize, that this morning I have actually made and established a philosophical maxim, one that may be of some use too, which cannot be said of all reflections, general or particular."

They rode on through a lane fragrant with primroses, mingled with violets, white and blue, in gay profusion, and this lane led gently down to the banks of the Thames—those beautiful banks! The road now continued along the river-side, where the black steam-boat never marked the way; where yet you breathe Nature's fresh air unpolluted by smell or smoke; where yet the busy hum of men, the din of commerce, prevail not; but where the river flows on, and seems as if it would for ever flow in full broad placid silence and dignity: nor ship, nor boat, was to be seen, save one pleasure-skiff skimming along over the light-streaked water, the "silvery Thames," here no unmeaning epithet, but the just distinction of that smooth mirror, reflecting every object on its banks—its banks, not here, as Beauclerc pointed out, crowded with citizens' boxes, or gay with merely pretty villas, but spreading into parks of vast extent, woods towering above and beyond, and below, in gentle sweeps feathering down to the water's edge, some just tinged with early-green, some in the full foliage of advancing spring. The General, less poetically inclined, would name to Helen all the fine places within view—"residences," as he practically remarked—"such as cannot be seen in any country in the world but England; and not only fine places such as these, but from the cottage to the palace—the homes of Old England' are the best homes upon earth."

"The most candid and sensible of all modern French travelers," said Beauclerc, "was particularly struck with the superiority of our English country residences, and the comfort of our homes."

"You mean Madame de Staël!" said the General; "true English sense in that book, I allow."

When the General and Beauclerc did agree in opinion about a book, which was not a circumstance of frequent occurrence, they were mutually delighted; one always feeling the value of the other's practical sense, and the other then acknowledging that literature is good for something. Beauclerc, in the fulness of his heart, and abundance of his words, began to expatiate on Madame de Staël's merits, in having better than any foreigner understood the actual workings and balances of the British constitution, that constitution so much talked of abroad, and so little understood.

"So little understood any where," said the General.

Reasonably as Beauclerc now spoke, Helen formed a new idea of his capacity, and began to think more respectfully even of his common sense, than when she had heard him in the Beltravers' cause. He spoke of the causes of England's prosperity, the means by which she maintains her superiority among nations—her equal laws, and their just administration. He observed, that the hope which every man born in England, even in the lowest station, may have of rising by his own merits to the highest eminence, forms the great spring of industry and talent. He agreed with the intelligent foreigner's observation, that the aristocracy of talent is superior in England to the aristocracy of birth.

The General seemed to demur at the word superior, drew himself up, but said nothing in contradiction.

"Industry, and wealth, and education, and fashion, all emulous, act in England beneficially on each other," continued Beauclerc.

The General sat at ease again.

"And above all," pursued Beauclerc,—"*above all, education and the diffusion of knowledge—*"

"Knowledge—yes, but take care of what kind," said his guardian.

"All kinds are good," said Beauclerc.

"No, only such as are safe," said the General. The march of intellect was not a favourite march with him, unless the step were perfectly kept, and all in good time.

But now, on passing a projecting bend in the wood, they came within sight of a place in melancholy contrast to all they had just admired. A park of considerable extent, absolutely bereft of trees, except a few ragged firs on each side of a large dilapidated mansion, on the summit of a bleak hill; it seemed as if a great wood had once been there.

"Old Forest!" exclaimed the General; "Old Forest, now no more! Many a happy hour, when I was a boy, have I spent shooting in those woods," and he pointed to where innumerable stumps of trees, far as the eye could reach, marked where the forest had once stood: some of the white circles on the ground showed the magnificent size of those newly felled. Beauclerc was quite silent.

The General led the way to the great gate of entrance: the porter's lodge was in ruins.

A huge rusty padlock hung upon one of the gates, which had been dragged half open, but the hinge having sunk, there it stuck—the gate could not be opened farther. The upper hinge of the other was broken, so that the gate had fallen forward, and could not be stirred without imminent hazard of bringing down

the pier, which was so crazy, the groom said, "he was afraid, if he shook it never so little, all would come down together."

"Let it alone," said the General, in a tone resolved to be patient; "there is room enough for us to get in one by one.—Miss Stanley, do not be in a hurry, if you please; follow me quietly."

In they filed. The avenue, overgrown with grass, would have been difficult to find, but for deep old cart-ruts which still marked the way. But soon, fallen trees, and lopped branches, dragged many a rood and then left there, made it difficult to pass. And there lay exposed the white bodies of many a noble tree, some wholly, some half, stripped of their bark, some green in decay, left to the weather—and every here and there little smoking pyramids of burning charcoal.

As they approached the house—"How changed," said the General, "from that once cheerful hospitable mansion!" It was a melancholy example of a deserted home: the rough-cast off, the cut stone green, the windows broken, the shutters half shut, the way to the hall-door steps blocked up. They were forced to go round through the yards. Coach-houses and stables, grand ranges, now all dilapidated. Only one yelping cur in the great kennel. The back-door being ajar, the General pushed it open, and they went in, and on to the great kitchen, where they found in the midst of wood smoke one little old woman, whom they nearly scared out of her remaining senses. She stood and stared. Beauclerc stepped towards her to explain; but she was deaf: he raised his voice—in vain. She was made to comprehend by the General, whose voice, known in former times, reached her heart—"that they only came to see the place."

"See the place! ah! a sad sight to see." Her eyes reverted to Beauclerc, and, conceiving that he was the young lord himself, she waxed pale, and her head shook fearfully; but, when relieved from this mistake, she went forward to show them over the house.

As they proceeded up the great staircase, she confided to her friend, the General, that she was glad it was not the young lord, for she was told he was a fiery man, and she dreaded his coming unawares.

Lady Cecilia asked if she did not know him?

"No, she had never seen him since he was a little fellow; he has been always roaming about like the rest, in foreign parts, and has never set foot in the place since he came to man's estate."

As the General passed a window on the landing-place, he looked out—"You are missing the great elm, sir. Ah! I remember you here, a boy; you was always good. It was the young lord ordered specially the cutting of that, which I could



not stomach; the last of the real old trees! Well, well! I'm old and foolish—I'm old and foolish, and I should not talk."

But still she talked on, and as this seemed her only comfort, they would not check her garrulity. In the hope that they were come to take the house, she now bustled as well as she could, to show all to the best advantage, but bad was the best now, as she sorrowfully said. She was very unwilling that the gentlemen should go up to inspect the roof. They went, however; and the General saw and estimated, and Beauclerc saw and hoped.

The General, recollecting the geography of the house, observed that she had not shown them what used to be the picture-gallery, which looked out on the terrace; he desired to see it. She reluctantly obeyed, and after trying sundry impossible keys, repeating all the while that her heart was broke, that she wished it had pleased God never to give her a heart, unlock the door she could not in her trepidation. Beauclerc gently took the keys from her, and looked so compassionately upon her, that she God-blessed him, and thought it a pity her young lord was not like him; and while he dealt with the lock, Lady Cecilia, saying they would trouble her no farther, slipped into her hand what she thought would be some comfort. The poor old creature thanked her ladyship, but said gold could be of no use to her now in life; she should soon let the parish bury her, and be no cost to the young lord. She could forgive many things, she said, but she could never forgive him for parting with the old pictures. She turned away as the gallery-door opened.

One only old daub of a grandmother was there; all the rest had been sold, and their vacant places remained discoloured on the walls. There were two or three dismembered old chairs, the richly dight windows broken, the floor rat-eaten. The General stood and looked, and did not sigh, but absolutely groaned. They went to the shattered glass door which looked out upon the terrace—that terrace which had cost thousands of pounds to raise, and he called Cecilia to show her the place where the youngsters used to play, and to point out some of his favourite haunts.

"It is most melancholy to see a family-place so gone to ruin," said Beauclerc; "if it strikes us so much, what must it be to the son of this family, to come back to the house of his ancestors, and find it thus desolate? Poor Beltravers!"

The expression of the General's eye changed.

"I am sure you must pity him, my dear General," continued Beauclerc.

"I might, had he done any thing to prevent, or had he done less to hasten, this ruin."

"How? he should not have cut down the trees, do you mean?—but it was to pay his father's debts——"

"And his own," said the General.

"He told me his father's sir."

"And I tell you his own."

"Even so," said Beauclerc, "debts are not crimes for which we ought to shut the gates of mercy on our fellow-creatures—and so young a man as Beltravers, left to himself without a home, his family abroad, no parent, no friend—no guardian friend."

"But what is it you would do, Beauclerc?" said the General.

"What you must wish to be done," said Beauclerc. "Repair this ruin, restore this once hospitable mansion, and put it in the power of the son to be what his ancestors have been."

"But how—my dear Beauclerc? Tell me plainly—how?"

"Plainly, I would lend him money enough to make this house fit to live in."

"And he would never repay you, and would never live in it."

"He would, sir—he promised me he would."

"Promised you!"

"And I promised him that I would lend him the money."

"Promised! Beauclerc? Without your guardian's knowledge? Pray, how much——"

"Confound me, if I remember the words. The sense was, what would do the business; what would make the house fit for him and his sisters to live in."

"Ten thousand!—fifteen thousand would not do."

"Well, sir. You know what will be necessary better than I do. A few thousands more or less, what signifies, provided a friend be well served. The superfluous money accumulated during my long minority cannot be better employed."

"All that I have been saving for you with such care from the time your father died!"

"My dear guardian, my dear friend, do not think me ungrateful; but the fact is,—in short, my happiness does not depend, never can depend upon money; as my friend, therefore, I beseech you to consider my moneyed interest less and my happiness more."

"Beauclerc, you do not know what your happiness is. One hour you tell me it is one thing, the next another. What is become of the plan for the new house you wanted to build for yourself? I must have common sense for you, Beauclerc, as you have none for yourself. I shall not give you this money for Lord Beltravers."

"You forget, sir, that I told you I had promised."

"You forget, Beauclerc, that I told you that such a promise, vague and absurd in itself, made without your guardian's concurrence or consent, is absolutely null and void."

"Null and void in law, perhaps, it may be," cried Beauclerc;

"but, for that very reason, in honour, the stronger, the more binding, and I am speaking to a man of honour."

"To one who can take care of his own honour," said the General.

"And of mine, I trust."

"You do well to trust it, as your father did, to me; it shall not be implicated——"

"When once I am of age," interrupted Beauclerc.

"You will do as you please," said the General. "In the mean time I shall do my duty."

"But, sir, I only ask you to let me *lend* this money."

"Lend—nonsense! lend to a man who cannot give any security."

"Security!" said Beauclerc, with a look of unutterable contempt. "When a friend is in distress, to talk to him, like an attorney, of security! Do, pray, sir, spare me that. I would rather give the money at once."

"I make no doubt of it; then at once I say no, sir."

"No, sir! and why do you say no?"

"Because I think it my duty, and nothing I have heard has at all shaken my opinion."

"Opinion! and so I am to be put down by opinion, without any reason?" cried Beauclerc. Then trying to command his temper, "But tell me, my dear General, why I cannot have this cursed money?"

"Because, my dear Beauclerc, I am your guardian, and can say *no*, and can adhere to a refusal as firmly as any man living, when it is necessary."

"Yes, and when it is unnecessary. General Clarendon, according to your own estimate, fifteen thousand pounds is the utmost sum requisite to put this house in a habitable state—by that sum I abide."

"Abide!"

"Yes, I require it, to keep my promise to Beltraversa, and have it I *MUST*."

"Not from me."

"From some one else then, for have it I *WILL*."

"Dearest Clarendon," whispered Lady Cecilia, "let him have it, since he has promised——"

Without seeming to hear her whisper, without a muscle of his countenance altering, General Clarendon repeated, "Not from me."

"From some one else then—I can."

"Not while I have power to prevent."

"Power! power! power! Yes, that is what you love, above all things and all persons, and I tell you plainly, General Clarendon," pursued Beauclerc, too angry to heed or see Lady

Cecilia's remonstrating looks, "at once I tell you that you have not the power. You had it. It is past and gone. The power of affection you had, if not of reason; but force, General Clarendon, despotism, can never govern me. I submit to no man's mere will, much less to any man's sheer obstinacy."

At the word obstinacy, the General's face, which was before rigid, grew hard as iron. Beauclerc walked up and down the room with great strides, and as he strode he went on talking to himself.

"To be kept from the use of my own money, treated like a child—an idiot—at my time of life! Not considered at years of discretion, when other men of the meanest capacity, by the law of the land, can do what they please with their own property! By heavens!—that will of my father's——"

"Should be respected, my dear Granville, since it was your father's will," said Lady Cecilia, joining him as he walked. "And respect——" He stopped short.

"My dear Lady Cecilia, for your sake——" he tried to restrain himself.

"Till this moment never did I say one disrespectful word to General Clarendon. I always considered him as the representative of my father; and when most galled I have borne the chains in which it was my father's pleasure to leave me. Few men of my age would have so submitted to a guardian not many years older than himself."

"Yes, and indeed that should be considered," said Lady Cecilia, turning to the General.

"I have always considered General Clarendon more as my friend than my guardian."

"And have found him so, I had hoped," said the General, relaxing in tone but not in looks.

"I have never treated you, sir, as some wards treat their guardians. I have dealt openly, as man of honour to man of honour, gentleman to gentleman, friend to friend."

"Acknowledged, and felt by me, Beauclerc."

"Then now, my dear Clarendon, grant the only request of any consequence I ever made you—say yes." Beauclerc trembled with impatience.

"No," said the General, "I have said it—No."

The gallery rung with the sound.

"No!" repeated Beauclerc.

Each walked separately up and down the room, speaking, without listening to what the other said. Helen heard an offer from Beauclerc, to which she extremely wished that the General had listened. But he was deaf with determination not to yield to any thing Beauclerc could say farther; the noise of passion in their ears was too great for either of them to hear the other.

Suddenly turning, Beauclerc exclaimed,

"Borne with me, do you say? 'Tis I that have to bear—and by heavens!" cried he, "more than I can—than I will—bear. Before to-morrow's sun goes down I will have the money."

"From whom?"

"From any money-lending Jew—usurer—extortioner—cheat—rascal—whatever he be. You drive me to it—you—you my friend—you, with whom I have dealt so openly; and to the last it shall be open. To no vile indirections will I stoop. I tell you, my guardian, that if you deny me my own, I will have what I want from the Jews."

"Easily," said his guardian. "But first, recollect that a clause in your father's will, in such case, sends his estates to your cousin Venables."

"To my Cousin Venables let them go—all—all; if such be your pleasure, sir, be it so. The lowest man on earth that has feeling keeps his promise. The slave has a right to his word! Ruin me if you will, and as soon as you please; disgrace me you cannot; bend my spirit you cannot; ruin in any shape I will meet, rather than submit to such a guardian, such a——"

Tyrant—he was on the point of saying, but Lady Cecilia stopped that word by suddenly seizing upon his arm: forcibly she carried him off, saying, "Come out with me on the terrace, Granville, and recover your senses."

"My senses! I have never lost them; never was cooler in my life," said he, kicking open the glass door upon its first resistance, and shattering its remaining panes to fragments. Unnoticing, not hearing the crash, the General stood leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece, and covering his eyes with his hand. Helen remained near him, scarce breathing loud enough to be heard; he did not know she was there, and he repeated aloud, in an accent of deep feeling, "Tyrant! from Beauclerc!"

A sigh from Helen made him aware of her presence, and, as he removed his hand from his eyes, she saw his look was more in sorrow than in anger: she said softly, "Mr. Beauclerc was wrong, very wrong, but he was in a passion, he did not know what he meant."

There was silence for a few moments. "You are right, I believe," said the General, "it was heat of anger——"

"To which the best are subject," said Helen, "and the best and kindest most easily forgive."

"But Beauclerc said some things which were——"

"Unpardonable—only forget them; let all be forgotten."

"Yes," said the General, "all but my determination; that, observe, is fixed. My mind, Miss Stanley, is made up, and, once made up, it is not to be changed."

"I am certain of that," said Helen, "but I am not clear that your mind is made up."

The General looked at her with astonishment.

"Your refusal is not irrevocable."

"You do not know me, Miss Stanley."

"I think I do."

"Better than I know myself!"

"Yes, better, if you do yourself the injustice to think that you would not yield, if it were right to do so. At this very instant," pursued Helen, disregarding his increasing astonishment, "you would yield if you could reasonably, honourably—would not you? If you could without injury to your ward's fortune or character, would you not? Surely it is for his good only that you are so resolute!"

"Certainly." He waited with eyes fixed, bending forward, but with intensity of purpose in his calmness of attention.

"There was something which I heard Mr. Beauclerc say, which, I think, escaped your attention," said Helen. "When you spoke of the new house he intended to build for himself, which was to cost so much, he offered to give that up."

"I never heard that offer."

"I heard him," said Helen, "I assure you: it was when you were both walking up and down the room."

"This may be so, I was angry *then*," said the General.

"But you are not angry now," said Helen.

He smiled, and in truth he desired nothing more than an honourable loophole—a safe way of coming off without injury to his ward—without hurting his own pride, or derogating from the dignity of guardian. Helen saw this, and, thanking him for his condescension, his kindness in listening to her, she hastened as quickly as possible, lest the relenting moment might not be seized; and, running out on the terrace, she saw Beauclerc, his head down upon his arms, leaning upon an old broken stone lion, and Lady Cecilia standing beside him, commiserating: and as she approached, she heard her persuading him to go to the General, and speak to him again, and say so—only say so.

Whatever it was, Helen did not stay to inquire, but told Cecilia, in as few words as she could, all that she had to say; and ended with "Was I right?"

"Quite right, was not she, Granville?"

Beauclerc looked up—A gleam of hope and joy came across his face, and, with one grateful look to Helen, he darted forward. They followed, but could not keep pace with him; and when they reached the gallery, they found him appealing, as to a father, for pardon.

"Can you forgive, and will you?"

"Forgive my not hearing you, not listening to you, as your father would? My dear Beauclerc, you were too hot, and I was too cold; and there is an end of it."

This reconciliation was as quick, as warm, as the quarrel had

been. And then explanations were made, as satisfactorily as they are when the parties are of good understanding, and depend on each other's truth, past, present, and future.

Beauclerc, whose promise all relied on, and for reasons good, none more implicitly than the General, promised that he would ask for no more than just what would do to put this Old Forest house in habitable trim; he said he would give up the new house for himself, till as many thousands as he now lent, spent, or wasted—take which word you will—should be again accumulated from his income. It was merely a sacrifice of his own vanity, and, perhaps, a little of his own comfort, he said, to save a friend, a human being, from destruction.

"Well, well, let it rest so."

It was all settled, witness present—"two angels to witness," as Peauclerc quoted from some old play.

And now in high good-humour, up again to nonsense pitch, they all felt that delightful relief of spirits, of which friends, after perilous quarrel, are sensible in perfect reconciliation. They left this melancholy mansion now, with Beauclerc the happiest of the happy, in the generous hope that he should be the restorer of its ancient glories and comfort. The poor old woman was not forgotten as they passed, she courtesying, hoping, and fearing: Lady Cecilia whispered, and the deaf ear heard,

"The roof will not fall—all will be well: and there is the man will do it all."

"Well, well, my heart inclined to him from the first—at least, from the minute I knew him not to be my young lord."

They were to go home by water. The boat was in readiness, and, as Beauclerc carefully handed Helen into it, the General said:—"Yes, you are right to take care of Miss Stanley, Beauclerc; she is a good friend in need, at least, as I have found this morning," added he, as he seated himself beside her.

Lady Cecilia was charming, and every thing was delightful, especially the cold chicken.

## CHAPTER XI.

two people could be more unlike in their habits of mind his guardian and ward. General Clarendon referred in all to old experience, and dreaded innovation; Beauclerc or his motto, "My mind leadeth me to new things." General Clarendon was what is commonly called a practical man; ille Beauclerc was the flower of theorists. The General, action, prompt and decided in all his judgments, was unsought and just in his conclusions—but if wrong, there was nothing him right; for he not only would not, but could not, kick over the ground—he could not give in words any explanation of his process of reasoning—it was enough for him that it ght, and that it was *his*; while Beauclerc, who cared not for man's opinion, was always so ingeniously wrong, and show all the steps of his reasoning so plausibly, that it pity he should be quite out of the right road at last. The al hated metaphysics, because he considered them as taking it beyond the reach of discipline, as well as of common sense; he continually asked, of what use are they?—While Davenant answered:

"to invigorate and embellish the understanding. 'This g the soul inward on itself concentrates its forces, and fits the strongest and boldest flights: and in such pursuits, er we take or whether we lose the game, the chase is ily of service.'"

sibly, the General said; he would not dispute the point lady Davenant, but a losing chase, however invigorating, re in which he never wished to engage: as to the rest, he ther hated discussions, doubts, and questionings. He had : up his fagot of opinions," and would not let one be out for examination, lest he should loosen the bundle.

Beauclerc, on the contrary, had his dragged out and scattered every day, and each particular stick was tried, and bent, risted, this way and that, and peeled, and cut, and hacked, unless they proved sound to the very core, not a twig of should ever go back into his bundle, which was to be the of bundles, the best that ever was seen, when once tied



so that it would hold together—of which there seemed little likelihood, as every knot slipped, and all fell to pieces at each pull.

While he was engaged in this analysis, he was, as his guardian-thought, in great moral peril, for not a principle had he left to bless himself with; and, in any emergency, if any temptation should occur, what was to become of him? The General, who was very fond of him, but also strongly attached to his own undeviating rule of right, was upon one occasion about peremptorily to interpose, not only with remonstrances as a friend, but with authority as a guardian.

This occurred when Beauclerc was with them at Florence, and when the General's love for Lady Cecilia, and intimacy with her mother commenced. Lady Davenant, being much interested for young Beauclerc, begged that the patient might be left to her, and that his guardian would refrain from interference.

This was agreed to the more readily by the General, as his thoughts and feelings were then more agreeably engrossed, and Beauclerc found in Lady Davenant the very friend he wanted and wished for most ardently—one whose mind would not blench at any moral danger, would never shrink from truth in any shape, but, calm and self-possessed, would examine whether it were indeed truth, or only a phantom assuming her form. Besides, there was in Lady Davenant towards Beauclerc a sort of maternal solicitude and kindness, of which the effect was heightened by her dignified manner and pride of character. She, in the first place, listened to him patiently; she, who could talk, would listen: this was, as she said, her first merit in his estimation. To her he poured forth all those doubts, of which she was wise enough not to make crimes: she was sure of his honourable intentions, certain that there was no underhand motives, no bad passion, no concealed vice, or disposition to vice, beneath his boasted freedom from prejudice; to be justified or to be indulged by getting rid of the restraints of principle. Had there been any danger of this sort, which with young men who profess themselves *ultra-liberal* is usually the case, she would have joined in his guardian's apprehensions; but in fact Beauclerc, instead of being "le philosophe sans le savoir," was "le bon enfant sans le savoir;" for, while he questioned the rule of right in all his principles, and while they were held in abeyance, his good habits and good natural disposition held fast and stood him in stead; while Lady Davenant, by slow degrees, brought him to define his terms, and presently to see that he had been merely saying old things in new words, and that the systems which had dazzled him as novelties were old to older eyes; in short, that he was merely a resurrectionist of obsolete heresies, which had been gone over and over again at various long-past periods, and over and over again abandoned by the common sense of mankind: so that, after puzzling and wander-

ing a weary way in the dark labyrinth he had most ingeniously made for himself, he saw light, followed it, and at length making his way out, was surprised, and sorry perhaps to perceive that it was the common light of day.

It is of great consequence to young enthusiastic tyros, like Beauclerc, to have safe friends to whom they can talk of their opinions privately, otherwise they will talk their ingenious nonsense publicly, and so they bind themselves, or are bound, to the stake, and live or die martyrs to their own follies.

From these and all such dangers Lady Davenant protected him, and she took care that nobody hurt him in his defenceless state, before his shell was well-formed and hardened. She was farther of peculiar service in keeping all safe and smooth between the ward and guardian. All Beauclerc's romance the General would have called by the German word "*Schwärmerei*"—not fudge—not humbug—literally sky-rocketing"—visionary enthusiasm; and when it came to arguments, they might have turned to quarrels, but for lady Davenant's superior influence, while Lady Cecilia's gentleness and gaiety usually succeeded in putting all serious dangerous thoughts to flight.

Nature never having intended Lady Cecilia for a manœuvrer, she was now perpetually on the point of betraying herself; and one day, when she was alone with Helen, she exclaimed, "Never was any thing better managed than I managed this, my dear Helen! I am so glad I told you—" Recollecting herself just in time, she ended with, "so glad I told you the truth."

"Oh yes! thank you," said Helen. "My uncle used to say no one could be a good friend who does not tell the whole truth."

"That I deny," thought Cecilia. The twinge of conscience was felt but very slightly; not visible in any change of countenance, except by a quick twinkling motion of the eyelashes, not noticed by unsuspecting Helen.

Every thing now went on as happily as Cecilia could have desired; every morning they rode or boated to Old Forest, to see what was doing. The roof was rather hastily taken off; Lady Cecilia hurried forward that measure, aware that without the roof there would be no possibility that any of the ladies of the family could for some time, think of coming there. To gain victory by delay was all she wanted, and she would now, as she promised herself, leave the rest to time. She would never interfere farther in word or look, especially when her mother might be by. Half this promise she kept faithfully, the other she broke continually.

There were plans to be made of all the alterations and improvements at Old Forest. Beauclerc applied to Lady Cecilia for her advice and assistance. Her advice she gave, but her assistance she ingeniously contrived to leave to Helen; for, whenever Beauclerc brought to her a sketch or a plan of what was to be done, Lady

Cecilia immediately gave it to Helen, repeating, "Never draw a regular plan in my life, you know, my dear; you must do this," so that Helen's pencil and her patience were in constant requisition. Then came apologies from Beauclerc, and regrets at taking up her time, all which led to an intimacy that Lady Cecilia took care to keep up by frequent visits to Old Forest, so that Helen was necessarily joined in all his present pursuits.

During one of these visits they were looking over some old furniture which Lord Beltravers had commissioned Beauclerc to have disposed of at some neighbouring auction. There was one curiously carved oak arm-chair, belonging to "the old gentleman of all," which the old woman particularly regretted should go. She had sewed it up in a carpet, and when it came out, Helen was struck with its likeness to a favourite chair of her uncle's; many painful recollections occurred to her, and tears came into her eyes. Ashamed of what appeared so like affectation, she turned away, that her tears might not be seen, and when Cecilia, following her, insisted on knowing what was the matter, she left Helen immediately to the old woman, and took the opportunity of telling Beauclerc all about Dean Stanley, and how Helen was an heiress and no heiress, and her having determined to give up all her fortune to pay her uncle's debts. There was a guardian, too, in the case, who would not consent; and, in short, a parallelism of circumstances, a similarity of generous temper, and all this she thought must interest Beauclerc—and so it did. But yet its being told to him would have gone against his nice notions of delicacy, and Helen would have been ruined in his opinion, had he conceived that it had been revealed to him with her consent or connivance. She came back before Lady Cecilia had quite finished, and a few words which she heard, made her aware of the whole. The blush of astonishment—the glance of indignation—which she gave at Lady Cecilia, settled Beauclerc's opinion; and Cecilia was satisfied that she had done her friend good service against her will, and as to the means, thought she—what signifies going back to consider, when they succeed.

The Collingwoods gladly availed themselves of Lady Cecilia Clarendon's kind invitation, as they were both most anxious to take leave of Helen Stanley before their departure. They were to sail very soon, so that their visit was but short; a few days of painful pleasure to Helen—a few days enjoyed, because such kind friends were with her, but enjoyed with the mournful sense that they would end so soon, and for so long a time; perhaps, for ever.

Mr. Collingwood told Helen that if she still agreed to his conditions, he would arrange with Mr. James, the solicitor, that all the money left to her by her uncle should be appropriated to the payment of his debts. "But," continued he, "pause and con-

sider well, whether you can do without this money, which is still yours; you are, you know, not bound by any promise, and it is not yet too late to say you have altered your decision."

Helen smiled and said, "You cannot be serious in saying this, I am sure!"

Mr. Collingwood assured her that he was. Helen simply said that her determination was unalterable. He looked pleased, yet, his last words, on taking leave of her, were, "Remember, my dear, that when you have given away your fortune, you cannot live as if you had it."

The Collingwoods departed, and, after a decent time had elapsed, or what she deemed a decent time, Lady Cecilia was anxious to ascertain what progress had been made—how, relatively to each other, Lady Blanche Forrester and Helen stood in Beauclerc's opinion, or rather in his imagination. But this was not quite so easy a matter to determine as she had conceived it would be, judging from the frankness of Beauclerc's temper, and from the terms of familiarity on which they had lived while abroad. His confidence was not to be won, surprised, or forced. He was not only jealous of his free will, as most human beings are in love affairs, but, like all men of true feeling, he desired in these matters perfect mental privacy.

When Psyche is awakened, it should be by Cupid alone. Beauclerc did not yet wish that she should be awakened. He admired, he enjoyed, that repose; he was charmed by the perfect confiding simplicity of Helen's mind, so unlike what he had seen in others—so real. The hope of that pure friendship which dawned upon him he wished to prolong, and dreaded lest, by any doubt raised, all might be clouded and changed. Lady Cecilia was, however, convinced that, without knowing it, he was falling comfortably in love through friendship—a very easy, convenient way.

And Helen, had she too set out upon that easy, convenient road of friendship? She did not think about the road, but she felt that it was very agreeable, and thought it was quite safe, as she went on so smoothly and easily. She could not consider Mr. Beauclerc as a new acquaintance, because she had heard so much about him. He was completely one of the family, so that she, as a part of that family, could not treat him as a stranger. Her happiness, she was sensible, had much increased since his arrival; but so had every body's. He gave a new spring, a new interest, to every thing; added so much to the life of life. His sense and his nonsense were each of them good in their kind; and they were of various kinds, from the high sublime of metaphysics to the droll realities of life. But, every body blaming, praising, scolding, laughing *at*, or *with* him, he was necessary to all and with all, for some reason or other, a favourite.

But the General was always as impatient as Lady Cecilia herself, both of his hypercriticism and of his never-ending fancies, each of which Beauclerc pursued with an eagerness and abandoned with a facility which sorely tried the General's equanimity.

One day, after having ridden to Old Forest, General Clarendon returned chafed. "He entered the library, talking to Cecilia, as Helen thought, about his horse.

"No managing him! Curb him ever so little, and he is on his hind-legs directly. Give him his head, put the bridle on his neck, and he stands still; does not know which way he would go, or what he would do. The strangest fellow for a rational creature."

Now it was clear it was of Beauclerc that he spoke. "So rash and yet so resolute," continued the General.

"How is that?" said Lady Davenant.

"I do not know how, but so it is," said the General. "As you know," appealing to Helen and Lady Cecilia, "he was ready to run me through till he had his own way about that confounded old house; and now there are all the workmen at a stand, because Mr. Beauclerc cannot decide what he will have done or undone."

"Oh, it is my fault!" cried Helen, with the guilty recollection of the last alteration not having been made yesterday in drawing the working plan, and she hastened to look for it directly; but when she found it, she saw to her dismay that Beauclerc had scribbled it all over with literary notes, it was in no state to meet the General's eye; she set about copying it as fast as possible.

"Yes," pursued the General; forty alterations—shuffling about continually. Cannot a man be decided?"

"Always with poor Beauclerc," said Lady Cecilia, "*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*."

"No, my dear Cecilia, it is all his indolence; there he sat with a book in his hand all yesterday! with all his impetuosity, too indolent to stir in his own business," said the General.

"His mind is too active sometimes to allow his body to stir," said Lady Davenant; "and, because he cannot move the universe, he will not stir his little finger."

"He is very fond of paradoxes, and your ladyship is very fond of him," said the General; "but indolent he is, and as to activity of mind, it is only in pursuit of his own fancies."

"And your fancies and his differ," said Lady Davenant.

"Because he never fancies any thing useful," said the General.

"*C'est selon! c'est selon!*" cried Lady Cecilia, gaily; "he thinks his fancies useful, and especially all he is doing at Old

Forest; but I confess he tends most to the agreeable. Certainly he is a most agreeable creature."

"Agreeable! satisfied to be called an agreeable man!" cried the General, indignantly; "yes, he has no ambition."

"There I differ from you, General," said Lady Davenant; "he has too much; have patience with him; he is long-sighted in his visions of glory."

"Visions, indeed!" said the General.

"Those who are really ambitious," continued Lady Davenant, "must think before they act. 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' is a question which deserves at least a little more thought than those which most young men ask themselves, which commonly are, 'What shall I do to be known to-morrow—on the Turf or at Brooks's—or in Doctors' Commons—or at some exclusive party at charming Lady Nobody's?'"

"What will you do for the plan for these workmen in the mean time, my dear Clarendon?" said Lady Cecilia, afraid that some long discussion would ensue.

"Here it is!" said Helen, who had managed to get it ready while they were talking. She gave it to the General, who thanked her, and was off directly. Cecilia then came to divert herself with looking at Beauclerc's scribbled plan, and she read the notes aloud for her mother's amusement. It was a sketch of a dramatical, metaphysical, entertainment, of which half a dozen proposed titles had been scratched out, and there was, finally, left "Tarquin the Optimist, or the Temple of Destiny." It was from an old story begun by Laurentius Valla, and continued by Leibnitz—she read,

"*Act I. Scene 1. Sextus Tarquin goes to consult the Oracle, who foretells the crime he is to commit.*"

"And then," cried Lady Cecilia, "come measures of old and new front of Old Forest house, wings included.—Now he goes on with his play.

"*'Tarquin's complaint to Jupiter of the Oracle—Modern Predestination compared to Ancient Destiny.'*"

"And here," continued Cecilia, "come prices of Norway deal and a great blot, and then we have '*Jupiter's answer that Sextus may avoid his doom if he pleases, by staying away from Rome; but he does not please to do so, because he must then renounce the crown. Good speech here on vanity of human wishes—inconsistency of human wishes.*'"

"Kitcher 23 ft. by 21. Query with hobs?"

"I cannot conceive, my dear Helen," continued Lady Cecilia, "how you could make the drawing out through all this," and she continued to read.

"*Scene 3rd.*"

"*'High Priest of Delphi asks Jupiter why he did not give Sextus a better WILL!—why not MAKE him choose to give up*

*the crown, rather than commit the crime! Jupiter refuses to answer, and sends the High Priest to consult Minerva at Athens.'*

"'N. B.—Old woman at Old Forest, promised her an oven.'—*'Leibnitz gives—'*

"Oh! if he goes to Liebnitz," said Lady Cecilia, "he will be too grand for me, but it will do for you, mamma.

"*'Leibnitz gives in his Temple of the Destinies a representation of every possible universe from the worst to the best—This could not be done on the stage.'*

"Very true indeed," said Lady Cecilia, "but Helen, listen, Granville has really found an ingenious resource,

"*'By Ombres Chinoises suppose; or a gauze curtain, as in Zemire et Azore, the audience might be made to understand the main point, that ooon resulted from Tarquin's bad choice. Brutus, Liberty, Rome's grandeur, and the Optimist right at last. Q. E. D.'*

"Well, well," continued Lady Cecilia, "I don't understand it; but I understand this,—'Bricks wanting.'"

Lady Davenant smiled at this curious specimen of Beauclerc's versatility, but said, "I fear he will fritter away his powers on a hundred different petty objects, and do nothing at last worthy of his abilities. He will scatter and divide the lights of his genius, and show us every change of the prismatic colours—curious and beautiful to behold, but dispersing, wasting the light he should concentrate on some one, some noble object.

"But if he has light enough for little objects and great too?" said Lady Cecilia, "I allow, 'qu'il faudrait plus, d'un cœur pour aimer tant de choses à la fois;' but, as I really think, Granville has more heart than is necessary, he can well afford to waste some of it, even on the old woman at Old Forest."

## CHAPTER XII.

ONE evening, Helen was looking over a beautiful scrap-book of Lady Cecilia's. Beauclerc, who had stood by for some time, eyeing it in rather scornful silence, at length asked whether Miss Stanley was a lover of albums and autographs?

Helen had no album of her own, she said, but she was curious always to see the autographs of celebrated people.

"Why!" said Beauclerc.

"I don't know. It seems to bring one nearer to them. It gives more reality to our imagination, of them, perhaps," said Helen.

"The imagination is probably in most cases better than the reality," replied he.

Lady Davenant stooped over Helen's shoulder to look at the hand-writing of the Earl of Essex—the writing of the gallant Earl of Essex, at sight of which, as she observed, the hearts of queens have beat high. "What a crowd of associated ideas rise at the sight of that autograph! who can look at it without some emotion?"

Helen could not. Beauclerc in a tone of raillery said he was sure, from the eager interest Miss Stanley took in these autographs, that she would, in time, become a collector herself; and he did not doubt that he should see her with a valuable museum, in which should be preserved the old pens of great men, that of Cardinal Chigi, for instance, who boasted that he wrote with the same pen for fifty years.

"And by that boast, you know," said Lady Davenant, "convinced the Cardinal de Retz that he was not a great, but a very little man. We will not have that pen in Helen's museum."

"Why not?" Beauclerc asked, "it was full as well worth having as many of the relics to be found in most young ladies' and even old gentlemen's museums. It was quite sufficient whether a man had been great or little, that he had been talked of,—that he had been something of a *lion*—to make any thing belonging to him valuable to collectors, who preserve and worship even 'the parings of lions' claws.'"

That class of indiscriminate collectors, Helen gave up to his ridicule; still he was not satisfied. He went on to the whole



class of 'lion-hunters,' as he called them, condemning indiscriminately all those who were anxious to see celebrated people; he hoped Miss Stanley was not one of that class.

"No, not a lion-hunter," said Helen; she hoped she never should be one of that set, but she confessed she had a great desire to see and to know distinguished persons, and she hoped that this sort of curiosity, or, as she would rather call it, enthusiasm, was not ridiculous, and did not deserve to be confounded with the mere trifling vulgar taste for sight-seeing and lion-hunting.

Beauclerc half smiled, but, not answering immediately, Lady Davenant said, that for her part she did not consider such enthusiasm as ridiculous; on the contrary, she liked it, especially in young people. "I consider the warm admiration of talent and virtue in youth as a promise of future excellence in maturer age."

"And yet," said Beauclerc, "the maxim 'not to admire,' is, I believe, the most approved in philosophy, and in practice is the great secret of happiness in this world."

"In the *fine* world, it is a fine air, I know," said Lady Davenant. "Among a set of fashionable young somnambulists it is doubtless the only art they know to make men happy or to keep them so; but this has nothing to do with philosophy, Beauclerc, though it has to do with conceit or affectation."

Mr. Beauclerc, now piqued, with a look and voice of repressed feeling, said that he hoped her ladyship did not include him among that set of fashionable somnambulists.

"I hope you will not include yourself in it," answered Lady Davenant; "it is contrary to your nature, and if you join the *nil admirari* coxcombs, it can be only for fashion's sake—mere affectation."

Beauclerc made no reply, and Lady Davenant, turning to Helen, told her that several celebrated people were soon to come to Clarendon Park, and congratulated her upon the pleasure she would have in seeing them. "Besides being a great pleasure, it is a real advantage," continued she, "to see and to be acquainted early in life with superior people. It enables one to form a standard of excellence, and raises that standard high and bright. In men, the enthusiasm becomes glorious ambition to excel in arts or arms; in woman, it refines and elevates the taste, and is so far a preventive against frivolous, vulgar company, and all their train of follies and vices. I can speak from my own recollection, of the great happiness it was to me when I, early in life, became acquainted with some of the illustrious of my day."

"And may I ask," said Beauclerc, "if any of them equalled the expectations you had formed of them?"

"Some far exceeded them," said Lady Davenant.

"You were fortunate. Every body cannot expect to be so happy," said Beauclerc. "I believe, in general it is found that few great men of any times stand the test of near acquaintance. No man——"

"Spare me!" cried Lady Davenant, interrupting him, for she imagined she knew what he was going to say; "oh! spare me that old sentence, 'No man is a hero to his valet de chambre.' I cannot endure to hear that for the thousandth time; I heartily wish it had never been said at all."

"So do I," replied Beauclerc; but Lady Davenant had turned away, and he now spoke in so low a voice, that only Helen heard him. "So do I detest that quotation, not only for being hackneyed, but for having been these hundred years the comfort both of lean-jawed envy and fat mediocrity."

He took up one of Helen's pencils and began to cut it—he looked vexed, and low to her observed, "Lady Davenant did not do me the honour to let me finish my sentence."

"Then," said Helen, "if Lady Davenant misunderstood you, why do not you explain?"

"No, no, it is not worth while, if she could so mistake me."

"But any body may be mistaken; do explain."

"No, no," said he, very diligently cutting the pencil to pieces; "she is engaged, you see, with somebody—something else."

"But now she has done listening."

"No, no, not now; there are too many people, and it's of no consequence."

By this time the company were all eagerly talking of every remarkable person they had seen, or that they regretted not having seen. Lady Cecilia now called upon each to name the man among the celebrated of modern days, whom they should most like to have seen. By acclamation they all named Sir Walter Scott, "The Ariosto of the North."

All but Beauclerc; he did not join the general voice, he said low to Helen with an air of disgust—"How tired I am of hearing him called 'The Ariosto of the North!'"

"But by whatever name," said Helen, "surely you join in that general wish to have seen him?"

"Yes, yes, I am sure of your vote," cried Lady Cecilia, coming up to them. "You, Granville, would rather have seen Sir Walter Scott than any author since Shakspeare—would not you?"

"Pardon me, on the contrary, I am glad that I have never seen him."

"Glad not to have seen him!—not?"

The word *not* was repeated with astonished incredulous emphasis by all voices. "Glad not to have seen Sir Walter Scott! How extraordinary! What can Mr. Beauclerc mean?"

"To make us all stare," said Lady Davenant; "so do not gratify him. Do not wonder at him: we cannot believe what is impossible, you know, only because it is impossible. But," continued she, laughing, "I know how it is. The spirit of contradiction—the spirit of singularity—two of your familiars, Granville, have got possession of you again, and we must have patience while the fit is on."

"But I have not, and will not have patience," said Lord Davenant, whose good-nature seldom failed, but who was now quite indignant.

"I wonder you are surprised, my dear lord," said Lady Davenant; "for Mr. Beauclerc likes so much better to go wrong by himself than to go right with all the world, that you could not expect that he would join the loud voice of universal praise."

"I hear the loud voice of universal execration," said Beauclerc; "you have all abused me, but whom have I abused?" "What have I said?"

"Nothing," replied Lady Cecilia; "that is what we complain of. I could have better borne any abuse than indifference to Sir Walter Scott."

"Indifference!" exclaimed Beauclerc—"what did I say, Lady Cecilia, from which you could infer that I felt indifference? Indifferent to him whose name I cannot pronounce without emotion! I alone, of all the world, indifferent to that genius, pre-eminent and unrivalled, who has so long commanded the attention of the whole reading public, arrested at will the instant order of the day by tales of other times, and in this commonplace, this every-day existence of ours, created a holiday world, where, undisturbed by vulgar cares, we may revel in a fancy-region of felicity, peopled with men of other times—shades of the historic dead, more illustrious and brighter than in life!"

"Yes, the great enchanter," cried Cecilia.

"Great and good enchanter," continued Beauclerc, "for in his magic there is no dealing with unlawful means. To work his ends, there is never aid from any one of the bad passions of our nature. In his writings there is no private scandal—no personal satire—no bribe to human frailty—no libel upon human nature. And among the lonely, the sad, and the suffering, how has he medicined to repose the disturbed mind, or elevated the dejected spirit—perhaps, fanned to a flame the unquenched spark, in souls not wholly lost to virtue. His morality is not in purple patches, ostentatiously obtrusive, but woven in through the very texture of the stuff. He paints man as he is, with all his faults, but with his redeeming virtues—the world as it goes, with all its compensating good and evil, yet making each man better contented with his lot. Without our well knowing how, the whole tone of our minds is raised—for, thinking nobly of our kind, he makes us think more nobly of ourselves!"

Helen, who had sympathized with Beauclerc in every word he had said, felt how true it is that,

“— Next to genius, is the power  
Of feeling where true genius lies.”

“Yet, after all this, Granville,” said Lady Cecilia, “you would make us believe you never wished to have seen this great man?”

Beauclerc made no answer.

“Oh! how I wish I had seen him!” said Helen to Lady Davenant, the only person present who had had that happiness.

“If you have seen Raeburn’s admirable pictures, or Chantrey’s speaking bust,” replied Lady Davenant, “you have as complete an idea of Sir Walter Scott as painting or sculpture can give. The first impression of his appearance and manner was surprising to me, I recollect, from its quiet, unpretending good-nature: but scarcely had that impression been made before I was struck with something of the chivalrous courtesy of other times. In his conversation you would have found all that is most delightful in all his works—the combined talents and knowledge of the historian, novelist, antiquary, and poet. He recited poetry admirably, his whole face and figure kindling as he spoke: but whether talking, reading, or reciting, he never tired me, even with admiring; and it is curious that, in conversing with him, I frequently found myself forgetting that I was speaking to Sir Walter Scott; and, what is even more extraordinary, forgetting that Sir Walter Scott was speaking to me, till I was awakened to the conviction by his saying something which no one else could have said. Altogether he was certainly the most perfectly agreeable, and perfectly amiable great man I ever knew.”

“And now, mamma,” said Lady Cecilia, “do make Granville confess honestly he would give the world to have seen him.”

“Do, Lady Davenant,” said Helen, who saw, or thought she saw, a singular emotion in Beauclerc’s countenance, and fancied he was upon the point of yielding; but Lady Davenant, without looking at him, replied,—“No, my dear, I will not ask him—I will not encourage him in *affectation*.”

At that word, dark grew the brow of Beauclerc, and he drew back, as it were, into his shell, and out of it came no more that night, nor the next morning at breakfast. But, as far as could be guessed, he suffered internally, and no effort made to relieve did him any good, so every one seemed to agree that it was much better to let him alone, to let him be moody in peace, hoping, that in time, the mood would change; but it changed not till the middle of that day, when, as Helen was sitting working in Lady Davenant’s room, while she was writing, two quick knocks were heard at the door.

"Come in!" said Lady Davenant.

Mr. Beauclerc stood pausing on the threshold—

"Do not go, Miss Stanley," said he, looking very miserable, and ashamed, and proud, and then ashamed again.

"What is the matter, Granville?" said Lady Davenant.

"I am come to have a thorn taken out of my mind," said he—"two thorns which have sunk deep, kept me awake half the night. Perhaps, I ought to be ashamed to own I have felt pain from such little things. But so it is; though, after all, I am afraid they will be invisible to you, Lady Davenant."

"I will try with a magnifying-glass," said she, "lend me that of your imagination, Granville—a high power, and do not look so very miserable, or Miss Stanley will laugh at you."

"Miss Stanley is too good to laugh."

"That is being too good indeed," said Lady Davenant. "Well, now to the point."

"You were very unjust to me, Lady Davenant, yesterday, and unkind."

"Unkind is a woman's word; but go on."

"Surely man may mark 'unkindness' altered eye," as well as woman," said Beauclerc; "and from a woman and a friend he may and must feel it, or he is more or less than man."

"Now what can you have to say, Granville, that will not be anticlimax to this exordium?"

"I will say no more if you talk of exordiums and anticlimaxes," cried he. "You accused me yesterday of affectation—twice, when I was no more affected than you are."

"Oh! is that my crime? Is that what has hurt you so dreadfully. Here is the thorn that has gone in so deep! I am afraid that, as is usual, the accusation hurt the more because it was——"

"Do not say 'true,'" interrupted Beauclerc, "for you really cannot believe it, Lady Davenant. You know me, and all my faults, and I have plenty; but you need not accuse me of one that I have not, and which from the bottom of my soul I despise. Whatever are my faults, they are at least real, and my own."

"You may allow him that," said Helen.

"Well, I will—I do," said Lady Davenant; "to appease you, poor injured innocence; though any one in the world might think you affected at this moment. Yet I, who know you, know that it is pure real folly. Yes, yes, I acquit you of affectation."

Beauclerc's face instantly cleared up.

"But you said two thorns had gone into your mind—one is out, now for the other."

"I do not feel that other, now," said Beauclerc; "it was only a mistake. When I began with 'No man,' I was not going to

say, 'No man is a hero to his valet de chambre.' If I had been allowed to finish my sentence, it would have saved a great deal of trouble. I was going to say that no man admires excellence more fervently than I do, and that my very reason for wishing not to see celebrated people is, lest the illusion should be dispelled.

"No description ever gives us an exact idea of any person, so that when any one has been much described and talked of, before we see them we form in our mind's eye some image, some notion of our own, which always proves to be unlike the reality; and when we do afterwards see it, even if it be fairer or better than our imagination, still at first there is a sort of disappointment from the non-agreement with our previously formed conception. Every body is disappointed the first time they see Hamlet or Falstaff, as I think Dugald Stewart observes."

"True; and I remember," said Lady Davenant, "Madame de la Rochejaquelein once said to me, 'I hate that people should come to see me. I know it destroys the illusion.'"

"Yes," cried Beauclerc; "how much I dread to destroy any of those blessed illusions, which make the real happiness of life. Let me preserve the objects of my idolatry; I would not approach too near the shrine; I fear too much light. I would not know that they were false!"

"Would you then be deceived?" said Lady Davenant.

"Yes," cried he; "sooner would I believe in all the fables of the Talmud than be without the ecstasy of veneration. It is the curse of age to be thus miserably disenchanted; to outlive all our illusions, all our hopes. That may be my doom in age, but, in youth, the high spring-time of existence, I will not be cursed with such a premature ossification of the heart. Oh! rather, ten thousand times rather, would I die this instant!"

"Well! but there is not the least occasion for your dying," said Lady Davenant, "and I am seriously surprised that you should suffer so much from such slight causes; how will you ever get through the world if you stop thus to weigh every light word?"

"The words of most people," replied he, "pass by me like the idle wind; but I do weigh every word from the very few whom I esteem, admire, and love; with my friends, perhaps, I am too susceptible, I love them so deeply."

This is an excuse for susceptibility of temper which flatters friends too much to be easily rejected. Even Lady Davenant admitted it, and Helen thought it was all natural.

## CHAPTER XIII.

LADY Cecilia was now impatient to have the house filled with company. She gave Helen a *catalogue raisonné* of all who were expected at Clarendon Park; some for a fashionable three days' visit; some for a week; some for a fortnight or three weeks, be the same more or less. "I have but one fixed principle," said she, "but I *have* one,—never to have tiresome people when it can possibly be avoided. Impossible, you know, it is sometimes. One's own and one's husband's relations one must have; but, as for the rest, it's one's own fault if one fail in the first and last maxim of hospitality—to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest."

The first party who arrived were of Lady Davenant's particular friends, to whom Cecilia had kindly given the precedence, if not the preference, that her mother might have the pleasure of seeing them, and that they might have the honour of taking leave of her, before her departure from England.

They were political, fashionable, and literary; some of ascendancy in society, some of parliamentary promise, and some of ministerial eminence—the aristocracy of birth and talents well mixed.

The aristocracy of birth and the aristocracy of talents are words now used more as a common-place antithesis, than as denoting a real difference or contrast. In many instances, among those now living, both are united in a manner happy for themselves and glorious for their country. England may boast of having among her young nobility

"The first in birth, the first in fame;"

men distinguished in literature and science, in senatorial eloquence and statesman-like abilities.

But in this party at Clarendon Park there were more of the literary and celebrated than, without the presence of Lady Davenant, could perhaps have been assembled, or perhaps would have been desired by the General and Lady Cecilia. Cecilia's

beauty and grace were of all societies, and the General was glad for Lady Davenant's sake, and proud for his own part, to receive these distinguished persons at his house.

Helen had seen some of them before at Cecilhurst and at the Deanery. By her uncle's friends she was kindly recognised, by others of course politely noticed; but miserably would she have been disappointed and mortified, if she had expected to fix general attention, or excite general admiration. Past and gone for ever are the days, if ever they were, when a young lady, on her entrance into life, captivated by a glance, overthrew by the first word, and led in triumph her train of admirers. These things are not to be done now-a-days.

Yet even when unnoticed Helen was perfectly happy. Her expectations were more than gratified in seeing and in hearing these distinguished people, and she sat listening to their conversation in delightful enjoyment, without even wanting to have it seen how well she understood.

There is a precious moment for young people, if taken at the prime, when first introduced into society, yet not expected, not called upon to take a part in it, they, as standers by, may see not only all the play, but the characters of the players, and may learn more of life and of human nature in a few months, than afterwards in years, when they are themselves actors upon the stage of life, and become engrossed by their own parts. There is a time, before the passions are awakened, when the understanding, with all the life of nature, fresh from all that education can do to develop and cultivate, is at once eager to observe and able to judge, for a brief space blessed with the double advantages of youth and age. This time once gone is lost irreparably; and how often it is lost—in premature vanity, or premature dissipation!

Helen had been chiefly educated by a man, and a very sensible man, as Dean Stanley certainly was in all but money matters. Under his masculine care, while her mind had been brought forward on some points, it had been kept back on others, and while her understanding had been cultivated, it had been done without the aid of emulation or competition; not by touching the springs of pride, but by opening sources of pure pleasure; and this pure pleasure she now enjoyed, grateful to that dear uncle.

For the single inimitable grace of simplicity which she possessed, how many mothers, governesses, and young ladies themselves, willingly, when they see how much it charms, would too late exchange half the accomplishments, all the acquirements, so laboriously achieved!

Beauclerc, who had seen something of the London female world, was, both from his natural taste and from contrast, pleased with Helen's fresh and genuine character, and he sympathized



with all her silent delight. He never interrupted her in her enthusiastic contemplation of the great stars, but he would now and then seize an interval of rest to compare her observations with his own; anxious to know whether she estimated their relative magnitude and distances as he did. These snatched moments of comparison and proof of agreement in their observations, or the pleasure of examining the causes of their difference of opinion, enhanced the enjoyment of this brilliant fortnight; and not a cloud obscured the deep serene.

Notwithstanding all the ultra-refined nonsense Beauclerc had talked about his wish not to see remarkable persons, no one could enjoy it more, as Helen now perceived; and she saw also that he was considered as a man of promise among all these men of performance. But there were some, perhaps very slight things, which raised him still more in her mind, because they showed superiority of character. She observed his manner towards the General in this company, where he had himself the 'vantage ground—so different now from what it had been in the Old Forest battle, when only man to man, ward to guardian. Before these distinguished persons there was a look—a tone of deference at once most affectionate and polite.

"It is so generous," said Lady Cecilia to Helen; "is it not?" and Helen agreed.

This brilliant fortnight ended too soon, as Helen thought, but Lady Cecilia had had quite enough of it. "They are all to go to-morrow morning, and I am not sorry for it," said she at night, as she threw herself into an arm-chair in Helen's room; and, after having indulged in a refreshing yawn, she exclaimed, "Very delightful, very delightful! as you say, Helen, it has all been; but I am not sure that I should not be very much tired if I had much more of it. Oh! yes, I admired them all amazingly, but then admiring all day long is excessively wearisome. The very attitude of looking up fatigues both body and mind. Mamma is never tired, because she never has to look up; she can always look down, and that's so grand and so easy. She has no idea how the neck of my poor mind aches this minute; and my poor eyes! blasted with excess of light. How yours have stood it so well, Helen, I cannot imagine! how much stronger they must be than mine. I must confess, that, without the relief of music now and then, and *ecarté*, and that quadrille, bad as it was, I should never have got through it to-night alive or awake. But," cried she, starting up in her chair, "do you know Horace Churchill stays to-morrow. Such a compliment from him to stay a day longer than he intended! And do you know what he says of your eyes, Helen?—that they are the best listeners he ever spoke to. I should warn you though, my dear, that he is something, and not a little, I believe, of a male coquette. Though he is not very young, but he well understands all the advantages of

a careful toilette. He has, like that George Herbert in Queen Elizabeth's time, 'a genteel humour for dress.' He is handsome still, and his fine figure, and his fine feelings, and his fine fortune, have broken two or three hearts; nevertheless I am delighted that he stays, especially that he stays on your account."

"Upon my account!" exclaimed Helen. "Did not you see that, from the first day when Mr. Churchill had the misfortune to be placed beside me at dinner, he utterly despised me: he began to talk to me, indeed, but left his sentence unfinished, his good story untold, the instant he caught the eye of a grander auditor."

Lady Cecilia had seen this, and marvelled at a well-bred man so far forgetting himself in vanity; but this, she observed, was only the first day; he had afterwards changed his manner towards Helen completely.

"Yes, when he saw Lady Davenant thought me worth speaking to. But, after all, it was quite natural that he should not know well what to say to me. I am only a young lady. I acquit him of all peculiar rudeness to me, for I am sure Mr. Churchill really could not talk for only one insignificant hearer, could not bring out his good things, unless he felt secure of possessing the attention of the whole dinner-table, so I quite forgive him."

"After this curse of forgiveness, my dear Helen, I will wish you a good night," said Lady Cecilia, laughing; and she retired with a fear that there would not be jealousy enough between the gentlemen, or that Helen would not know how to play them one against another.

There is a pleasure in seeing a large party disperse; in staying behind when others go:—there is an advantage as well as pleasure, which is felt by the timid, because they do not leave their characters behind them; and rejoiced in by the satirical, because the characters of the departed and departing are left behind, fair game for them. Of this advantage no one could be more sensible, no one availed himself of it with more promptitude and skill, than Mr. Churchill: for well he knew that though wit may fail, humour may not take—though even flattery may pall upon the sense, scandal, satire, and sarcasm, are sources never failing for the lowest capacities, and sometimes for the highest.

This morning, in the library at Clarendon Park, he looked out of the window at the departing guests, and, as each drove off, he gave to each his *coup de patte*. To Helen, to whom it was new, it was wonderful to see how each, even of those next in turn to go, enjoyed the demolition of those who were just gone; how, blind to fate, they laughed, applauded, and licked the hand just raised to strike themselves. Of the first who went—"Most respectable people," said Cecilia; "*a bonne mère de famille*."

"Most respectable people!" repeated Horace—"most respectable people, old coach and all." And then, as another party drove off—"No fear of any thing truly respectable here."

"Now, Horace, how can you say so?—she is so amiable, and so clever."

"So clever! only, perhaps, a thought too fond of English liberty and French dress. *Poissarde bien coiffée.*"

"*Poissarde!* of one of the best born, best bred women in England!" cried Lady Cecilia; "*bien coiffée*, I allow."

"Lady Cecilia is *si coiffée de sa belle amie*, that I see I must not say a word against her, till—the fashion changes. But, hark! I hear a voice I never wish to hear."

"Yet nobody is better worth hearing——"

"Oh! yes, the Queen of the Blues—the Blue Devils!"

"Hush!" cried the Aide-de-camp, "she is coming in to take leave."

Then, as the Queen of the Blue Devils entered, Mr. Churchill, in the most humbly respectful manner, begged—"My respects—I trust your Grace will do me the favour—the justice to remember me to all your party who—do me the honour to bear me in mind—" then, as she left the room, he turned about and laughed.

"Oh! you sad, false man!" cried the lady next in turn to go. "I declare, Mr. Churchill, though I laugh, I am quite afraid to go off before you."

"Afraid! what could malice or envy itself find to say of your ladyship, *intacte* as you are?—*Intacte!*" repeated he, as she drove off, "*intacte!*—a well-chosen epithet, I flatter myself!"

"Yes, *intacte*—untouched—above the breath of slander," cried Lady Cecilia.

"I know it: so I say," replied Churchill: "fidelity that has stood all temptations—to which it has ever been exposed; and her husband is——"

"A near relation of mine," said Lady Cecilia. "I am not prudish as to scandal in general," continued she, laughing; "'a chicken, too, might do me good,' but then the fox must not prey at home. No one ought to stand by and to hear their own relations abused."

"A thousand pardons! I depended too much on the general maxim—that the nearer the bone the sweeter the slander."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Cecilia.

"I meant to say, the nearer the heart the dearer the blame. A cut against a first cousin may go wrong—but a bosom friend—oh! how I have succeeded against best friends; scolded all the while, of course, and called a monster. But there is Sir Stephen bowing to you." Then, as Lady Cecilia kissed her hand to him, from the window, Churchill went on: "By the by, without any scandal, seriously I heard something—I was quite

concerned—that he had been of late less in his study and more in the boudoir of ———. Surely it cannot be true!”

“Positively false,” said Lady Cecilia.

“At every breath a reputation dies,” said Beauclerc.

“’Pon my soul, that’s true!” said the Aide-de-camp. “Positively, hit or miss, Horace has been going on, firing away with his wit, pop, pop, pop! till he has bagged—how many brace?”

Horace turned away from him contemptuously, and looked to see whereabouts Lady Davenant might be all this time.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LADY DAVENANT was at the far end of the room, engrossed, Churchill feared, by the newspaper—as he approached she laid it down, and said,

“How scandalous some of these papers have become, but it is the fault of the taste of the age. ‘Those who live to please, must please to live.’”

Horace was not sure whether he was cut or not, but he had the presence of mind not to look hurt. He drew nearer to Lady Davenant, seated himself, and taking up a book as if he were tired of folly, to which he had merely condescended, he sat and read, and then sat and thought, the book hanging from his hand.

The result of these profound thoughts he gave to the public, not to the Aide-de-camp; no more of the little pop-gun pellets of wit—but now was brought out reason and philosophy. In a higher tone he now reviewed the literary, philosophical, and political world, with touches of La Bruyere and Rochefoucault in the characters he drew and in the reflections he made; with an air, too, of sentimental contrition for his own penetration and fine moral sense, which compelled him to see and to be annoyed by the faults of such superior men.

The analysis he made of every mind was really perfect—in one respect, not a grain of bad but was separated from the good, and held up clean and clear to public view. And as an anatomist he showed such knowledge both of the brain and of the heart, such an admirable acquaintance with all their diseases, and handled the probe and the scalpel so well, with such a practised hand!

“Well, really this is comfortable,” said Lord Davenant, throwing himself back in his arm-chair—“True English comfort, to sit at ease and see all one’s friends so well dissected! Happy to feel that it is our duty to our neighbour to see him well cut up—ably anatomized for the good of society; and when I depart—when my time comes—as come it must, nobody is to touch me but Professor Churchill. It will be a satisfaction to know that I shall be caried as a dish fit for gods, not hewed as a carcase

for hounds. So now remember, Cecilia, I call on you to witness—I hereby, being of sound mind and body, leave and bequeath my character, with all my defects and deficiencies whatsoever, and all and any singular curious diseases of the mind, of which I may die possessed, wishing the same many for his sake,—to my good friend Doctor Horace Churchill, professor of moral, philosophic, and scandalous anatomy, to be by him dissected at his good pleasure for the benefit of society."

"Many thanks, my good lord; and I accept your legacy for the honour—not the value of the gift, which every body must be sensible is nothing," said Churchill, with a polite bow—"absolutely nothing. I shall never be able to make any thing of it."

"Try—try, my dear friend," answered Lord Davenant. "Try, don't be modest."

"That would be difficult when so distinguished," said Beauclerc, with an admirable look of proud humility.

"Distinguished Mr. Horace Churchill assuredly is," said Lady Davenant, looking at him from behind her newspaper. "Distinguished above all his many competitors in this age of scandal; he has really raised the art to the dignity of a science. Satire, scandal, and gossip, now hand-in-hand—the three new graces; all on the same elevated rank—*three*, formerly considered as so different, and the last left to our inferior sex, but now, surely, to be a male gossip is no reproach."

"O, Lady Davenant!—male gossip—what an expression!"

"What a reality!"

"Male gossip!—*Tombe sur moi le ciel!*" cried Churchill.

"*Pourvu que je me venge,*" always understood," pursued Lady Davenant; "but why be so afraid of the imputation of gossiping, Mr. Churchill? It is quite fashionable, and if so, quite respectable, you know, and in your style quite grand.

'And gossiping wonders at being so fine!—'

Malice, to be hated, needs but to be seen, but now when it is elegantly dressed we look upon it without shame or consciousness of evil; we grow to dote upon it—so entertaining, so graceful, so refined. When vice loses half its grossness, it loses all its deformity. Humanity used to be talked of when our friends were torn to pieces, but now there is such a philosophical perfume thrown over the whole operation, that we are irresistibly attracted. How much we owe to such men as Mr. Churchill, who make us feel detraction virtue!"

He bowed low as Lady Davenant, summoned by her lord, left the room, and there he stood as one condemned, but not penitent.

"If I have not been well sentenced," said he, as the door closed, "and made 'to feel detraction virtue!'—But since Lady Cecilia

cannot help smiling at that, I am acquitted, and encouraged to sin again, the first opportunity. But Lady Davenant shall not be by, nor Lord Davenant either."

Lady Cecilia sat down to write a note, and Mr. Churchill walked round the room in a course of critical observation on the pictures, of which, as of every thing else, he was a supreme judge. At last he put his eye and his glass down to something which singularly attracted his attention on one of the marble tables.

"Pretty!" said Lady Cecilia, "pretty are not they!—though one's so tired of them every where now—those doves!"

"Doves!" said Churchill, "what I am admiring are gloves, are not they, Miss Stanley?" said he, pointing to an old pair of gloves, which, much wrinkled and squeezed together, lay on the beautiful marble in rather an unsightly lump.

"Poor Doctor V——!" cried Helen to Cecilia; "that poor Doctor V—— is as absent as ever! he is gone, and has forgotten his gloves!"

"Absent! oh, as ever!" said Lady Cecilia, going on with her note, "the most absent man alive."

"Too much of that sort of thing I think there is in Doctor V——," pursued Churchill: "a touch of absence of mind, giving the idea of high abstraction, becomes a learned man well enough; but then it should only be slight, as a *souppçon* of rouge, which may become a pretty woman; all depends on the measure, the taste, with which these things are managed—put on."

"There is nothing managed, nothing *put on* in Doctor V——," cried Helen, eagerly, her colour rising; "it is all perfectly sincere, true in him, whatever it be."

Beauclerc put down his book.

"All perfectly true! You really think so, Miss Stanley?" said Churchill, smiling, and looking superior down.

"I do, indeed," cried Helen.

"Charming—so young! How I do love that freshness of mind!"

"Impertinent fellow! I could knock him down," felt Beauclerc.

"And you think all Doctor V——'s humility true?" said Churchill.

"Yes, perfectly!" said Helen; "but I do not wonder you are surprised at it, Mr. Churchill."

She meant no *malice*, though for a moment he thought she did; and he winced under Beauclerc's smile.

"I do not wonder that any one who does not know Doctor V—— should be surprised by his great humility," added Helen.

"You are sure that it is not pride that apes humility?" asked Churchill.

"Yes, quite sure!"

"Yet——" said Churchill (putting his malicious finger through

a great hole in the thumb of the Doctor's glove,) "I should have fancied that I saw vanity through the holes in these gloves, as through the philosopher's cloak of old."

"Horace is a famous fellow for picking holes and making much of them, Miss Stanley, you see," said the Aide-de-camp.

"Vanity! Doctor V—— has no vanity!" said Helen, "if you knew him."

"No vanity! Whom does Miss Stanley mean?" cried the Aide-de-camp. "No vanity! That's good! Who? Horace?"

"*Mauvais plaisant.*" Horace put him by, and, happily not easily put out of countenance, he continued to Helen,—

"You give the good Doctor credit, too, for all his *naïveté*," said Churchill.

"He does not want credit for it," said Helen; "he really has it."

"I wish I could see things as you do," Miss Stanley."

"Show him that, Helen," cried Lady Cecilia, looking at a table beside them, on which lay one of those dioramic prints which appear all a confusion of lines till you look at them in their right point of view. "Show him that—it all depends, and so does seeing characters, on getting the right point of view."

"Ingenious!" said Churchill, trying to catch the right position; "but I can't, I own—" then abruptly resuming, "*Naïveté* charms me at fifteen," and his eye glanced at Helen, then was retracted, then returning to his point of view, "at eighteen, perhaps, may do," and his eyes again turned to Helen, "at eighteen—it captivates me quite," and his eye dwelt. "But *naïveté* at past fifty, verging to sixty, is quite another thing, really rather too much for me. I like all things in season, and, above all, simplicity will not bear long keeping. I have the greatest respect possible for our learned and excellent friend, but I wish this could be any way suggested to him, and that he would lay aside this out-of-season simplicity."

"He cannot lay aside his nature," said Helen, "and I am glad of it, it is such a good nature."

"Kind-hearted creature he is. I never heard him say a severe word of any one," said Lady Cecilia.

"What a sweet man he must be!" said Horace, making a face at which none present, not even Helen, could forbear to smile.

"His heart, I am sure, is in the right place always. I only wish one could say the same of his wig. And would it be amiss if he sometimes, (I would not be too hard upon him, Miss Stanley,) once a fortnight, suppose—brushed, or caused to be brushed, that coat of his?"

"You have dusted his jacket for him famously, Horace, I think," said the Aide-de-camp.

At this instant the door opened, and in came the Doctor himself.



Lady Cecilia's hand was outstretched with her note, thinking, as the door opened, that she should see the servant come in, for whom she had rung.

"What surprises you all so, my good friends!" said the Doctor, stopping and looking round in all his native simplicity.

"My dear Doctor," said Lady Cecilia, "only we all thought you were gone—that's all."

"And I am not gone, that's all. I stayed to write a letter, and I am come here to look for—but I cannot find—my——"

"Your gloves, perhaps, Doctor, you are looking for," said Churchill, going forward, and with an air of the greatest respect and consideration, both for the gloves and for their owner, he presented them; then shook the Doctor by the hand, with a cordiality which the good soul thought truly English, and, bowing him out, added, "How proud he had been to make his acquaintance,—*au revoir*, he hoped, in Park Lane."

"Oh you treacherous——!" cried Lady Cecilia, turning to Horace, as soon as the unsuspecting philosopher was fairly gone. "Too bad really! If he were not the most simple-minded creature extant, he must have seen, suspected, something from your look; and what would have become of you if the Doctor had come in one moment sooner, and had heard you—I was really frightened."

"Frightened! so was I, almost out of my wits," said Churchill. "*Les revenans* always frighten one; and they never hear any good of themselves, for which reason I make it a principle, when once I have left a room, full of friends especially, never—never to go back. My gloves, my hat, my coat, I'd leave, sooner than lose my friends. Once I heard it said, by one who knew the world and human nature better than any of us—once I heard it said in jest, but in sober earnest I say, that I would not for more than I am worth be placed, without his knowing it, within ear-shot of my best friend."

"What sort of a best friend can yours be?" cried Beauclerc.

"Much like other people's, I suppose," replied Horace, speaking with perfect non-chalance—"much like other people's best friends. Whosoever expects to find better, I guess, will find worse, if he live in the world we live in."

"May I go out of the world before I believe or suspect any such thing?" cried Beauclerc. "Rather than have the Roman curse light upon me, 'May you survive all your friends and relations!' may I die a thousand times!"

"Who talks of dying, in a voice so sweet—a voice so loud!" said provoking Horace, in his calm, well-bred tone; "for my part, I, who have the honour of speaking to you, can boast, that never since I was of years of discretion (counting new style, beginning at thirteen, of course)—never have I lost a friend, a sincere friend—never, for this irrefragable reason—since that noage,

never was I such a neophyte as to fancy I had found that *lusus nature*, a friend perfectly sincere."

"How I pity you!" cried Beauclerc, "if you are in earnest; but in earnest you can't be."

"Pardon me, I can, and I am. And in earnest you will oblige me, Mr. Beauclerc, if you will spare me your pity: for, all things in this world considered," said Horace Churchill, drawing himself up, "I do not conceive that I am much an object of pity." Then, turning upon his heel, he walked away, conscious, however, half an instant afterwards, that he had drawn himself up too high, and that for a moment his temper had spoiled his tone, and betrayed him into a look and manner too boastful, bordering on the ridiculous. He was in haste to repair the error.

Not Garrick, in the height of his celebrity and of his susceptibility, was ever more anxious than Horace Churchill to avert the stroke of ridicule—to guard against the dreaded smile. As he walked away, he felt behind his back that those he left were smiling in silence.

Lady Cecilia had thrown herself on a sofa, resting, after the labour of *l'éloquence de billet*. He stopped, and leaning over the back of the sofa on which she reclined, repeated an Italian line in which was the word "*pavoneggiarsi*."

"My dear Lady Cecilia, you, who understand and feel Italian so well, how expressive are some of their words! *Pavoneggiarsi*!—untranslatable. One cannot say well in English, to peacock oneself. To make oneself like unto a peacock is flat; but, *pavoneggiarsi*—action, passion, picture, all in one! To plume oneself comes nearest to it; but the word cannot be given, even by equivalents, in English! nor can it be naturalized, because, in fact, we have not the feeling. An Englishman is too proud to boast—too bashful to strut; if even he *peacocks himself*, it is in a moment of anger, not in display. The language of every country," continued he, raising his voice, in order to reach Lady Davenant, who just then returned to the room, as he did not wish to waste a philosophical observation on Lady Cecilia—"the language of every country is, to a certain degree, evidence in record; history of its character and manners." Then, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, but very distinct, turning while he spoke, so as to make sure that Miss Stanley heard—"Your young friend, this morning quite captivated me by her nature—nature, the thing that now is most uncommon, a real natural woman; and when in a beauty, how charming!—How delicious when one meets with *effusion de cœur*; a young lady, too, who speaks pure English, not a leash of languages at once; and cultivated too, your friend is, for one does not like ignorance, if one could have knowledge without pretension—so hard to find the golden mean!—and if one could find it, one might not be nearer to—"

Lady Cecilia listened for the finishing word, but none came. It all ended in a sigh, to be interpreted as she pleased. A look towards the ottoman, where Beauclerc had now taken his seat beside Miss Stanley, seemed to point the meaning out, but Lady Cecilia knew her man too well to seem to understand him.

Beauclerc, seated on the ottoman, was showing to Helen some passages in the book he was reading; she read with attention, and from time to time looked up with a smile of intelligence and approbation. What either said, Horace could not hear, and he was the more curious; and when the book was put down, after carelessly opening others, he took it up. Very much surprised was he to find it neither novel nor poem: many passages were marked with pencil notes of approbation, he took it for granted these were Beauclerc's; there he was mistaken, they were Lady Davenant's. She was at her work-table. Horace, book in hand, approached; the book was not in his line, it was more scientific than literary—it was for posterity more than for the day; he had only turned it over, as literary men turn over scientific books, to seize what may serve for a new simile or a good allusion; besides, among his philosophical friends, the book being talked of, it was well to know enough of it to have something to say, and he had said well, very *judiciously* he had praised it among the elect; but now it was his fancy to depreciate it with all his might; not that he disliked the author or the work now more than he had done before, but he was in the humour to take the opposite side from Beauclerc, so he threw the book from him contemptuously.

"Rather a slight, hasty thing, in my opinion," said he.

Beauclerc's eyes took fire as he exclaimed, "Slight! hasty! this most noble, most solid work!"

"Solid in your opinion," said Churchill, with a smile deferential, slightly sneering.

"Our own opinion is all that either of us can give," said Beauclerc; "in my opinion it is the finest view of the progress of natural philosophy, the most enlarged, the most just in its judgments of the past, and in its prescience of the future; in the richness of experimental knowledge, in its theoretic invention, the greatest work by any one individual since the time of Bacon."

"And Bacon is under your protection, too?"

"Protection! my protection?" said Beauclerc.

"Pardon me, I simply meant to ask if you are one of those who swear by Lord Verulam."

"I swear by no man, I do not swear at all, not on philosophical subjects especially; swearing adds nothing to faith," said Beauclerc.

"I stand corrected," said Churchill, "and I would go farther, and add that in argument enthusiasm adds nothing to reason—"

much as I admire, as we all admire," glancing at Miss Stanley, "that enthusiasm with which this favoured work has been advocated!"

"I could not help speaking warmly," cried Beauclerc; "it is a book to inspire enthusiasm; there is such a noble spirit all through it, so pure from petty passions, from all vulgar jealousies, all low concerns! Judge of a book, somebody says, by the impression it leaves on your mind when you lay it down; this book stands that test, at least with me, I lay it down with such a wish to follow—with steps ever so unequal, still to follow, where it points the way."

"Bravo! bravissimo! hear him! hear him! print him, print him! hot-press from the author to the author, hot-press!" cried Churchill, and he laughed.

Like one suddenly awakened from the trance of enthusiasm by the cold touch of ridicule, stood Beauclerc, brought down from heaven to earth, and by that horrid little laugh, not the heart's laugh.

"But my being ridiculous does not make my cause so, and that is a comfort."

"And another comfort you may have, my dear Granville," said Lady Davenant, "that ridicule is not the test of truth; truth should be the test of ridicule."

"But where is the book?" continued Beauclerc.

Helen gave it to him.

"Now, Mr. Churchill," said Beauclerc; "I am really anxious, I know you are such a good critic, will you show me these faults? blame as well as praise must always be valuable from those who themselves excel."

"You are too good," said Churchill.

"Will you then be good enough to point out the errors for me?"

"Oh, by no means," cried Churchill, "don't note me, do not quote me, I am nobody, and I cannot give up my authorities."

"But the truth is all I want to get at," said Beauclerc.

"Let her rest, my dear sir, at the bottom of her well; there she is, and there she will be for ever and ever, and depend upon it none of our windlassing will ever bring her up."

"Such an author as this," continued Beauclerc, "would have been so glad to have corrected any error."

"So every author tells you, but I never saw one of them who did not look blank at a list of errata—if you knew how little one is thanked for them!"

"But you would be thanked now," said Beauclerc:—"the faults in style, at least."

"Nay, I am no critic," said Churchill, confident in his habits of literary detection; "but if you ask me," said he, as he disdainfully flitted the leaves back and forward with a "There

now!" and "Here now!" "We should not call that good writing—you could not think this correct! I may be wrong, but I should not use this phrase. Hardly English that—colloquial, I think; and this awkward ablative case absolute—never admitted now."

"Thank you," said Beauclerc, "these faults are easily mended."

"Easily mended, say you? I say, better make a new one."

"Who could?" said Beauclerc.

"How many faults you see," said Helen, "which I should never have perceived unless you had pointed them out, and I am sorry to know them now."

Smiling at Helen's look of sincere mortification, in contrast at this moment with Mr. Churchill's air of satisfied critical pride, Lady Davenant said,

"Why sorry, my dear Helen? No human work can be perfect; Mr. Churchill may be proud of that strength of eye which in such a powerful light can count the spots. But whether it be the best use to make of his eyes, or the best use that can be made of the light, remains to be considered."

## CHAPTER XV.

Beyond measure was Churchill provoked to find Lady Davenant against him and on the same side as Granville Beauclerc—all unused to contradiction in his own society, where he had long been supreme, he felt a difference of opinion so sturdily maintained as a personal insult.

For so young a man as Beauclerc, yet unknown to fame, not only to challenge the combat but to obtain the victory, was intolerable; and the more so, because his young opponent appeared no ways elated or surprised, but seemed satisfied to attribute his success to the goodness of his cause.

Churchill had hitherto always managed wisely his great stakes and pretensions in both the fashionable and literary world. He had never actually published any thing except a clever article or two in a review, or an epigram, attributed to him but not acknowledged. Having avoided giving his measure, it was believed he was above all who had been publicly tried—it was always said—"If Horace Churchill would but publish, he would surpass every other author of our times."

Churchill accordingly dreaded and hated all who might by possibility approach the throne of fashion, or interfere with his dictatorship in a certain literary set in London, and from this moment he began cordially to detest Beauclerc—he viewed him with scornful yet with jealous eyes; but his was the jealousy of vanity, not of love; it regarded Lady Davenant and his fashionable reputation in the first place—Helen only in the second.

Lady Davenant observed all this, and was anxious to know how much or how little Helen had seen, and what degree of interest it excited in her mind. One morning, when they were alone together, looking over a cabinet of cameos, Lady Davenant pointed to one which she thought like Mr. Beauclerc. Helen did not see the likeness.

"People see likenesses very differently," said Lady Davenant. "But you and I, Helen, usually see characters, if not faces, with the same eyes. I have been thinking of these two gentlemen, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Beauclerc—which do you think the most agreeable?"

"Mr. Churchill is amusing, certainly," said Helen, "but I think Mr. Beauclerc's conversation much more interesting—though Mr. Churchill is agreeable, sometimes—when——"

"When he flatters you," said Lady Davenant.

"When he is not satirical—I was going to say," said Helen.

"There is a continual petty brilliancy, a petty effort, too," continued Lady Davenant, "in Mr. Churchill, that tires me—sparks struck perpetually, but then you hear the striking of the flints, the clink of the tinder-box."

Helen, though she admitted the tinder-box, thought it too low a comparison. She thought Churchill's were not mere sparks.

"Well, fire-works, if you will," said Lady Davenant, "that rise, blaze, burst, fall, and leave you in darkness, and with a disagreeable smell, too; and it's all *feu d'artifice* after all. Now, in Beauclerc, there is too little art and too ardent nature. Some French friends of mine, who knew both, said of Mr. Churchill, '*De l'esprit on ne peut pas plus, même à Paris*,' the highest compliment a Parisian can pay, but they allowed that Beauclerc had '*beaucoup plus d'ame*.'"

"Yes," said Helen; "how far superior!"

"It has been said," continued Lady Davenant, "that it is safer to judge of men by their actions than by their words, but there are few actions and many words in life; and if women would avail themselves of their daily, hourly, opportunities of judging people by their words, they would get at the natural characters, or, what is of just as much consequence, they would penetrate through the acquired habits; and here, Helen, you have two good studies before you."

Preoccupied as Helen was with the certainty of Beauclerc being an engaged, almost a married man, and looking, as she did, on Churchill, as one who must consider her utterly beneath his notice, she listened to Lady Davenant's remarks as she would have done to observations about two characters in a novel or on the stage.

As Churchill could not immediately manifest his hatred of Beauclerc, it worked inwardly the more. He did not sleep well this night, and when he got up in the morning, there was something the matter with him. Nervous, bilious—cross it could not be;—*journalier* (a French word settles every thing)—*journalier* he allowed he was; he rather gloried in it, because his being permitted to be so, proved his power—his prerogative of fortune and talent combined.

In the vast competition of the London world, it is not permitted to every man to be in his humour or out of his humour at pleasure; but, by an uncommon combination of circumstances Churchill had established his privilege of caprice; he was allowed to have his bad and his good days, and the highest people

and the finest smiled, and submitted to his "*cachet de faveur et de disgrace*," and when he was sulky, rude, or snappish, called it only Horace Churchill's way. They even prided themselves on his preferences and his aversions. "Horace is always charming when he is with us."—"With me you have no idea how delightful he is."—"Indeed I must do him the justice to say, that I never found him otherwise." While the less favoured permitted him to be as rude as he pleased, and only petted him, and told of his odd ways to those who sighed in vain to have him at their parties. But Lady Davenant was not a person to pet or spoil a child of any age, and to the General Mr. Churchill was not particularly agreeable—not his sort; while to Lady Cecilia, secure in grace, beauty, and fashion, his humours were only matter of amusement, and she bore with him pleasantly and laughingly.

"Such weather!" cried he, in a querulous tone! "how can a man have any sense in such weather? Some foreigner says—that the odious climate of England is an over-balance for her good constitution. The sun of the south is, in truth, well worth the liberty of the north. It is a sad thing," said he, with a very sentimental air, "that a free-born Briton should be servile to these skyey influences;" and, grumbling on, he looked out of the window as cross as he pleased, and nobody minded him. The Aide-de-camp civilly agreed with him that it was horrid weather, and likely to rain, and it did rain; and every one knows how men, like children, are in certain circumstances affected, miserably, by a rainy day. There was no going out; horses at the door, and obliged to be dismissed. Well, since there could be no riding, the next best thing, the Aide-de-camp thought, was to talk of horses, and the officers all grew eager, and Churchill had a mind to exert himself so far as to show them that he knew more of the matter than they did; that he was no mere book-man; but on this unlucky day, all went wrong. It happened that Horace fell into some grievous error concerning the genealogy of a famous race-horse, and, disconcerted more than he would have been at being convicted of any degree of moral turpitude, vexed and ashamed, he talked no more of Newmarket or of Doncaster, left the race-ground to those who prided themselves on the excellence of their four-footed betters, and lounged into the billiard-room.

He found Lady Cecilia playing with Beauclerc; Miss Stanley was looking on. Churchill was a famous-billiard player, and took his turn to show how much better than Beauclerc he performed, but this day his hand was out, his eye not good; he committed blunders of which a novice might have been ashamed; took his antagonist's ball for his own, *ran a coup*, and finished in a passion by tearing the cloth with his cue. And there was Miss Stanley and there was Beauclerc by to see! and Beauclerc pitied him!



O line extreme of human misery!

He retreated to the book-room, but there the intellectual Horace, with all the sages, poets, and novelists of every age within his reach, reached them not; but, with his hands in his pockets, like any squire or schoolboy under the load of ignorance or penalties of idleness, stood before the chimney-piece, eyeing the pendule, and verily believing that this morning the hands went backward. Dressing-time at last came, and dinner-time, bringing relief how often to man and child ill-tempered; but this day to Churchill dinner brought only discomfiture worse discomfited.

Some of the neighbouring families were to dine at Clarendon Park. Mr. Churchill abhorred country neighbours and country gentlemen. Among these, however, were some not unworthy to be perceived by him; and besides these, there were some foreign officers; one in particular, from Spain, of high rank and birth, of the *sangre azula*, the *blue blood*, who have the privilege of the silken cord if they should come to be hanged. This Spaniard was a man of distinguished talent, and for him Horace might have been expected to shine out; it was his pleasure, however, this day to disappoint expectations, and to do "the dishonours of his country." He would talk only of eating, of which he was privileged not only to speak but to judge, and pronounce upon *en dernier ressort*, though this was only an air, for he was not really a gourmand; but after ogling through his glass the distant dishes, when they with a wish came nigh, he, after a cursory glance or a close inspection, made them with a nod retire.

At last he thought an opportunity offered for bringing in a well-prepared anecdote which he had about Cambaeres, and a hot blackbird and white feet, but unluckily a country gentleman would tell some history of a battle between poachers and game-keepers, which fixed the attention of the company till the moment for the anecdote was past.

Horace left his tale untold, and spoke word never more till a subject was started on which he thought he could come out unrivalled. General Clarendon had some remarkably good wines. Churchill was referred to as a judge, and he allowed them to be all good, but he prided himself on possessing a certain Spanish wine, esteemed above all price, because not to be had for money—*amontillado* is its name. Horace appealed to the Spanish officer, who confirmed all he said of this vinous phenomenon. "No cultivator can be certain of producing it. It has puzzled, almost to death, all the *growers* of Xeres:—it is a variety of sherry, almost as difficult to judge of as to procure."

But Mr. Churchill boasted he had some, undoubtedly genuine; he added, "that Spanish judges had assured him his taste was

so accurate he might venture to pronounce upon the difficult question of *amontillado* or not?"

While he yet spoke, General Clarendon, unawares, placed before him some of this very fine wine, which, as he finished speaking, Churchill swallowed without knowing it from some other sherry which he had been drinking. He would have questioned that it was genuine, but the Spaniard, as far as he could pretend to judge, thought it unquestionable.

Churchill's countenance fell in a manner that quite surprised Helen, and exceedingly amused Lady Cecilia. He was more mortified and vexed by this failure than by all the rest, for the whole table smiled.

The evening of this day of misfortune was not brighter than the morning, every thing was wrong—even at night—at night when at last the dinner company, the country visitors, relieved him from their presence, and when some comfort might be had, he thought, stretched in a good easy chair—Lord Davenant had set him the example. But something had happened to all the chairs,—there were a variety of fashionable kinds; he tried them by turns, but none of them this night would suit him. Yet Lady Cecilia maintained (for the General had chosen them) that they were each and all of them in their way comfortable, in the full English spirit of the word, and according to the French explanation of *comfortable*, given to us by the Duchess d'Abrantes, *convenablement bon*; but in compassion to Mr. Churchill's fastidious restlessness, she would now show him a perfection of a chair which she had just had made for her own boudoir. She ordered that it should be brought, and in it rolled, and it was looked at in every direction and sat in, and no fault could be found with it, even by the great fault-finder; but what was it called? It was neither a lounge, nor a dormeuse, nor a Cooper, nor a Nelson, nor a kangaroo: a chair without a name would never do; in all things fashionable the name is more than half. Such a happy name as kangaroo Lady Cecilia despaired of finding for her new favourite, but she begged some one would give it a good one; whoever gave her the best name should be invited to the honours and pleasures of the sitting in this chair for the rest of the night.

Her eyes, and all eyes, turned upon Mr. Churchill, but whether the occasion was too great, or that his desire to satisfy the raised expectation of the public was too high-strained, or that the time was out of joint, or that he was out of sorts, the fact was, he could find no name.

Beauclerc, who had not yet tried the chair, sank into its luxurious depth, and leaning back, asked if it might not be appropriately called the "Sleepy-hollow."

"Sleepy-hollow!" repeated Lady Cecilia, "excellent!" and by acclamation "Sleepy-hollow" was approved! but when Beau-

clerc was invited to the honours of the sitting, he declined, declaring that the name was not his invention, only his recollection; it had been given by a friend of his to some such easy chair.

This magnanimity was too much for Horace; he looked at his watch, found it was bed-time, pushed the chair out of his way, and departed; Beauclerc, the first and last idea in this his day of mortifications.

Seeing a man subject to these petty irritations lowers him in the eyes of woman. For that susceptibility of temper arising from the jealousy of love, even when excited by trifles, woman makes all reasonable, all natural, allowance; but for the jealousy of self-love she has no pity. Unsuitable to the manly character!—so Helen thought, and so every woman thinks.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It was expected by all who had witnessed his discomfiture and his parting push to the chair, that Mr. Churchill would be off early in the morning—such was his wont when he was disturbed in vanity: but he reappeared at breakfast.

This day was a good day with Horace: he determined it should be so, and though it was again a wet day, he now showed that he could rule the weather of his own humour, when intensity of will was awakened by rivalry. He made himself most agreeable, and the man of yesterday was forgotten or remembered only as a foil to the man of to-day. The words he so much loved to hear, and to which he had so often surreptitiously listened, were now repeated, 'No one can be so agreeable as Horace Churchill is on his good days!'

Bright he shone out, all gaiety and graciousness; the *cachet de faveur* was for all, but its finest impression was for Helen. He tried flattery, and wit, each playing on the other with reflected and reflecting lustre, for a woman naturally says to herself, "When this man has so much wit, his flattery even must be worth something."

And another day came, and another, and another party of friends filled the house, and still Mr. Churchill remained, and was now the delight of all. As far as concerned his successes in society, no one was more ready to join in applause than Beauclerc; but when Helen was in question he was different, though he had reasoned himself into the belief that he could not yet love Miss Stanley, therefore, he could not be jealous. But he had been glad to observe that she had from the first seemed to see what sort of a person Mr. Churchill was. She was now only amused, as every body must be, but she would never be interested by such a man as Horace Churchill, a wit without a soul. If she were—why he could never feel any farther interest about her—that was all!

So it went on; and now Lady Cecilia was as much amused as she expected by these daily jealousies, conflicts, and comparisons, the feelings perpetually tricking themselves out, and strut-

ting about, calling themselves judgments, like the servants in *Gil Blas* in their master's clothes, going about as counts, dukes, and grandees.

"Well, really," said Lady Cecilia to Helen, one day, as she was standing near her tambour frame, "you are an industrious creature, and the only very industrious person I ever could bear. I have myself a natural aversion to a needle, but that tambour needle I can better endure than a common one, because, in the first place, it makes a little noise in the world; one not only sees but hears it getting on; one finds, that without dragging it draws at every link a lengthened chain."

"It is called chainstitch, is it not?" said the Aide-de-camp; "and Miss Stanley is working on so famously fast at it, she will have us all in her chains by and by."

"Bow, Miss Stanley," said Lady Cecilia; "that pretty compliment deserves, at least, a bow, if not a look-up."

"I should prefer a look-down, if I were to choose," said Churchill.

"Beggars must not be choosers," said the Aide-de camp.

"But the very reason I can bear to look at you working, Helen," continued Lady Cecilia, "is, because you do look up so often—so refreshingly. The professed *Notables* I detest—those who never raise their eyes from their everlasting work; whatever is said, read, thought, or felt, is with them of secondary importance to that bit of muslin in which they are making holes, or that bit of canvass on which they are perpetrating such figures or flowers as nature scorns to look upon. I did not mean any thing against you, mamma, I assure you," continued Cecilia, turning to her mother, who was also at her embroidering frame, "because, though you do work, or have work before you, to do you justice, you never attend to it in the least."

"Thank you! my dear Cecilia," said Lady Davenant, smiling; "I am, indeed, a sad bungler, but still I shall always maintain a great respect for work and workers, and I have good reasons for it."

"And so have I," said Lord Davenant. "I only wish that men who do not know what to do with their hands, were not ashamed to sew. If custom had but allowed us this resource, how many valuable lives might have been saved, how many rich ennuyés would not have hung themselves, even in November! What years of war, what overthrow of empires, might have been avoided, if princes and sultans, instead of throwing handkerchiefs, had but hemmed them!"

"No, no," said Lady Davenant, "recollect that the race of Spanish kings has somewhat deteriorated since they exchanged the sword for the tambour-frame. We had better have things as they are: leave us the privilege of the needle, and what a valuable resource it is; sovereign against the root of all evil—

an antidote both to love in idleness and hate in idleness—which is most to be dreaded, let those who have felt both decide. I think we ladies must be allowed to keep the privilege of the needle to ourselves, humble though it be, for we must allow it is a good one."

"Good at need," said Churchill. "There is an excellent print, by Bouck, I believe, of an old woman beating the devil with a distaff: distaffs have been out of fashion with spinsters ever since, I fancy."

"But as she was old, Churchill," said Lord Davenant, "might not your lady have defied his black majesty, without her distaff?"

"His *black* majesty! I admire your distinction, my lord," said Churchill, "but give it more emphasis; for all kings are not black in the eyes of the fair, it is said, you know." And here he began an anecdote of regal scandal in which Lady Cecilia stopped him—

"Now, Horace, I protest against your beginning with scandal so early in the morning. None of your *on dits*, for decency's sake, before luncheon; wait till evening."

Churchill coughed, and shrugged, and sighed, and declared he would be temperate; he would not touch a character, upon his honour; he would only indulge in a few little personalities; it could not hurt any lady's feelings that he should criticise or praise absent beauties. So he just made a review of all he could recollect, in answer to a question one of the officers, Captain Warmesley, had asked him, and which, in an absent fit, he had had the ill-manners yesterday, as now he recollected, not to answer—Whom he considered as altogether the handsomest woman of his acquaintance? Beauclerc was now in the room, and Horace was proud to display, before him in particular, his infinite knowledge of all the fair and fashionable, and all that might be admitted fashionable without being fair—all that have the *je ne sais quoi*, which is than beauty dearer. As one conscious of his power to consecrate or desecrate, by one look of disdain or one word of praise, he stood; and beginning at the lowest conceivable point, his uttermost notion of want of beauty—his *laid ideal*, naming one whose image, no doubt, every charitable imagination will here supply, Horace next fixed upon another for his mediocrity point—what he should call just "well enough"—*assez bien, assez*—just up to the Bellasis motto, "*Bonne et belle assez*." Then, in the ascending scale, he rose to those who, in common parlance, may be called charming, fascinating; and still for each he had his fastidious look and depreciating word. Just keeping within the verge, Horace, without exposing himself to the ridicule of coxcombry, ended by sighing for that being "made of every creature's best"—perfect, yet free from the curse of perfection. Then, suddenly turning to Beauclerc, and tapping him

on the shoulder—"Do, give us your notions—to what sort of a body or mind, now, would you willingly bend the knee?"

Beauclerc could not or would not tell—"I only know that whenever I bend the knee," said he, "it will be because I cannot help it!"

Beauclerc could not be drawn out either by Churchill's persiflage or flattery, and he tried both, to talk of his tastes or opinions of women. He felt too much, perhaps, about love to talk much about it. This all agreed well in Helen's imagination with what Lady Cecilia had told her of his secret engagement. She was sure he was thinking of Lady Blanche, and that he could not venture to describe her, lest he should betray himself and his secret. Then, leaving Churchill and the talkers, he walked up and down the room alone, at the farther side, seeming as if he were recollecting some lines which he repeated to himself, and then stopping before Lady Cecilia, repeated to her, in a very low voice, the following:—

"I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Helen thought Lady Blanche must be a charming creature if she was like this picture; but somehow, as she afterwards told Lady Cecilia, she had formed a different idea of Lady Blanche Forrester—Cecilia smiled and asked, "How? different how?"

Helen did not exactly know, but altogether she had imagined that she must be more of a heroine, or perhaps more of a woman of rank and fashion. She had not formed any exact idea—but different altogether from this description; Lady Cecilia again smiled, and said,

"Very natural; and after all not very certain that the Lady Blanche is like this picture, which was not drawn for her or from her assuredly—a resemblance found only in the imagination, to which we are, all of us, more or less dupes; and *tant mieux* say I—*tant pis* says mamma—and all mothers."

"There is one thing I like better in Mr. Beauclerc's manners than in Mr. Churchill," said Helen.

"There are a hundred I like better," said Lady Cecilia, "but what is your one thing?"

"That he always speaks of women in general with respect—as if he had more confidence in them, and more dependence upon them for his happiness. Now, Mr. Churchill, with all the

adoration he professes, seems to look upon them as idols that he can set up or pull down, bend the knee to or break to pieces, at pleasure—I could not like a man for a friend who had a bad, or even a contemptuous, opinion of women—could you, Cecilia?"

"Certainly not," Lady Cecilia said; "the General had always, naturally, the greatest respect for women. Whatever prejudices he had taken up had been only caught from others, and lasted only till he had got rid of the impression of certain untoward circumstances." Even a grave, serious dislike, both Lady Cecilia and Helen agreed that they could bear better than that persiflage which seemed to mock even while it most professed to admire.

Horace presently discovered the mistakes he had made in his attempts, and repaired them as fast as he could by his infinite versatility. The changes shaded off with a skill which made them run easily into each other. He perceived that Mr. Beauclerc's respectful air and tone were preferred, and he now laid himself out in the respectful line, adding, as he flattered himself, something of a finer point, more polish in whatever he said, and with more weight of authority.

But he was mortified to find that it did not produce the expected effect, and, after having done the respectful one morning, as he fancied in the happiest manner, he was vexed to perceive that he not only could not raise Helen's eyes from her work, but that even Lady Davenant did not attend to him; and that, as he was rounding one of his best periods, her looks were directed to the other side of the room, where Beauclerc sat apart; and presently she called to him, and begged to know what it was he was reading. She said she quite envied him the power he possessed of being rapt into future times or past, completely at his author's bidding, to be transported how and where he pleased.

Beauclerc brought the book to her, and put it into her hand. As she took it, she said, "As we advance in life, it becomes more and more difficult to find in any book the sort of enchanting, entrancing interest which we enjoyed when life, and books, and we ourselves were new. It were vain to try and settle whether the fault is most in modern books, or in our ancient selves; probably not in either: the fact is, that not only does the imagination cool and weaken as we grow older, but we become, as we live on in this world, too much engrossed by the real business and cares of life, to have feeling or time for factitious, imaginary interests. But why do I say factitious? while they last, the imaginative interests are as real as any others."

"Thank you," said Beauclerc, "for doing justice to poor imagination, whose pleasures are surely, after all, the highest, the most real, that we have, unwarrantably as they have been decried both by metaphysicians and physicians."

The book which had so fixed Beauclerc's attention, was *Se-*



gur's History of Napoleon's Russian Campaign. He was at the page where the burning of Moscow is described—the picture of Bonaparte's despair, when he met resolution greater than his own, when he felt himself vanquished by the human mind, by patriotism, by virtue—virtue in which he could not believe, the existence of which, with all his imagination, he could not conceive: the power which his indomitable will could not conquer.

Beauclerc pointed to the account of that famous inscription on the iron gate of a church which the French found still standing, the words written by Rostopchin, after the burning of his “delightful home.”

*“Frenchmen, I have been eight years in embellishing this residence; I have lived in it happily in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate (amounting to seventeen hundred and twenty) have quitted it at your approach; and I have, with my own hands, set fire to my own house, to prevent it from being polluted by your presence.”*

“See what one, even one, magnanimous individual can do for his country,” exclaimed Beauclerc. “How little did this sacrifice cost him! Sacrifice do I say? it was a pride—a pleasure.”

Churchill did not at all like the expression of Helen's countenance, for he perceived she sympathized with Beauclerc's enthusiasm. He saw that romantic enthusiasm had more charm for her than wit or fashion; and now he meditated another change of style. He would try a noble style. He resolved that the first convenient opportunity he would be a little romantic, and perhaps, even take a touch at chivalry, a burst like Beauclerc, but in a way of his own, at the degeneracy of modern times. He tried it—but it was quite a failure; Lady Cecilia, as he overheard, whispered to Helen what was once said, we believe of Chateaubriand—

*“Ah! le pauvre homme! comme il se batte les flancs d'un enthousiasme de commande.”*

Horace was too clever a man to persist in a wrong line, or one in which his test of right *success* did not crown his endeavours. If this did not do, something else would—should. It was impossible that with all his spirit of resource he should ultimately fail. To please and to make an impression on Helen, a greater impression than Beauclerc—to annoy Beauclerc, in short, was still, independently of all serious thoughts, the utmost object of Churchill's endeavours.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ABOUT this time a circumstance occurred, which seemed to have nothing to do with Churchill, or Beauclerc, but which eventually brought both their characters into action and passion.

Lord Davenant had purchased, at the sale of Dean Stanley's pictures, several of those which had been the Dean's favourites, and which, independently of their positive merit, were peculiarly dear to Helen. He had ordered that they should be sent down to Clarendon Park: at first, he only begged house-room for them from the General while he and Lady Davenant were in Russia; then he said that in case he should never return he wished the pictures should be divided between his two dear children, Cecilia and Helen; and that, to prevent disputes, he would make the distribution of them himself now, and, in the kindest and most playful manner he allotted them to each, always finding some excellent reason for giving to Helen those which he knew she liked best; and then there was to be a *hanging committee*, for hanging the pictures, which occasioned a great deal of talking, Beauclerc always thinking most of Helen, or of what was really best for the paintings; Horace most of himself and his amateurship.

Among these pictures were some fine Wouvermans, and other hunting and hawking pieces, and one, in particular of the Duchess and her ladies, from Don Quixote. Beauclerc, who had gone round examining and admiring, stood fixed when he came to this picture, in which he fancied he discovered in one of the figures some likeness to Helen; the lady had a hawk upon her wrist. Churchill came up eagerly to the examination, with glass at eye. He could not discern the slightest resemblance to Miss Stanley; but he was in haste to bring out an excellent observation of his own, which he had made his own from a Quarterly Review, illustrating the advantage it would be to painters to possess knowledge, even of kinds seemingly most distant from the line of their profession.

"For instance now, *a priori*, one should not insist upon a great painter's being a good ornithologist, and yet, for want of being

something of a bird-fancier, look here what he has done—quite absurd, a sort of hawk introduced, such as never was or could be at any hawking affair in nature; would not sit upon lady's wrist or answer to her call—would never fly at a bird. Now you see this is a ridiculous blunder.”

While Churchill plumed himself on this critical remark, Captain Warmale told of who still kept hawks in England, and of the hawking parties he had seen and heard of—“even this year, that famous hawking in Wiltshire, and that other in Norfolk.”

Churchill asked Warmale if he had been at Lord Berners's when Landseer was there studying the subject of his famous hawking scene. “Have you seen it, Lady Cecilia?” continued he; “it is beautiful; the birds seem to be absolutely coming out of the picture;” and he was going on with some of his connoisseurship, and telling of his mortification in having missed the purchase of that picture; but Warmale got back to the hawking he had seen, and he became absolutely eloquent in describing the sport.

Churchill, though eager to speak, listened with tolerably polite patience till Warmale came to what he had forgot to mention,—to the label with the date of place and year, that is put upon the heron's leg; to the heron brought from Denmark, where it had been caught, with the label of having been let fly from Lord Berners's; “for,” continued he, “the heron is always to be saved, if possible, so, when it is down, and the hawk over it, the falconer has some raw beef ready minced, and lays it on the heron's back, or a pigeon, just killed, is sometimes used; the hawk devours it, and the heron quite safe, as soon as it recovers from its fright, mounts slowly upward and returns to its heronry.”

Helen listened eagerly, and so did Lady Cecilia, who said, “You know, Helen, our favourite, Washington Irving, quotes that in days of yore, “a lady of rank did not think herself completely equipped in riding forth, unless she had her tassel-gentle held by jesses on her delicate hand.”

Before her words were well finished, Beauclerc had decided what he would do, and the business was half done that is well begun. He was at the library table, writing as fast as pen could go, to give *carte blanche* to a friend, to secure for him immediately a whole hawking establishment which Warmale had mentioned, and which was now upon public sale, or privately to be parted with by the present possessor.

At the very moment when Beauclerc was signing and sealing at one end of the room, at the other, Horace Churchill, to whom something of the same plan had occurred, was charming Lady Cecilia Clarendon, by hinting to her his scheme—anticipating the honour of seeing one of his hawks borne upon her delicate wrist.

Beauclerc, after despatching his letter, came up, just in time, to catch the sound and the sense, and took Horace aside to tell him what he had done. Horace looked vexed, and haughtily observed, that he conceived his place at Erlesmede was better calculated for a hawking party than most places in England; and he had already announced his intentions to the ladies. The way was open to him—but Beauclerc did not see why he should recede; the same post might carry both their letters—both their orders."

"How far did your order go, may I ask?" said Churchill.

"Carte Blanche."

Churchill owned, with a sarcastic smile, that he was not prepared to go quite so far in trampling upon impossibilities. He was not quite so young as Granville; he, unfortunately, had arrived at years of discretion—he said unfortunately; without ironical reservation, he protested from the bottom of his heart he considered it as a misfortune to have become that slow circumspect sort of creature which looks before it leaps. Even though this might save him from the fate of the man who was in Sicily, still he considered it as unfortunate to have lost so much of his natural enthusiasm.

"Natural enthusiasm!" Beauclerc could not help repeating to himself, and he went on his own way. It must be confessed, as even Beauclerc's best friends allowed, counting among them Lady Davenant and his guardian, that never was man of sense more subject to that kind of temporary derangement of the reasoning powers which results from being what is called bit by a fancy; he would then run on straight forward, without looking to the right or the left, in pursuit of his object, great or small. That hawking establishment now in view completely shut out, for the moment, all other objects; and hawks and tercel, and lures, filled his head; and before his imagination were hawking scenes, and Helen with a hawk on her wrist, looking most graceful—a hawk of his own training it should be. Then, how to train a hawk became the question. While he was waiting for the answer to his *carte blanche*, nothing better, or so good, could be done, as to make himself master of the whole business, and for this purpose he found it essential to consult every book on falconry that could be found in the library, and a great plague he became to every body in the course of this book-hunt.

"What a bore!" Warmaley might be excused for muttering deep and low between the teeth. General Clarendon sighed and groaned. Lady Davenant bore and forbore philosophically—it was for Beauclerc; and to her great philosophy she gave all the credit of her indulgent partiality. Lady Cecilia, half annoyed, yet ever good-natured, carried her complaisance so far as to consult the catalogue and book-shelves sundry times in one

hour; but she was not famous for patience, and she soon resigned him to a better friend—Helen, the most indefatigable of book-hunters. She had been well trained to it by her uncle; had been used to it all her life; and really took pleasure in the tiresome business. She assured Beauclerc it was not the least trouble, and he thought she looked beautiful when she said so. Whosoever of the male kind, young, and of ardent, not to say impatient, spirit, has ever been aided and abetted in a sudden whim, assisted, forwarded, above all, sympathized with, through all the changes and chances of a reigning fancy, may possibly conceive how charming, and more charming every hour, perhaps minute, Helen became in Beauclerc's eyes. But, all in the way of friendship, observe. Perfectly so—on her part, for she could not have another idea, and it was for this reason she was so much at her ease. He so understood it, and, thoroughly a gentleman, free from coxcomby, as he was, and interpreting the language and manners of women with instinctive delicacy, they went on delightfully. Churchill was on the watch, but he was not alarmed; all was so undisguised and frank, that now he began to feel assured that love on her side not only was, but ever would be, quite out of the question.

Beauclerc was, indeed, in the present instance, really and truly intent upon what he was about; and he pursued the History of Falconry, with all its episodes, from the olden time of the Boko of St. Alban's down to the last number of the Sporting Magazine, including Colonel Thornton's latest flight, with the adventures of his red falcons, Miss M'Ghee and Lord Townsend and his red terrels, Messrs. Croc, Franc and Craignon;—not forgetting that never-to-be-forgotten hawking of the Emperor Arambamboboberus with Trebizonian eagles, on the authority of a manuscript in the Grand Seigneur's library.

Beauclerc had such extraordinary dependence upon the sympathy of his friends, that, when he was reading any thing that interested him, no matter what they might be doing, he must have their admiration for what charmed him. He brought his book to Lord Davenant, who was writing a letter. "Listen, oh, listen! to this pathetic lament of the falconer,—'Hawks, heretofore the pride of royalty, the insignia of nobility, the ambassadors' present, the priests' indulgence, companion of the knight, and nuraling of the gentle mistress, are now uncalled-for and neglected.'"

"Ha! very well that," said good-natured Lord Davenant, stopping his pen, dipping again, dotting, and going on.

Then Beauclerc passaged to Lady Davenant, and, interrupting her in Scott's Lives of the Novelists, on which she was deeply intent, "Allow me, my dear Lady Davenant, though you say you are no great topographer, to show you this, it is so curious; this royal falconer's proclamation—Henry the Eighth's—to preserve

his partridges, pheasants, and herons, from his palace at Westminster to St. Giles's in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, Hampstead, and Highgate, under penalty for every bird killed of imprisonment, or whatever other punishment to his Highness may seem meet."

Lady Davenant vouchsafed some suitable remark, consonant to expectation, on the changes of times, men, and manners, and then motioned the quarto away, with which motion the quarto reluctantly complied; and then, following Lady Cecilia from window to window, as she *tended* her flowers, he would insist upon her hearing the table of precedence for hawks. She, who never cared for any table of precedence in her life, even where the higher animals were concerned, fairly stopped her ears; that the merlin was a lady's hawk was all she would undertake to remember, and this only upon condition that she should have one to sit upon her wrist like the fair ladies in Wouvermans' pictures. But farther, as to Peregrine, Gerfalcon or Gerkin, she would hear naught of them, nor could she listen, though Granville earnestly exhorted, to the several good reasons which make a falcon dislike her master—

1st. If he speak rudely to her.

2nd. If he feed her carelessly.

Before he could get thirdly out, Lady Cecilia stopped him, declaring that in all her life she never could listen to any thing that began with *first* and *secondly*—reasons especially.

Horace, mean while, looked superior down, and thought with ineffable contempt of Beauclerc's little skill in the arts of conversation, thus upon unwilling ears to squander anecdotes which would have done him credit at some London dinner. "What I could have made of them!" thought he; "but some there are, who never can contrive, as other some cleverly do, to ride their hobby-horses to good purpose and good effect;—now Beauclerc's hobbies, I plainly see, will always run away with him headlong, cost him dear certainly, and may be, leave him in the mire at last."

What this fancy was to cost him, Beauclerc did not yet know. Two or three passages in the Sporting Magazine had given some hints of the expense of this "most delectable of all country contentments," which he had not thought it necessary to read aloud. And he knew that the late Lord Orford, an ardent pursuer of this 'royal and noble' sport, had expended one hundred a-year on every hawk he kept, each requiring a separate attendant, and being moreover indulged in an excursion to the Continent every season during moulting-time; but Beauclerc said to himself he had no notion of humouring his hawks to that degree, they should, aristocratic birds though they be, content themselves in England, and not pretend to 'damn the climate like a lord.' And he flattered himself that he should be able to pursue his fancy

more cheaply than any of his predecessors; but, as he had promised his guardian that after the indulgence granted him in the Beltravers' cause, he would not call upon him for any more extraordinary supplies, he resolved, in case the expense exceeded his ways and means, to sell his hunters, and so indulge a new love at the expense of an old one.

The expected pleasure of the first day's hawking was now bright in his imagination; the day was named, the weather promised well, and the German cadgers and trainers who had been engaged, and who, along with the whole establishment, were handed over to Beauclerc, came down to Clarendon Park, on their road to Granville Manor—a place of Beauclerc's, which was not far distant—and he was very happy teaching the merlins to sit on Lady Cecilia's and on Miss Stanley's wrist. Helen's voice was found to be peculiarly agreeable to the hawk, who as, Beauclerc observed, loved, like Lear, that excellent thing in woman, a voice ever soft, gentle, and low.

The ladies were to wear some pretty dresses for the occasion, and all was gaiety and expectation; and Churchill was mortified, when he saw how well the thing was likely to take, that he was not to be the giver of the fête, especially as he observed that Helen was particularly pleased—when, to his inexpressible surprise, Granville Beauclerc came to him, a few days before that appointed for the hawking-party, and said that he had changed his mind, that he wished to get rid of the whole concern—that he should be really obliged to Churchill if he would take his engagement off his hands. The only reason he gave was, that the establishment would altogether be more than he could afford, he found he had other calls for money, which were incompatible with this fancy, and therefore he would give it up.

Churchill obliged him most willingly by taking the whole upon himself, and he managed so to do in a very ingenious way, without incurring any preposterous expense. He was acquainted with a set of rich, fashionable young men, who had taken a sporting lodge in a neighbouring county, who desired no better than to accede to the terms proposed, and to distinguish themselves by giving a fête out of the common line, while Churchill, who understood, like a true man of the world, the worldly art of bargaining, contrived, with off-hand gentleman-like jockeying, to have every point settled to his own convenience, and he was to be the giver of the entertainment to the ladies at Clarendon Park.

When this change in affairs was announced, Lady Cecilia, the General, Lady Davenant, and Helen, were all, in various degrees, surprised, and each tried to guess what could have been the cause of Beauclerc's sudden relinquishment of his purpose. He was—very extraordinary for him—impenetrable: he adhered to the word "I found I could not afford it." His guardian could

not believe in this wonderful prudence, and was almost certain "there must be some imprudence at the bottom of it all."

Granville neither admitted nor repelled that accusation. Lady Cecilia worked away with perpetual little strokes, hoping to strike out the truth, but as she said, you might as well have worked at an old flint. Nothing was elicited from him, even by Lady Davenant; nor did the collision of all their opinions throw any light upon the matter.

Mean while the day for the hawking party arrived. Churchill gave the fête, and Beauclerc, as one of the guests, attended and enjoyed it without the least appearance even of disappointment; and, so far from envying Churchill, he assisted in remedying any little defects, and did all he could to make the whole go off well.

The party assembled on a rising ground; a flag was displayed to give notice of the intended sport; the falconers appeared, picturesque figures in their green jackets and their long gloves, and their caps plumed with heron's feathers—some with the birds on their wrists—one with the frame over his shoulder upon which to set the hawk. *Set did we say?*—no: "*cast your hawk on the perch*" is, Beauclerc observed, the correct term; for, as Horace sarcastically remarked, Mr. Beauclerc might be detected as a novice in the art by his over exactness—his too correct, too attic, pronunciation of the hawking language. But Granville readily and gaily bore all this ridicule and raillery, sure that it would neither stick nor stain, enjoying with all his heart the amusement of the scene—the assembled ladies, the attendant cavaliers; the hoodwinked hawks, the ringing of their brass bells: the falconers anxiously watching the clouds for the first appearance of the bird; their skill in loosening the hoods, as, having but one hand at liberty, they used their teeth to untie the string:—And now the hoods are off, and the hawks let fly.

They were to fly many castes of hawks this day; the first flight was after a curlew, and the riding was so hard, so dangerous, from the broken nature of the ground, that the ladies gave it up, and were contented to view the sport from the eminence where they remained.

And now there was a question to be decided among the sportsmen as to the comparative rate of riding at a fox chase, and in "the short, but terrifically hard gallop, with the eyes raised to the clouds, which is necessary for the full enjoyment of hawking;" and then the gentlemen, returning, gathered round the ladies, and the settling the point, watches in hand, and bets depending, added to the interest of flight the first, and Churchill, master of the revels, was in the highest spirits.

But presently the sky was overcast, the morning lowered, the



wind rose, and changed was Churchill's brow; there is no such thing as hawking against the wind—that capricious wind!

"Curse the wind!" cried Churchill, "and confusion seize the fellow who says there is to be no more hawking to-day!"

The chief falconer, however, was a phlegmatic German, and proper-behaved, as good falconers should be, who, as "Old Tristram's books" has it, even if a bird should be lost, he should never swear, and only say, "*Dieu soit loué*," and "remember that the mother of hawks is not dead."

But Horace, in the face of reason and in defiance of his German counsellors, insisted upon letting fly the hawks in this high wind; and it so fell out that, in the first place, all the terms he used in his haste and spleen were wrong; and in the next, that the quarry taking down the wind, the horsemen could not keep up with the hawks: the falconers, in great alarm, called to them by the names they gave them—"Miss Didlington," "Lord Berners." "Ha! Miss Didlington's off;—off with Blucher, and Lady Kirby, and Lord Berners, and all of 'em after her." Miss Didlington flew fast and far, and further still, till she and all the rest were fairly out of sight—lost, lost, lost!

"And as fine a caste of hawks they were as ever came from Germany!"—the falconers were in despair, and Churchill saw that the fault was his; and it looked so like cockney sportsmanship! If Horace had been in a towering rage, it would have been well enough, but he only grew pettish, snappish, waspish: now none of those words ending in *ish* become a gentleman; ladies always think so, and Lady Cecilia now thought so, and Helen thought so, too, and Churchill saw it, and he grew pale instead of red, and that looks ugly in an angry man.

But Beauclerc excused him when he was out of hearing; and when others said he had been cross and crosser than became the giver of a gala, Beauclerc pleaded well for him, that falconry has ever been known to be "an extreme stirrer-up of the passions, being subject to mischances infinite."

However, a cold and hot collation under the trees for some, and under a tent for others, set all to rights for the present. Champagne sparkled, and Horace pledged and was pledged, and all were gay; even the Germans, at their own table, after their own fashion, with their Rhenish and their foaming ale, contrived to drown the recollection of the sad adventure of the truant hawks.

And when all were refreshed and renewed in mind and body to the hawking they went again. For now that

"The wind was laid, and all their fears asleep,"

there was to be a battle between heron and hawk, one of the finest sights that can be in all falconry.

"Look! look! Miss Stanley," cried Granville; "look! follow that high-flown hawk—that black speck in the clouds. Now! now! right over the heron; and now she will *cancelleer*—turn on her wing, Miss Stanley, as she comes down, whirl round, and balance herself—*chanceler*. Now! now look! *cancelleering* gloriously!"

But Helen at this instant recollected what Captain Warmaley had said of the fresh-killed pigeon, which the falconer in the nick of time is to lay upon the heron's back; and now, even as the *cancelleering* was going on—three times most beautifully, Helen saw only the dove, the white dove, which that black-hearted German held, his great hand round the throat, just raised to wring it. "Oh, Beauclerc, save it, save it!" cried Lady Cecilia and Helen at once.

Beauclerc sprang forward, and, had it been a tiger instead of a dove, would have done the same, no doubt, at that moment;—the dove was saved, and the heron killed. If Helen was pleased, so was not the chief falconer, nor any of the falconers, the whole German council in combustion! and Horace Churchill deeming it "Rather extraordinary that any gentleman should so interfere with other gentlemen's kawks."

Lady Cecilia stepped between, and never stepped in vain. She drew a ring from her finger—a seal; it was the seal of peace—no great value—but a well-cut bird—a bird for the chief falconer—a guinea-hen, with its appropriate cry, its polite motto, "Come back, come back;" and she gave it as a pledge that the ladies would come back another day, and see another hawking; and the gentlemen were pleased, and the aggrieved attendant falconers pacified by a promise of another heron from the heronry at Clarendon Park; and the clouded faces brightened, and "she stroked the raven down of darkness till it smiled," whatever that may mean; but, as Milton said it, it must be sense as well as sound.

At all events, in plain prose, be it understood that every body was satisfied, even Mr. Churchill; for Beauclerc had repaired for him, just in time, an error which would have been a blot on his gallantry of the day. He had forgotten to have some of the pretty gray hairs plucked from the heron, to give to the ladies to ornament their bonnets, but Beauclerc had secured them for him, and also two or three of those much-valued, smooth, black feathers, from the head of the bird, which are so much prized that a plume of them is often set with pearls and diamonds. Horace presented these most gracefully to Lady Cecilia and Helen, and was charmed with Lady Cecilia's parting compliments, which finished with the words, "Quite chivalrous."

And so, after all the changes and chances of weather, wind, and humour, all ended well, and no one rued the hawking of this day.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"But all this time," said Lady Davenant, "you have not told me whether you have any of you found out what changed Granville's mind about this falconry scheme—why he so suddenly gave up the whole to Mr. Churchill. Such a point-blank weather-cock turn of fancy in most young men would no more surprise me than the changes of those clouds in the sky now shaped and now unshaped by the driving wind; but in Granville Beauclerc there is always some reason for apparent caprice, and the reason is often so ingeniously wrong that it amuses me to hear it, and, even as a study in human nature, I am curious to know the simple fact."

But no one could tell the simple fact, no one could guess his reason, and from him it never would have been known—never could have been found out, but from a mistake—from a letter of thanks coming to a wrong person.

One morning, when Helen was sitting in Lady Davenant's room with her, Lord Davenant came in, reading a letter, like one walking in his sleep.

"What is all this, my dear? Can you explain it to me? Some good action of yours, I suppose, for which I am to be thanked."

Lady Davenant looked at the letter. She had nothing to do with the matter she said; but, on second thoughts, exclaimed—"This is Granville Beauclerc's doing, I am clear!"

The letter was from Count Polianski, one of the poor banished Poles; now poor, but who had been formerly master of a property estimated at about one hundred and sixty-five thousand *available individuals*. In attempting to increase the happiness and secure the liberty of these available individuals, the Count had lost every thing, and had been banished from his country—a man of high feeling as well as talents, and who had done all he could for that unhappy country, torn to pieces by demagogues from within and tyrants from without.

Lady Davenant now recollected that Beauclerc had learned from her all this, and had heard her regretting that the circumstances in which Lord Davenant was placed at this moment,

prevented the possibility of his affording this poor Count assistance for numbers of his suffering fellow-countrymen who had been banished along with him, and who were now in London in the utmost distress. Lady Davenant remembered that she had been speaking to Granville on this subject the very day that he had abandoned his falconry project. "Now I understand it all," said she; "and it is like all I know and all I have hoped of him. These hundreds a-year which he has settled on these wretched exiles, are rather better disposed of in a noble national cause than in pampering one set of birds that they may fly at another set."

"And yet this is done," said Lord Davenant, "by one of the much reviled, high-bred English gentlemen—among whom, let the much reviling, low-bred English democrats say what they will, we find, every day, instances of subscription for public purposes from private benevolence, in a spirit of princely charity to be found only in our own dear England—England with all her faults."

"But this was a less ordinary sort of generosity of Granville's," said Lady Davenant,—"the giving up a new pleasure, a new whim, with all its gloss fresh upon it, full and bright in his eye."

"True," said Lord Davenant; "I never saw a stronger-pulling fancy better thrown upon its haunches."

The white dove, whose life Helen had saved, was brought home by Beauclerc, and was offered to her and accepted. Whether she had done a good or a bad action, by thus saving the life of a pigeon at the expense of a heron, may be doubted, and will be decided according to the several tastes of ladies and gentlemen for herons or doves. As Lady Davenant remarked, Helen's humanity (or dove-anity, as Churchill called it,) was of that equivocal sort which is ready to destroy one creature to save another which may happen to be a greater favourite.

Be this as it may, the favourite had a friend upon the present occasion, and no less a friend than General Clarendon, who presented it with a marble basin, such as doves should drink out of, by right of long prescription.

The General feared, he said, "that this vase might be a little too deep—dangerously perhaps——"

But Helen thought nothing could be altogether more perfect in taste and in kindness—approving Beauclerc's kindness too—a remembrance of a day most agreeably spent.

Churchill, to whom she looked, as she said the last words, with all becoming politeness, bowed and accepted the compliment, but with a reserve of jealousy on the brow; and as he looked again at dove caressing and caressed, and then at the classic vase—he stood vexed, and to himself he said,

"So this is the end of all my pains—hawking and all, 'quite chivalrous!' Beauclerc carries off the honours and pleasures of the day, and his present and his dove are to be all in all. Yet still," continued he to himself, in more consolatory thought—"she is so open in her very love for the bird, that it is plain she has not yet any love for the man. She would be somewhat more afraid to show it, delicate as she is. It is only friendship—honest friendship, on her side; and if her affections be not engaged somewhere else—she may be mine: if—if I please—if—I can bring myself fairly to propose—we shall see—I shall think of it."

And now he began to think of it seriously.—Miss Stanley's indifference to him, and the unusual difficulty which he found in making any impression, stimulated him in an extraordinary degree. Helen now appeared to him even more beautiful than he had at first thought her—"Those eyes that fix so softly," thought he, "those dark eyelashes—that blush coming and going so beautifully—and there is a timid grace in all her motions, with that fine figure too—and that high-bred turn of the neck!—altogether she is charming! and she will be thought so!—she must be mine!"

She would do credit to his taste, he thought she would, when she had a little more *usage du monde*, do the honours of his house well, and it would be delightful to train her!—If he could but engage her affections before she had seen more of the world, she might really love him for his own sake—and Churchill wished to be really loved, if possible, for his own sake; but of the reality of modern love he justly doubted, especially for a man of his fortune and his age; yet, with Helen's youth and innocence, he began to think he had some chance of disinterested attachment, and he determined to bring out for her the higher powers of his mind—the better parts of his character.

One day Lady Davenant had been speaking of London conversation. "So brilliant," said she, "so short-lived, as my friend Lady Emmeline K—— once said, 'London wit is like gas, which lights at a touch, and at a touch can be extinguished;'" and Lady Davenant concluded with a compliment to him who was known to have this "*touch and go*" of good conversation to perfection.

Mr. Churchill bowed to the compliment, but afterwards sighed, and it seemed an honest sigh, from the bottom of his heart. Only Lady Davenant and Helen were in the room, and turning to Lady Davenant, he said,

"If I have it, I have paid dearly for it, more than it is worth, much too dearly, by the sacrifice of higher powers; I might have been a very different person from what I am."

Helen's attention was instantly fixed, but Lady Davenant suspected he was now only talking for effect. He saw what she

thought—it was partly true, but not quite. He felt what he said at the moment, and, besides, there is always a sincere pleasure in speaking of one's self when one can do it without exposing one's self to ridicule, and with a chance of obtaining real sympathy.

"It was my misfortune," he said, "to be spoiled, even in childhood, by my mother."

As he pronounced the word "mother," either his own heart or Helen's eyes made him pause with a look of respectful tenderness. It was cruel of a son to blame the fond indulgence of a mother; but the fact was, she brought him forward too early as a clever child, fed him too much with that sweet dangerous fostering dew of praise. The child—the man—must suffer for it afterwards.

"True, very true," said Lady Davenant; "I quite agree with you."

"I could do nothing without flattery," continued he, pursuing the line of confession which he saw had fixed Lady Davenant's attention favourably. Unluckily, I came too early into possession of a large fortune, and into the London world, and I lapped the stream of prosperity as I ran, and it was sweet with flattery, intoxicating, and I knew it, and yet could not forbear it. Then in a London life every thing is too stimulating—over-exciting. If there are great advantages to men of science and literature in museums and public libraries, the more than *Avicenna* advantages of having books come at will, and ministering spirits in waiting on all your pursuits—there is too much of every thing except time, and too little of that. The treasures are within our reach, but we cannot clutch, we have, but we cannot hold. We have neither leisure to be good, nor to be great: who can think of living for posterity, when he can scarcely live for the day? and sufficient for the day are never the hours thereof. From want of time, and from the immense quantity that nevertheless must be known, comes the necessity, the unavoidable necessity, of being superficial."

"Why should it be an unavoidable necessity?" asked Lady Davenant.

"Because *should* waits upon *must*, in London always, if not elsewhere," said Churchill.

"A conversation answer," replied Lady Davenant.

"Yes, I allow it; it is even so, just so, and to such tricks, such playing upon words, do the bad habits of London conversation lead;" and Lady Davenant wondered at the courage of his candour, as he went on to speak of the petty jealousies, the palsy envy, the miserable selfish susceptibility generated by the daily competition of London society. Such dissensions, such squabbles—an ignoble but appropriate word—such deplorable, such scandalous squabbles among literary, and even among sci-

entire men. "And who," continued he, "who can hope to escape in such a tainted atmosphere—an atmosphere overloaded with life, peopled with myriads of little buzzing stinging vanities! It really requires the strength of Hercules, mind and body, to go through our labours, fashionable, political, bel esprit, altogether too much for mortal! In parliament, in politics, in the tug of war you see how the strongest minds fail, come to untimely——"

"Do not touch upon that subject," cried Lady Davenant, suddenly agitated. Then, commanding herself, she calmly added—"As you are not now, I think, in parliament, it cannot affect you. What were you saying?—your health of mind and body, I think you said, you were sensible had been hurt by ——"

"These straining, incessant competitions have hurt me. My health suffered first, then my temper—temper almost always follows health: mine has, certainly. It was originally good, now, as you have seen, I am afraid"—glancing at Helen, who quickly looked down, "I am afraid I am irritable."

There was an awkward silence. Helen thought it was for Lady Davenant to speak: but Lady Davenant did not contradict Mr. Churchill. Now, the not contradicting a person who is abusing himself, is one of the most heinous offences to self-love that can be committed; and it often provokes false candour to pull off the mask and throw it in your face; but either Mr. Horace Churchill's candour was true, or it was so well guarded at the moment that no such catastrophe occurred.

"Worse than this had effect on my temper," continued he, "I feel that my whole mind has been deteriorated—my ambition dwindled to the shortest span—my thoughts contracted to the narrow view of mere *effect*; what would please at the dinner-table or at the clubs—what will be thought by this literary coterie, or in that fashionable boudoir. And for this *reputation de salon* I have sacrificed all hope of other reputation, all power of obtaining it, all hope of ——" (here he added a few words murmured down to Lady Davenant's embroidery frame, yet still in such a tone that Helen could not help thinking he meant she should hear)—"If I had a heart such as——" he paused, and, as if struck with some agonizing thought, he sighed deeply, and then added—"but I have not a heart worth such acceptance, or I would make the offer."

Helen was not sure what these words meant, but she now pitied him, and she admired his candour, which she thought was so far above the petty sort of character he had at first done himself the injustice to seem, and she seized the first opportunity to tell Beauclerc all Mr. Churchill had said to Lady Davenant and to her, and of the impression it had made upon them both. Beauclerc had often discussed Mr. Churchill's character with her, but she was disappointed when she saw that what she told

made no agreeable impression on Beauclerc: at first he stood quite silent, and when she asked what he thought, he said—"It's all very fine, very clever."

"But it is all true," said Helen, "and I admire Mr. Churchill's knowing the truth so well and telling it so candidly."

"Every thing Mr. Churchill has said may be true—and yet I think the truth is not in him."

"You are not usually so suspicious," said Helen. "If you had heard Mr. Churchill's voice and emphasis, and seen his look and manner at the time, I think you could not have doubted him."

The more eager she grew, the colder Mr. Beauclerc became. "Look and manner, and voice and emphasis," said he, "make a great impression, I know, on ladies."

"But what is your reason, Mr. Beauclerc, for disbelief? I have as yet only heard that you believe every thing that Mr. Churchill said was true, and yet that you do not believe in his truth," said Helen, in a tone of raillery.

And many a time before had Beauclerc been the first to laugh when one of his own paradoxes stared him in the face; but now he was more out of countenance than amused, and he looked seriously about for reasons to reconcile his seeming self-contradiction.

"In the first place, all those allusions and those metaphorical expressions, which you have so wonderfully well remembered, and which, no doubt, were worth remembering; all those do not give me the idea of a man who was really feeling in earnest, and speaking the plain truth about faults, for which, if he felt at all, he must be too much ashamed to talk in such a grand style, and to talk of them at all, except to most intimate friends, seems so unnatural, and quite out of character in a man who had expressed such horror of egotists, and who is excessively circumspect in general."

"Yes, but Mr. Churchill's forgetting all his little habits of circumspection, and all fear of ridicule, is the best proof of his being quite in earnest—that all he said was from his heart."

"I doubt whether he has any heart," said Beauclerc.

"Poor man he said——" Helen began, and then recollecting the words, 'or I would make the offer,' she stopped short, afraid of the construction they might bear, and then, ashamed of her fear, she coloured deeply.

"Poor man, he said——" repeated Beauclerc, fixing his eyes upon her, "What did he say, may I ask?"

"No," said Helen, "I am not sure that I distinctly heard or understood Mr. Churchill."

"Oh! if there was any mystery!" Beauclerc begged pardon.

And he went away very quickly. He did not touch upon the subject again, but Helen saw that he never forgot it, and, by a



few words which she heard him say to Lady Davenant about his dislike to half-confidences, she knew he was displeased, and she thought he was wrong. She began to fear that his mistrust of Churchill arose from envy at his superior success in society; and, though she was anxious to preserve her newly-acquired good opinion of Churchill's candour, she did not like to lose her esteem for Beauclerc's generosity. Was it possible that he could be seriously hurt at the readiness with which Mr. Churchill availed himself of any idea which Beauclerc threw out, and which he dressed up, and passed as his own? Perhaps this might be what he meant by 'the truth is not in him.' She remembered that the first day Mr. Churchill had appeared at Clarendon Park, she sat between him and Beauclerc, and he did not seem to pay the least attention to what Mr. Beauclerc was saying to her; yet, fully occupied as he had apparently been in talking for the company in general, he had through all heard Granville telling the Chinese fable of the 'Man in the Moon,' whose business it is to knit together with an invisible silken cord those who are predestined for each other.' Presently, before the dessert was over, Helen found the 'Chinese Man in the Moon,' whom she thought she had all to herself, figuring at the other end of the table, and received with great applause. And was it possible that Beauclerc, with his abundant springs of genius, could grudge a drop thus stolen from him? but without any envy in the case, he was right in considering such theft, however petty, as a theft, and in despising the meanness of the thief. Such meanness was strangely incompatible with Mr. Churchill's frank confession of his own faults. Could that confession be only for effect?

Her admiration had been sometimes excited by a particular happiness of thought, beauty of expression, or melody of language in Mr. Churchill's conversation. Once Beauclerc had been speaking with enthusiasm of modern Greece, and his hopes that she might recover her ancient character; and Mr. Churchill, as if admiring the enthusiasm, yet tempering it with better judgment, smiled, paused, and answered,

"But Greece is a dangerous field for a political speculator; the imagination produces an illusion resembling the beautiful appearances which are sometimes exhibited in the Sicilian straits; the reflected images of ancient Grecian glory pass in a rapid succession before the mental eye, and, delighted with the captivating forms of greatness and splendour, we forget for a moment that the scene is in reality a naked waste."

Some people say they can distinguish between a written and a spoken style, but this depends a good deal on the art of the speaker. Churchill could give a colloquial tone to a ready-written sentence, and could speak it with an off-hand grace, a carelessness which defied all suspicion of preparation; and the

look, and pause, and precipitation—each and all came in aid of the actor's power of perfecting the illusion. If you had heard and seen him, you would have believed that, in speaking this passage, the thought of the *Fata Morgana* rose in his mind at the instant, and that, seeing it pleased you, and pleased with it himself, encouraged by your look of intelligence, and borne along by your sympathy, the eloquent man followed his own idea with a happiness more than care, admirable in conversation. A few days afterwards, Helen was very much surprised to find her admired sentence word for word in a book, from which Churchill's card fell as she opened it.

Persons without a name Horace treated as barbarians who did not know the value of their gold; and he seemed to think that if they chanced to possess rings and jewels, they might be plucked from them without remorse, and converted to better use by some lucky civilized adventurer. Yet in his most successful piracies he was always haunted by the fear of discovery, and he especially dreaded the acute perception of Lady Davenant; he thought she suspected his arts of appropriation, and he took the first convenient opportunity of sounding her opinion on this point.

"How I enjoy," said he to Lady Cecilia, "telling a good story to you, for you never ask if it is a fact. Now, in a good story, no one sticks to absolute fact; there must be some little embellishment. No one would send his own or his friend's story into the world without 'putting a hat on its head, and a stick into its hand,'" Churchill triumphantly quoted; this time he did not steal.

"But," said Lady Davenant, "I find that even the pleasure I have in mere characteristic or humorous narration is heightened by my dependence on the truth—the character for truth—of the narrator."

Not only Horace Churchill, but almost every body present, except Helen, confessed that they could not agree with her. The character for truth of the story-teller had nothing to do with his story, unless it was *historique*, or that he was to swear to it.

"And even if it were *historique*," cried Horace, buoyed up at the moment by the tide in his favour, and floating out farther than was prudent—"and even if it were *historique*, how much pleasanter is graceful fiction than grim, rigid truth; and how much more amusing in my humble opinion!"

"Now," said Lady Davenant, "for instance, this book I am reading—(it was Dumont's '*Memoires de Mirabeau*')—this book which I am reading, gives me infinitely increased pleasure, from my certain knowledge, my perfect conviction of the truth of the author. The self-evident nature of some of the facts would support themselves, you may say, in some instances; but my perceiving the scrupulous care he takes to say no more than what

he knows to be true, my perfect reliance on the relater's private character for integrity, gives a zest to every anecdote he tells—a specific weight to every word of conversation which he repeats—appropriate value to every trait of wit or humour characteristic of the person he describes. Without such belief, the characters would not have to me, as they now have, all the power, and charm, and life, of nature and reality. They are all now valuable as records of individual varieties that have positively so existed. While the most brilliant writer could, by fiction, have produced an effect, valuable only as representing the general average of human nature, but adding nothing to our positive knowledge, to the data from which we can reason in future."

Churchill understood Lady Davenant too well to stand quite unembarrassed as he listened; and when she went on to say how differently she should have felt in reading these memoirs if they had been written by Mirabeau himself; with all his brilliancy, all his talents, how inferior would have been her enjoyment as well as instruction! his shrinking conscience told him how this might all be applied to himself; yet, strange to say, though somewhat abashed, he was nevertheless flattered by the idea of a parallel between himself and Mirabeau. Celebrity, notoriety, was so much more his object than honest fame.

But even in the better parts of his character, his liberality in money matters, his good-natured patronage of rising genius, the meanness of his mind broke out. There was a certain young poetess whom he had encouraged; she happened to be sister to Mr. Mapletoft, Lord Davenant's secretary, and she had spoken with enthusiastic gratitude of Mr. Churchill's kindness. She was going to publish a volume of Sonnets under Mr. Churchill's patronage, and as she happened to be now at some country-town in the neighbourhood, he requested Lady Cecilia to allow him to introduce this young authoress to her. She was invited for a few days to Clarendon Park, and Mr. Churchill was zealous to procure subscriptions for her, and eager to lend the aid of his fashion and his literary reputation to bring forward the merits of her book. "Indeed," he whispered, "he had given her some little help in the composition," and all went well till, in an evil hour, Helen praised one of the sonnets rather too much—more, he thought, than she had praised another, which was his own. His jealousy awakened—he began to criticise his protégée's poetry. Helen, not immediately aware of how it was with him, went on, defending her admiration, and reminded him that he had himself recommended these lines to her notice.

"Well!—yes—I did say the best I could for the whole thing, and for her it is surprising—that is, I am anxious the publication should take. But if we come to compare—you know this cannot stand certain comparisons that might be made. Miss

Stanley's own taste and judgment must perceive—when we talk of genius—that is quite out of the question, you know.”

Horace was so perplexed between his philanthropy and his jealousy, his desire to show the one, and his incapability of concealing the other, that he became unintelligible; and Helen laughed, and told him that she could not now understand what his opinion really was. She was quite ready to agree with him, she said, if he would but agree with himself: this made him disagree still more with himself, and unluckily with his better self, his benevolence quite gave way before his jealousy and ill-humour, and he vented it upon the book, and, instead of prophecies of its success, he now groaned over ‘sad careless lines,’—“passages that lead to nothing,”—“similes that will not hold when you come to examine them.”

Helen pointed out in the dedication a pretty, a happy thought.

Horace smiled, and confessed that was his own.

What! in the dedication to himself?—and in the blindness of his vanity he did not immediately see the absurdity.

The more he felt himself in the wrong, of course the more angry he grew, and it finished by his renouncing the dedication altogether, declaring he would have none of it. The book and the lady might find a better patron.

There are things which no man of real generosity could say or do, or think, put him in ever so great a passion. He would not be harsh to an inferior—a woman—a protégée on whom he had conferred obligations; but Mr. Churchill was harsh—he showed neither generosity nor feeling, and Helen's good opinion of him sank to rise no more.

Of this, however, he had not enough of the sympathy or penetration of feeling to be aware.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE party now at Clarendon Park was chiefly of young people. Among them were two cousins of Lady Cecilia's, whom Helen had known at Cecilhurst before they went abroad, while she was still almost a child. Lady Katrine Hawksby, the elder, was several years older than Cecilia. When Helen last saw her, she was tolerably well-looking, very fashionable, and remarkable for high spirits, with a love for *quizzing*, and for all that is vulgarly called *fun*, and a talent for ridicule, which she indulged at every body's expense. She had always amused Cecilia, who thought her more diverting than really ill-natured; but Helen thought her more ill-natured than diverting, never liked her, and had her own private reasons for thinking that she was no good friend to Cecilia: but now, in consequence, either of the wear and tear of London life, or of a disappointment in love or matrimony, she had lost the fresh plumpness of youth; and gone too was that spirit of mirth, if not of good-humour, which used to enliven her countenance. Thin and sallow, the sharp features remained, and the sarcastic without the arch expression; still she had a very fashionable air. Her pretensions to youth, as her dress showed, were not gone; and her hope of matrimony, though declining, not set. Her many years younger sister, Louisa, now Lady Castlefort, was beautiful. As a girl, she had been the most sentimental, refined, delicate creature conceivable; always talking poetry—and so romantic, with such a soft, sweet, die-away voice—lips apart—and such fine eyes, that could so ecstatically turn up to heaven, or be so cast down, charmingly fixed in contemplation:—and now she is married, just the same. There she is, established in the library at Clarendon Park, with the most sentimental fashionable novel of the day, beautifully bound, on the little rose-wood table beside her, and a manuscript poem, a great secret, "Love's Last Sigh," in her bag, with her smelling-bottle and embroidered handkerchief; and on that beautiful arm she leaned so gracefully, with her soft languishing expression; so perfectly dressed too—handsomer than ever.

Helen was curious to know what sort of man Lady Louisa had married, for she recollected that no hero of any novel that ever was read, or talked of came up to her idea of what a hero ought to be, of what a man must be, whom she could ever think of loving. Cecilia told Helen that she had seen Lord Castlefort, but that he was not Lord Castlefort or likely to be Lord Castlefort, at that time; and she bade her guess, among all she could recollect having ever seen at Cecilhurst, who the man of Louisa's choice could be. Lady Katrine, with infinite forbearance, smiled, and gave no hint, while Helen guessed and guessed in vain. She could hardly believe her senses when she saw him come into the room. He was a little deformed man, for whom Lady Louisa had always expressed to her companions a peculiar abhorrence. He had that look of conceit which unfortunately sometimes accompanies personal deformity, and which disgusts even *Pity's* self. Lord Castlefort was said to have declared himself made for love and fighting! Helen remembered that kind-hearted Cecilia had often remonstrated for humanity's sake, and stopped the quizzing which used to go on in their private coteries, when the satirical elder sister would have it that *le petit bossu* was in love with Louisa.

But what could make her marry him? Was there any thing within to make amends for the exterior? Nothing—nothing that could “rid him of the lump behind.” But superior to the metamorphoses of love, or of fairy tale, are the metamorphoses of fortune. Fortune had suddenly advanced him to uncounted thousands and a title, and no longer *le petit bossu*, Lord Castlefort obtained the fair hand—the very fair hand of Lady Louisa Hawksby, *plus belle que fée!*

Still Helen could not believe that Louisa had married him voluntarily; but Lady Cecilia assured her that it was voluntarily, quite voluntarily. “You could not have so doubted had you seen the *trousseau* and the *corbeille*, for you know, ‘*Le present fait oublier le futur.*’”

Helen could scarcely smile.

“But Louisa had feeling—really some,” continued Lady Cecilia, “but she could not afford to follow it. She had got into such debt, I really do not know what she would have done if Lord Castlefort had not proposed; but she has some little heart, and I could tell you a secret; but no, I will leave you the pleasure of finding it out.”

“It will be no pleasure to me,” said Helen.

“I never saw any body so out of spirits,” cried Cecilia, laughing, “at another's unfortunate marriage, which all the time she thinks very fortunate. She is quite happy, and even Katrine does not laugh at him any longer, it is to be supposed; it is no laughing matter now.”

“No, indeed,” said Helen.

"Nor a crying matter either," said Cecilia. "Do not look shocked at me, my dear, I did not do it; but so many do, and I have seen it so often, that I cannot wonder with such a foolish face of blame—I do believe, my dear Helen, that you are envious because Louisa is married before you! for shame, my love! Envy is a naughty passion, you know our Madame Bonne used to say; but here's mamma, now talk to her about Louisa Castlefort, pray."

Lady Davenant took the matter with great coolness, was neither shocked nor surprised at this match, she had known so many worse; Lord Castlefort, as well as she recollected, was easy enough to live with. "And after all," said she, "it is better than what we see every day, the fairest of the fair knowingly, willingly giving themselves to the most profligate of the profligate. In short, the market is so overstocked with accomplished young ladies on the one hand, and on the other, men find wives and establishments so expensive, clubs so cheap and so much more luxurious than any home, liberty not only so sweet, but so fashionable, that their policy, their maxim is, 'Marry not at all, or if marriage be ultimately necessary to pay debts and leave heirs to good names, marry as late as possible;' and thus the two parties with their opposite interests stand at bay, or try to outwit or outbargain each other. And if you wish for the moral of the whole affair, here it is: from the vulgar nursery-maids, with their broad sense and bad English, and the good or bad French of the governess, to the elegant innuendo of the drawing-room, all is working to the same effect: dancing-masters, music-masters, and all the tribe, what is it all for, but to prepare young ladies for the grand event; and to raise in them, besides the natural, a factitious, an abstract idea of good, in being married! Every girl in these days is early impressed with the idea that she must be married, that she cannot be happy unmarried. Here is an example of what I meant the other day by strength of mind; it requires some strength of mind to be superior to such a foolish, vain, and vulgar belief."

"It will require no great strength of mind in me," said Helen, "for I really have never formed such notions. They never were early put into my head; my uncle always said a woman might be very happy unmarried. I do not think I shall ever be seized with a terror of dying an old maid."

"You are not come to the time yet, my dear," said Lady Davenant, smiling. "Look at Lady Katrine: strength of mind on this one subject would have saved her from being a prey to envy, and jealousy, and all the vulture passions of the mind."

"In the old French *régime*," continued Lady Davenant, "the young women were at least married safely out of their convents; but our young ladies, with their heads full of high-flown poetry and sentimental novels, are taken out into the world before mar-

riage, expected to see and not to choose, shown the most agreeable, and expected, doomed to marry the most odious. But, in all these marriages for establishment, the wives who have least feeling are not only likely to be the happiest, but also most likely to conduct themselves well. In the first place they do not begin with falsehood. If they have no hearts, they cannot pretend to give any to the husband, and that is better than having given them to somebody else. Husband and wife, in this case, clearly understand the terms of agreement, expect, imagine no more than they have, and jog-trot they go on together to the end of life very comfortably."

"Comfortably!" exclaimed Helen, "it must be most miserable."

"Not most miserable, Helen," said Lady Davenant, "keep your pity for others; keep your sighs for those who need them—for the heart which no longer dares to utter a sigh for itself, the faint heart that dares to love, but dares not abide by its choice. Such infatuated creatures, with the roots of feeling left aching within them, must take what opiates they can find; and in after-life, through all their married existence, their prayer must be for indifference, and thankful may they be if that prayer is granted."

These words recurred to Helen that evening, when Lady Castlefort sang some tender and passionate airs; played on the harp with a true Saint Cecilia air and attitude; and at last, with charming voice and touching expression, sung her favourite—"Too late for redress."

Both Mr. Churchill and Beauclerc were among the group of gentlemen; neither was a stranger to her. Mr. Churchill admired and applauded as a connoisseur. Beauclerc listened in silence. Mr. Churchill entreated for more—more—and named several of his favourite Italian airs. Her ladyship really could not. But the slightest indication of a wish from Beauclerc, was, without turning towards him, heard and attended to, as her sister failed not to remark and to make others remark.

Seizing a convenient pause while Mr. Churchill was searching for some master-piece, Lady Katrine congratulated her sister on having recovered her voice, and declared that she had never heard her play or sing since she was married till to-night.

"You may consider it as a very particular compliment, I assure you," continued she, addressing herself so particularly to Mr. Beauclerc that he could not help being a little out of countenance,—“I have so begged and prayed, but she was never in voice or humour, or heart, or something. Yesterday, even Castlefort was almost on his knees for a song,—were not you, Lord Castlefort?"

Lord Castlefort pinched his pointed chin, and, casting up an



angry look, replied in a dissonant voice,—“I do not remember!”

“*Tout voir, tout entendre, tout oublier,*” whispered Lady Katrine to Mr. Churchill, as she stooped to assist him in the search for a music-book—“*Tout voir, tout entendre, tout oublier,* should be the motto adopted by all married people.”

Lady Castlefort seemed distressed, and turning over the leaves in such a flutter that she could not find any thing, and she rose, in spite of all entreaties, leaving the place to her sister, who was, she said, “so much better a musician, and not so foolishly nervous.” Lady Castlefort said her “voice always went away when she was at all——”

There it ended as far as words went; but she sighed, and retired so gracefully, that all the gentlemen pitied her.

There is one moment in which ill-nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity felt for its victim.

Horace followed Lady Castlefort to the ottoman, on which she sank. Beauclerc remained leaning on the back of Lady Katrine’s chair, but without seeming to hear what she said or sung. After some time Mr. Churchill, not finding his attentions well received, or weary of paying them, quitted Lady Castlefort, and sat down by Helen; and, in a voice to be heard by her, but by no one else, he said—

“What a relief!—I thought I should never get away!” Then, favoured by a loud bravura of Lady Katrine’s, he went on—“That beauty, between you and me, is something of a bore—she—I don’t mean the lady who is now screaming—she should always sing. Heaven blessed her with song, not sense—but here one is made so fastidious!”

He sighed, and for some moments seemed to be given up to the duet which Lady Katrine and an officer were performing; and then exclaimed, but so that Helen only could hear,—“Merciful Heaven! how often one wishes one had no ears: that Captain Jones must be the son of Stentor, and that lady!—if angels sometimes saw themselves in a looking-glass when singing—there would be peace upon earth.”

Helen, not liking to be the secret receiver of his contraband good things, was rising to change her place, when, softly detaining her, he said, “Do not be afraid, no danger—trust me, for I have studied under Talma.”

“What can you mean?”

“I mean,” continued he, “that Talma taught me the secret of his dying scenes—how every syllable of his dying words might be heard from the farthest part of the audience; and I—give me credit for my ingenuity—know how, by reversing the art, to be perfectly inaudible at ten paces’ distance, and yet, I trust, perfectly intelligible, always, to you.”

Helen now rose, decidedly, and retreated to a table at the other side of the room, and turned over some books that lay there—she took up a volume of the novel Lady Castlefort had been reading—"Love unquestionable." She was surprised to find it instantly, gently, but decidedly drawn from her hand: she looked up—it was Beauclerc."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stanley, but——"

"Thank you! thank you!" said Helen; "you need not beg my pardon."

This was the first time Beauclerc had spoken in his friendly, cordial, natural manner, to her, since their incomprehensible misunderstanding. She was heartily glad it was over, and that he was come to himself again. And now they conversed very happily together for some time; though what they said might not be particularly worth recording. Lady Katrine was at Helen's elbow before she perceived her, "looking for her sac;" and Lady Castlefort came for her third volume, and, gliding off, wished to all—" *Felice, felicissimo notte.*"

Neither of these sisters had ever liked Helen; she was too true for the one, and too good-natured for the other. Lady Katrine had always, even when she was quite a child, been jealous of Lady Cecilia's affection for Helen; and now her indignation and disappointment were great at finding her established at Clarendon Park—to live with the Clarendons, to go out with Lady Cecilia. Now, it had been the plan of both sisters, that Lady Katrine's present visit should be eternal. How they would ever have managed to fasten her ladyship upon the General, even if Helen had been out of the question, need not now be considered. Their disappointment and dislike to Helen were as great as if she had been the only obstacle to the fulfilment of their scheme.

These two sisters had never agreed—

—————"Doomed by Fate  
To live in all the elegance of hate;"

and since Lady Castlefort's marriage, the younger, the beautiful being now the successful lady of the ascendant, the elder writhed in all the combined miseries of jealousy and dependence, and an every day lessening chance of bettering her condition. Lord Castlefort, too, for good reasons of his own, well remembered, detested Lady Katrine, and longed to shake her off. In this wish, at least, husband and wife united; but Lady Castlefort had no decent excuse for her ardent impatience to get rid of her sister. She had magnificent houses in town and country, ample room every where—but in her heart. She had the smallest heart conceivable, and the coldest; but had it been ever so large, or ever so warm, Lady Katrine was surely not the person to get

into it, or into any heart, male or female: there was the despair. "If Katrine was but married—Mr. Churchill, suppose?"

Faint was the *suppose* in Lady Castlefort's imagination. Not so the hope which rose in Lady Katrine's mind the moment she saw him here. "How fortunate!" Her ladyship had now come to that no particular age, when a remarkable metaphysical phenomenon occurs: on one particular subject hope increases as all probability of success decreases. This aberration of intellect is usually observed to be greatest in very clever women; while Mr. Churchill, the flattered object of her present hope, knew how to manage with great innocence and modesty, and draw her on to overt acts of what is called flirtation.

Rousseau says that a man is always awkward and miserable when placed between two women to whom he is making love. But Rousseau had never seen Mr. Churchill, and had but an imperfect idea of the dexterity, the ambiguity, that in our days can be successfully practised by an accomplished male coquette. Absolutely to blind female jealousy may be beyond his utmost skill; but it is easy, as every day's practice shows, to keep female vanity pleasantly perplexed by ocular deception—to make her believe that what she really sees she does not see, and that what is unreal is reality: to make her, to the amusement of the spectators, continually stretch out her hand to snatch the visionary good that for ever eludes her grasp, or changes, on near approach, to gripping mockery.

This delightful game was now commenced with Lady Katrine, and if Helen could be brought to take a snatch, it would infinitely increase the interest and amusement of the lookers-on. Of this, however, there seemed little chance; but the evil eye of envy was set upon her, and the demon of jealousy was longing to work her woe.

Lady Castlefort saw with scornful astonishment that Mr. Beauclerc's eyes, sometimes when she was speaking, when she was singing, would stray to that part of the room where Miss Stanley might be; and when she was speaking to him, he was wonderfully absent. Her ladyship rallied him, while Lady Katrine, looking on, cleared her throat in her horrid way, and longed for an opportunity to discomfit Helen, which supreme pleasure her ladyship promised herself upon the first convenient occasion,—convenient meaning when Lady Davenant was out of the room, for Lady Katrine, though urged by prompting jealousy, dared not attack her when under cover of that protection. From long habit, even her sarcastic nature stood in awe of a certain power of moral indignation, which had at times flashed upon her, and of which she had a sort of superstitious dread, as of an incomprehensible, incalculable power.

But temper will get the better of all prudence. Piqued by

some little preference which Lady Cecilia had shown to Helen's taste in the choice of the colour of a dress, an occasion offered of signalizing her revenge, which could not be resisted. It was a question to be publicly decided, whether blue, green, or white should be adopted for the ladies' uniform at an approaching *fête*. She was deputed to collect the votes. All the company were assembled; Lady Davenant, out of the circle, as it was a matter that concerned her not, was talking to the gentlemen apart.

Lady Katrine went round canvassing. "Blue, green, or white? say blue, *pray*." But when she came to Helen, she made a full stop, asked no question—preferred no prayer, but after fixing attention by her pause, said, "I need not ask Miss Stanley's vote or opinion, as I know my cousin's, and with Miss Stanley it is always 'I say ditto to Lady Cecilia'; therefore, to save trouble, I always count two for Cecilia—one for herself and one for her *double*."

"Right, Lady Katrine Hawksby," cried a voice from afar, which made her start; "you are quite right to consider Helen Stanley as my daughter's double, for my daughter loves and esteems her as her second self—her better self. In this sense Helen is Lady Cecilia's double, but if you mean——"

"Bless me! I don't know what I meant. I declare. I could not have conceived that Lady Davenant—Miss Stanley, I beg a thousand million of pardons."

Helen, with anxious good-nature, pardoned before she was asked, and hastened to pass on to the business of the day, but Lady Davenant would not so let it pass; her eye still fixed, she pursued the quailing enemy—"One word more. In justice to my daughter, I must say, her love has not been won by flattery, as none knows better than the Lady Katrine Hawksby."

The unkindest cut of all, and on the tenderest part. Lady Katrine could not stand it. Conscious and trembling, she broke through the circle, fled into the conservatory, and, closing the doors behind her, would not be followed by Helen, Cecilia, or any body.

Lady Castlefort sighed, and, first breaking the silence that ensued, said, "'Tis such a pity that Katrine will always so let her wit run away with her—it brings her so continually into—for my part, in all humility I must confess, I can't help thinking that, what with its being unfeminine and altogether so incompatible with what in general is thought amiable—I cannot but consider wit in a woman as a real misfortune. What say the gentlemen? they must decide, gentlemen being always the best judges."

With an appealing tone of interrogation she gracefully looked up to the gentlemen; and, after a glance towards Granville Beauclerc, unluckily unnoticed or unanswered, her eyes expected reply from Horace Churchill. He, well feeling the predicament

in which he stood, between a fool and a *femme d'esprit*, answered, with his ambiguous smile, "that no doubt it was a great misfortune to have '*plus d'esprit qu'on ne sait mener*.'"

"This is a misfortune," said Lady Davenant, "that may be deplored for a great genius once in an age, but is really rather of uncommon occurrence. People complain of wit where, nine times in ten, poor wit is quite innocent; but such is the consequence of having kept bad company. Wit and ill-nature having been too often found together, when we see one, we expect the other; and such an inseparable false association has been formed, that half the world take it for granted that there is wit if they do but see ill-nature."

At this moment Mr. Mapleoff, the secretary, entered with his face full of care and his hands full of papers. Lady Katrine needed not to feign or feel any farther apprehensions of Lady Davenant; for, an hour afterwards, it was announced that Lord and Lady Davenant were obliged to set off for town immediately. In the midst of her hurried preparations Lady Davenant found a moment to comfort Helen with the assurance that, whatever happened, she would see her again. It might end in Lord Davenant's embassy being given up. At all events she would see her again—she hoped in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days. "So no leave-takings, my dear child, and no tears—it is best as it is. On my return let me find——"

"Lord Davenant's waiting, my lady," and she hurried away.

## CHAPTER XX.

ABSENT or present, the guardian influence of a superior friend is one of the greatest blessings on earth, and after Lady Davenant's departure Helen was so full of all she had said to her, and of all that she would approve or disapprove, that every action, almost every thought, was under the influence of her friend's mind. Continually she questioned her motives as well as examined her actions, and, while she was thus "justice to herself severe," she could not but condemn some of her conduct, or if not her conduct, her manner, towards Horace Churchill; she had been flattered by his admiration, and had permitted his attentions more than she ought, when her own mind was perfectly made up as to his character. Ever since the affair of the poetess, she had been convinced that she could never make the happiness or redeem the character of one so mean.

According to the ladies' code, a woman is never to understand that a gentleman's attentions mean any thing more than common civility; she is supposed never to see his mind, however he may make it visible, till he declares it in words. But, as Helen could not help understanding his manner, she thought it was but fair to make him understand her by her manner. She was certain that if he were but once completely convinced, not only that he had not made any impression, but that he never could make any impression, on her heart, his pursuit would cease. His vanity, mortified, might revenge itself upon her, perhaps; but this was a danger which she thought she ought to brave; and now she resolved to be quite sincere, as she said to herself, at whatever hazard (probably meaning at the hazard of displeasing Cecilia) she would make her own sentiments clear, and put an end to Mr. Churchill's ambiguous conduct: and this should be done on the very first opportunity.

An opportunity soon occurred—Horace had a beautiful little topaz ring with which Lady Katrine Hawksby fell in raptures; such a charming device!—Cupid and Momus making the world their plaything.

It was evident that Lady Katrine expected that the seal should

be presented to her. Besides being extravagantly fond of baubles, she desired to have this homage from Horace. To her surprise and mortification, however, he was only quite flattered by her approving of his taste:—it was his favourite seal, and so “he kept the topaz, and the rogue was bit.”

Lady Katrine was the more mortified by this failure, because it was witnessed by many of the company, among whom, when she looked round, she detected smiles of provoking intelligence. Soon afterwards the dressing-bell rang, and she quitted the room; one after another every one dropped off, except Helen, who was finishing a letter, and Horace, who stood on the hearth playing with his seal. When she came to sealing-time, he approached and besought her to honour him by the acceptance of this little seal. “If he could obliterate Momus—if he could leave only Cupid, it would be more appropriate. But it was a device invented for him by a French friend, and he hoped she would pardon his folly, and think only of his love!”

This was said so that it might pass either for mere jest or for earnest; his look expressed very sentimental love, and Helen seized the moment to explain herself decidedly.

It was a surprise—a great surprise to Mr. Churchill, a severe disappointment, not only to his vanity but to his heart, for he had one. It was some comfort, however, that he had not quite committed himself, and he recovered—even in the moment of disappointment he recovered himself dexterously enough to turn the tables upon Helen.

He thanked her for her candour—for her great care of his happiness, in anticipating a danger which might have been so fatal to him; but he really was not aware that he had said any thing which required so serious an answer.

Afterwards he amused himself with Lady Katrine at Miss Stanley's expense, representing himself as in the most pitiable case of Rejected Addresses—rejected before he had offered. He had only been guilty of Folly, and he was brought in guilty of Love.

Poor Helen had to endure not only this persiflage, which was soon made to reach her ear, but also the reproaches of Lady Cecilia, who said, “I should have warned you, Helen, not to irritate that man's relentless vanity; now you see the consequences.”

“But, after all, what harm can he do me?” thought Helen. “It is very disagreeable to be laughed at, but still my conscience is satisfied, and that is a happiness that will last; all the rest will soon be over. I am sure I did the thing awkwardly, but I am glad it is done.”

Mr. Churchill soon afterwards received an invitation—a command to join a royal party now at some watering-place; an illustrious person could not live another day without Horace *le desiré*. He showed the note, and acted despair at being compelled

to go, and then he departed. To the splendid party he went, and drowned all recollections of whatever love he had felt in the fresh intoxication of vanity—a diurnal stimulus which, however degrading, and he did feel it degrading, was now become necessary to his existence.

His departure from Clarendon Park was openly regretted by Lady Cecilia, while Lady Katrine secretly mourned over the downfall of her projects, and Beauclerc attempted not to disguise his satisfaction.

He was all life and love, and would then certainly have declared his passion, but for an extraordinary change which now appeared in Helen's manner towards him. It seemed unaccountable; it could not be absolute caprice, she did not even treat him as a friend, and she evidently avoided explanation. He thought, and thought, and came as near the truth without touching it as possible. He concluded that she had understood his joy at Churchill's departure; that she now clearly perceived his attachment; and was determined against him. Not having the slightest idea that she considered him as a married man, he could not even guess the nature of her feelings.

And all the time Helen did not well understand herself; she began to be extremely alarmed at her own feelings—to dread that there was something not quite right. Could it be wrong, very wrong in her mind? This dread had come and gone by fits. This suspicion was first raised by the remarks excited by a slight circumstance which occurred about this time. Her white dove, Beauclerc's gift, was found one morning drowned in the marble vase in which it went to drink. Helen was very sorry—that was surely natural; but she was wonderfully concerned, Lady Katrine scoffingly said; and before every body, before Beauclerc, worse than all, her ladyship represented to the best of her ability the attitude in which she had found Helen mourning over her misfortune, the dove in her hand pressed closely to her bosom—"And in tears—absolutely." She would swear to the tears.

Helen blushed, tried to laugh, and acknowledged it was very foolish. Well, that passed off as only foolish, and she did not at first feel that it was a thing much to be ashamed of in any other way. But she was sorry that Beauclerc was by when Lady Katrine mimicked her; most sorry that he should think her foolish. But then did he? His looks expressed tenderness. He was very tender-hearted. Really manly men always are so; and so she observed to Lady Cecilia. Lady Katrine heard the observation and smiled—her odious smile—implying more than words could say. Helen was not quite clear, however, what it meant to say.

Some days afterwards Lady Katrine took up a book, in which Helen's name had been written in Beauclerc's hand. "*Gage*



*d'amitie*?" said her ladyship; and she walked up and down the room, humming the air of an old French song: interrupting herself now and then to ask her sister if she could recollect the words. "The *refrain*, if I remember right, is something like this—

Sous le nom d'amitié—sous le nom d'amitié,  
La moitié du monde trompe l'autre moitié,  
Sous le nom, sous le nom, sous le nom d'amitié.

"And it ends with

Sous le nom d'amitié, Damon, je vous adore,  
Sous le nom, sous le nom d'amitie.

"Miss Stanley, do you know that song?" concluded her malicious ladyship.

No—Miss Stanley had never heard it before; but the marked emphasis with which Lady Katrine sung and looked, made Helen clear that she meant to apply the words tauntingly to her and Beauclerc,—but which of them her ladyship suspected was cheating or cheated—"sous le nom d'amitié," she did not know. All was confusion in her mind. After a moment's cooler reflection, however, she was certain it could not be Beauclerc who was to blame—it must be herself, and she now very much wished that every body, and Lady Katrine in particular, should know that Mr. Beauclerc was engaged—almost married; if this were but known, it would put an end to all such imputations.

The first time she could speak to Cecilia on the subject, she begged to know how soon Mr. Beauclerc's engagement would be declared. Lady Cecilia slightly answered she could not tell—and when Helen pressed the question she asked,

"Why are you so anxious, Helen?"

Helen honestly told her, and Lady Cecilia only laughed at her for minding what Lady Katrine said,—“When you know yourself, Helen, how it is, what can it signify what mistakes others may make?"

But Helen grew more and more uneasy, for she was not clear that she did know how it was, with herself at least. Her conscience faltered, and she was not sure whether she was alarmed with or without reason. She began to compare feelings that she had read of, and feelings that she had seen in others, and feelings that were new to herself, and in this maze and mist nothing was distinct—much was magnified—all alarming.

One day Beauclerc was within view of the windows on horseback, on a very spirited horse, which he managed admirably; but a shot fired suddenly in an adjoining preserve so startled the horse, that it—oh! what it did Helen did not see, she was so

terrified :—and why was she so much terrified ? She excused herself by saying it was natural to be frightened for any human creature. But, on the other hand, Tom Ladall was a human creature, and she had seen him last week actually thrown from his horse, and had not felt much concern. But then he was not a friend ; and he fell into a soft ditch ; and there was something ridiculous in it which prevented people from caring about it.

With such nice casuistry, she went on pretty well ; and besides, she was so innocent—so ignorant that it was easy for her to be deceived. She went on, telling herself that she loved Beauclerc as a brother—as she loved the General. But when she came to comparisons, she could not but perceive a difference. Her heart never bounded on the General's appearance, let him appear ever so suddenly, as it did one day when Beauclerc returned unexpectedly from Old Forest. Her whole existence seemed so altered by his approach, his presence, or his absence. Why was this ? Was there any thing wrong in it ? To that question it now came continually. She had nobody whose judgment she could consult—nobody to whom she could venture to describe her feelings, or lay open her doubts and scruples. Lady Cecilia would only laugh ; and she could not quite trust either her judgment or her sincerity, though she knew her affection. Besides, after what Cecilia had said of her being safe ; after all she had told her of Beauclerc's engagement, how astonished and shocked Cecilia would be !

Then Helen resolved that she would keep as strict a watch over herself, and repress all emotion, and be severe with her own mind to the utmost ; and it was upon this resolution that she had changed her manner, without knowing how much, towards Beauclerc ; she was certain he meant nothing but friendship. It was her fault if she felt too much pleasure in his company ; the same things were, as she wisely argued, right or wrong, according to the intention with which they were said, done, looked, or felt. Rigidly she inflicted on herself the penance of avoiding his delightful society, and to make sure that she did not try to attract, she repelled him with all her power—thought she never could make herself cold, and stiff, and disagreeable enough to satisfy her conscience.

Then she grew frightened at Beauclerc's looks of astonishment—feared he would ask explanation—avoided him more and more. Then, on the other hand, she feared he might guess and interpret *wrong*, or rather *right*, this change ; and back she changed, tried in vain to keep the just medium—she had lost the power of measuring—altogether she was very unhappy, and so was Beauclerc ; he found her incomprehensible, and thought her capricious. His own mind was fluttered with love, so that he could not see or judge distinctly, else he might have seen the

truth; and sometimes, though free from conceit, he did hope it might be all love. But why, then, so determined to discourage him? he had advanced sufficiently to mark his intentions, she could not doubt his sincerity. He would see farther before he ventured farther. He thought a man was a fool who proposed before he had tolerable reason to believe he should not be refused.

Lord Beltravers and his sisters were now expected at Old Forest immediately, and Beauclerc went thither early every morning, to press forward the preparations for the arrival of the family, and he seldom returned till dinner-time; and every evening Lady Castlefort contrived to take possession of him. It appeared to be indeed as much against his will as it could be between a well-bred man and a high-bred belle; but to do her bidding seemed, if not a moral, at least a polite necessity. She had been spoiled, she owned, by foreign attentions, not French, for that is all gone now at Paris, but Italian manners, which she so much preferred. She did not know how she could live out of Italy, and she must convince Lord Castlefort that the climate was necessary for her health. Mean while she adopted, she acted, what she conceived to be foreign manners, and with an exaggeration common with those who have very little sense and a vast desire to be fashionable with a certain set. Those who knew her best (all but her sister Katrine, who shook her head,) were convinced there was really no harm in Lady Castlefort, "only vanity and folly." How frequently folly leads farther than fools ever, or wise people often foresee, we need not here stop to record. On the present occasion, all at Clarendon Park, even those most inclined to scandal, persons who, by the by, may be always known by their invariable preface of, "I hate all scandal," agreed that no one *so far* could behave better than Granville Beauclerc—"so far,"—"as yet." But all the elderly who had any experience of this world, all the young who had any intuitive prescience in these matters, could not but fear that things could not long go on as they were now going. It was sadly to be feared that so young a man, and so very handsome a man, and such an admirer of beauty, and grace, and music, and of such an enthusiastic temper, must be in danger of being drawn on farther than he was aware, and before he knew what he was about.

The General heard and saw all that went on without seeming to take heed, only once he asked Cecilia how long she thought her cousins would stay. She did not know, but she said "she saw he wished them to be what they were not—cousins once removed—and quite agreed with him." He smiled, for a man is always well pleased to find his wife agree with him in disliking her cousins.

One night—one fine moonlight night—Lady Castlefort, stand-

ing at her conservatory door with Beauclerc, after talking an inconceivable quantity of nonsense about her passion for the moon, and her notions about the stars, and congenial souls born under the same planet, proposed to him a moonlight walk.

The General was at the time playing at chess, with Helen, and had the best of the game, but at that moment he made a false move, was check-mated, rose hastily, threw the men together on the board, and forgot to regret his shameful defeat, or to compliment Helen upon her victory. Lady Castlefort, having just discovered that the fatality nonsense about the stars would not quite do for Beauclerc, had been the next instant seized with a sudden passion for astronomy; she must see those charming rings of Saturn, which she had heard so much of, which the General was showing Miss Stanley the other night; she must beg him to lend his telescope; she came up with her sweetest smile to trouble the General for his glass. Lord Castlefort, following, objected strenuously to her going out at night; she had been complaining of a bad cold when he wanted her to walk in the daytime, she would only make it worse by going out in the night air. If she wanted to see Saturn and his rings, the General, he was sure, would fix a telescope at the window for her.

But that would not do, she must have a moonlight walk; she threw open the conservatory door, beckoned to Mr. Beauclerc, and how it ended Helen did not stay to see. She thought that she ought not even to think on the subject, and she went away as fast as she could. It was late, and she went to bed wishing to be up early, to go on with a drawing she was to finish for Mrs. Collingwood—a view by the river-side, that view which had struck her fancy as so beautiful the day she went first to Old Forest. Early the next morning—and a delightful morning it was—she was up and out, and reached the spot from which her sketch was taken. She was surprised to find her little camp-stool, which she had looked for in vain in the hall, in its usual place, set here ready for her, and on it a pencil nicely cut.

Beauclerc must have done this. But he was not in general an early riser. However, she concluded that he had gone over thus early to Old Forest, to see his friend Lord Beltravers, who was to have arrived the day before, with his sisters. She saw a boat rowing down the river, and she had no doubt he was gone. But just as she had settled to her drawing, she heard the joyful bark of Beauclerc's dog Nelson, who came bounding towards her, and the next moment his master appeared, coming down the path from the wood. With quick steps he came till he was nearly close to her, then slackened his pace.

"Good morning!" said Helen; she tried to speak with composure, but her heart beat—she could not help feeling surprise at seeing him—but it was only surprise.

"I thought you were gone to Old Forest?" said she.

"Not yet," said he.

His voice sounded different from usual, and she saw in his some suppressed agitation. She endeavoured to keep her own manner unembarrassed—she thanked him for the nicely-cut pencil, and the exactly well-placed seat. He advanced a step or two nearer, stooped, and looked close at her drawing, but he did not seem to see or know what he was looking at.

At this moment Nelson, who had been too long unnoticed, put up one paw on Miss Stanley's arm, unseen by his master, and encouraged by such gentle reproof as Helen gave, his audacious paw was on the top of her drawing-book the next moment, and the next was upon the drawing—and the paw was wet with dew.—"Nelson!" exclaimed his master, in an angry tone.

"O do not scold him," cried Helen, "do not punish him; the drawing is not spoiled—only wet, and it will be as well as ever when it is dry."

Beauclerc ejaculated something about the temper of an angel while she patted Nelson's penitent head.

"As the drawing must be left to dry," said Beauclerc, "perhaps Miss Stanley would do me the favour to walk as far as the landing-place, where the boat is to meet me—to take me—if I must go to Old Forest!" and he sighed.

She took his offered arm and walked on—surprised—confused;—wondering what he meant by that sigh, and that look—and that strong emphasis on *must*. "If I *must* go to Old Forest." Was not it a pleasure!—was it not his own choice!—what could he mean!—What could be the matter!"

A vague agitating idea rose in her mind, but she put it from her, and they walked on for some minutes, both silent. They entered the wood, and feeling the silence awkward, and afraid that he should perceive her embarrassment, and that he should suspect her suspicion, she exerted herself to speak—to say something, no matter what.

"It is a charming morning!"

After a pause of absence of mind, he answered,

"Charming!—very!"

Then stopping short, he fixed his eyes upon Helen with an expression that she was afraid to understand. It could hardly bear any interpretation but one—and yet that was impossible—ought to be impossible—from a man in Beauclerc's circumstances—engaged—almost a married man, as she had been told to consider him. She did not know at this moment what to think—still she thought she must mistake him, and she should be excessively ashamed of such a mistake, and now more strongly felt the dread that he should see and misinterpret or interpret too rightly her emotion; she walked on quicker, and her breath grew short, and her colour heightened. He saw her agitation—a delightful hope arose in his mind. It was plain she was not indifferent—

he looked at her, but dared not look long enough—feared that he was mistaken. But the embarrassment seemed to change its character even as he looked, and now it was more like displeasure—decidedly, she appeared displeased. And so she was; for she thought now that he must either be trifling with her, or, if serious, must be acting most dishonourably;—her good opinion of him must be destroyed for ever if, as now it seemed, he wished to make an impression upon her heart—yet still she tried not to think, not to see it. She was sorry, she was very wrong to let such an idea into her mind—and still her agitation increased.

Quick as she turned from him, these thoughts passed in her mind, alternately angry and ashamed, and, at last, forcing herself to be composed, telling herself she ought to see farther, and at least to be certain before she condemned him—condemned so kind, so honourable a friend, while the fault might be all her own; she now, in a softened tone, as if begging pardon for the pain she had given, and the injustice she had done him, said some words, insignificant in themselves, but from the voice of kindness charming to Beauclerc's ear and soul.

"Are not we walking very fast?" said she, breathless. She now feared she must have said something more than she intended, and that she had betrayed feelings too much softened. He slackened his pace instantly, and with a delighted look, while she, in a hurried voice, added, "But do not let me delay you.—There is the boat.—You must be in haste—impatient!"

"In haste! impatient! to leave you, Helen!" She blushed deeper than he had ever seen her blush before. Beauclerc in general knew—

"Which blush was anger's, which was love's!"

—But now he was so much moved, he could not decide at the first glance: at the second, there was no doubt; it was anger—not love. Her arm was withdrawn from his. He was afraid he had gone too far. He had called her Helen!

He begged pardon, half humbly, half proudly. "I beg pardon; Miss Stanley I should have said. I see I have offended. I fear I have been presumptuous, but Lady Davenant taught me to trust to Miss Stanley's sincerity, and I was encouraged by her expressions of confidence and friendship."

"Friendship! Oh, yes! Mr. Beauclerc," said Helen, in a hurried voice, eagerly seizing on and repeating the word friendship; "yes, I have always considered you as a friend. I am sure I shall always find you a sincere, good friend."

"Friend!" he repeated, in a disappointed tone—all his hopes sunk. She took his arm again, and he was displeased even with that. She was not the being of real sensibility he had fancied—she was not capable of a real love. So vacillated his heart

and his imagination, and so quarrelled he, alternately, every instant with her and with himself. He could not understand her, or decide what he should next do or say himself; and there was the boat nearing the land, and they were going on, on, towards it in silence. He sighed.

It was a sigh that could not but be heard and noticed; it was not meant to be noticed, and yet it was. What could she think of it? She could not believe that Beauclerc meant to act treacherously. This time she was determined not to take any thing for granted, not to be so foolish as she had been with Mr. Churchill.

"Is not that your boat that I see, rowing close?"

"Yes, I believe—certainly. Yes," said he.

But now the vacillation of Beauclerc's mind suddenly ceased. Desperate, he stopped her, as she would have turned down that path to the landing-place where the boat was mooring. He stood full across the path. "Miss Stanley, one word—by one word, one look, decide. You must decide for me whether I stay—or go—for ever!"

"I!—Mr. Beauclerc!—"

The look of astonishment—more than astonishment, almost of indignation—silenced him completely, and he stood dismayed. She pressed onwards, and he no longer stopped her path. For an instant he submitted in despair. "Then I must not think of it. I must go—must I, Miss Stanley? Will not you listen to me, Helen? Advise me; let me open my heart to you as a friend."

She stopped under the shady tree beneath which they were passing, and, leaning against it, she repeated, "As a friend—but, no, no, Mr. Beauclerc—no; I am not the friend you should consult—consult the General, your guardian."

"I have consulted him, and he approves."

"You have! That is well, that is well at all events," cried she; "if he approves, then all is right."

There was a ray of satisfaction on her countenance. He looked as if considering what she exactly meant. He hoped again, and was again resolved to hazard the decisive words. "If you knew all!" and he pressed her arm closer to him—"if I might tell you all—?"

Helen withdrew her arm, decidedly. "I know all," said she; "all I ought to know, Mr. Beauclerc."

"You know all!" cried he, astonished at her manner. "You know the circumstances in which I am placed?"

He alluded to the position in which he stood with Lady Castlefort; she thought he meant with respect to Lady Blanche, and she answered—"Yes: I know all!" and her eye turned towards the boat.

"I understand you," said he; "you think I ought to go?"

"Certainly," said she. It never entered into her mind to doubt the truth of what Lady Cecilia had told her, and she had at first been so much embarrassed by the fear of betraying what she felt she ought not to feel, and she was now so shocked by what she thought his dishonourable conduct, that she repeated, almost in a tone of severity—"Certainly, Mr. Beauclerc, you ought to go."

The words, "since you are engaged,"—"you know you are engaged," she was on the point of adding, but Lady Cecilia's injunctions not to tell him that she had betrayed his secret, stopped her.

He looked at her for an instant, and then abruptly, and in great agitation, said; "May I ask, Miss Stanley, if your affections are engaged?"

"Is that a question, Mr. Beauclerc, which you have a right to ask me?"

"I have no right—no right, I acknowledge—I am answered."

He turned away from her, and ran down the bank towards the boat, but returned instantly, and exclaimed, "If you say to me, go! I am gone for ever!"

"Go!" Helen firmly pronounced. "You never can be more than a friend to me! Oh, never be less!—go!"

"I am gone," said he, "you shall never see me more."

He went, and a few seconds afterwards she heard the splashing of his oars. He was gone! Oh! how she wished that they had parted sooner—a few minutes sooner, even before he had so looked—so spoken!

"Oh! that we had parted while I might have still perfectly esteemed him! but now ——!"

All was sorrow in her mind and utter confusion.



## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Helen attempted to walk, she trembled so much that she could not move, and, leaning against the tree under which she was standing, she remained fixed for some time almost without thought.

Then she began to recollect what had been before all this, and as soon as she could walk she went back for her drawing-book, threw from her the pencil which Beauclerc had cut, and made her way home as fast as she could, and up to her own room, without meeting any body; and as soon as she was there she bolted the door and threw herself upon her bed. She had by this time a dreadful headach, and she wanted to try and get rid of it in time for breakfast—that was her first object; but her thoughts were so confused that they could not fix upon any thing rightly. She tried to compose herself, and to think the whole affair over again; but she could not. There was something so strange in what had passed! The sudden—the total change in her opinion—her total loss of confidence! She tried to put all thoughts and feelings out of her mind, and just to lie stupified if she could, that she might get rid of the pain in her head. She had no idea whether it was late or early, and was going to get up to look at her watch, when she heard the first bell, half an hour before breakfast, and this was the time when Cecilia usually opened the door between their rooms. She dreaded the sound, but when she had expected it some minutes, she became impatient even for that which she feared; she wanted to have it over, and she raised herself on her elbow, and listened with acute impatience: at last the door was thrown wide open, and, bright and gay as ever, in came Cecilia, but at the first sight of Helen, on her bed, wan and miserable, she stopped short.

"My dearest Helen! what can be the matter?"

"Mr. Beauclerc——"

"Well! what of him?" cried Cecilia, and she smiled.

"Oh, Cecilia! do not smile; you cannot imagine——"

"Oh, yes; but I can," cried Cecilia. "I see how it is; I understand it all; and miserable and amazed as you look at this

moment, I will set all right for you in one word. He is not going to be married—not engaged.”

Helen started up. “Not engaged!”

“No more than you are, my dear! Oh! I am glad to see your colour come again!”

“Thank Heaven!” cried Helen, “then he is not——”

“A villain!—not at all. He is all that’s right; all that is charming, my dear. So, thank Heaven, and be as happy as you please.”

“But I cannot understand it,” said Helen, sinking back; I really cannot understand how it is, Cecilia.”

Cecilia gave her a glass of water in great haste, and was very sorry, and very glad, and begged forgiveness, and all in a breath: but as yet Helen did not know what she had to forgive, till it was explained to her in direct words, that Cecilia had told her not only what was not true, but what she at the time of telling knew to be false.

“For what purpose, oh! my dear Cecilia! All to save me from a little foolish embarrassment at first, you have made us miserable at last.”

“Miserable! my dear Helen; at worst miserable only for half an hour. Nonsense! lie down again, and rest your poor head. I will go this minute to Granville. Where is he?”

“Gone! gone for ever! Those were his last words.”

“Impossible! absurd! Only what a man says in a passion. But where is he gone? Only to Old Forest! Gone for ever—gone till dinner-time! Probably coming back at this moment in all haste, like a true lover, to beg your pardon for your having used him abominably ill. Now, smile; do not shake your head, and look so wretched; but tell me exactly, word for word and look for look, all that passed between you, and then I shall know what is best to be done.”

Word for word Helen could not answer, for she had been so much confused, but she told to the best of her recollection; and Cecilia still thought no great harm was done. She only looked a little serious from the apprehension, now the real, true apprehension, of what might happen about Lady Blanche, who, as she believed, was at Old Forest. “Men are so foolish; men in love, so rash. Beauclerc, in a fit of anger and despair on being so refused by the woman he loved, might go and throw himself at the feet of another for whom he did not care in the least, in a strange sort of revenge. But I know how to settle it all, and I will do it this moment.”

But Helen caught hold of her hand, and firmly detaining it, absolutely objected to her doing any thing without telling her exactly and truly what she was going to do.

Lady Cecilia assured her that she was only going to inquire from the General whether Lady Blanche was with her sister at

Old Forest, or not. "Listen to me, my dear Helen; what I am going to say can do no mischief. If Lady Blanche is there, then the best thing to be done is, for me to go immediately, this very morning, to pay the ladies a visit on their coming to the country, and I will bring back Granville. A word will bring him back. I will only tell him there was a little mistake, or, if you think it best, I will tell him the whole truth. Let me go—only let me go and consult the General before the breakfast-bell rings, for I shall have no time afterwards."

Helen let her go, for as Beauclerc had told her that he had opened his mind to the General, she thought it was best that he should hear all that had happened.

The moment the General saw Lady Cecilia come in, he smiled, and said, "Well! my dear Cecilia, you have seen Helen this morning, and she has seen Beauclerc—what is the result? Does he stay, or go?"

"He is gone!" said Cecilia.

The General looked surprised, and sorry.

"He did not propose for her," continued Cecilia; "he did not declare himself—he only began to sound her opinion of him, and she—she contrived to misunderstand—to offend him, and he is gone, but only to Old Forest, and we can have him back again directly."

"That is not likely," said the General, "because I know that Beauclerc had determined that if he went, he would not return for some time. Your friend Helen was to decide. If she gave him any hope, that is, permitted him to appear as her declared admirer, he could with propriety, happiness, and honour, remain here; if not, my dear Cecilia, you must be sensible that he is right to go."

"Gone for some time!" repeated Cecilia, "you mean as long as Lady Castlefort is here."

"Yes," said the General.

"I wish she was gone, I am sure, with all my heart," said Cecilia; "but, in the mean time, tell me, my dear Clarendon, do you know whether Lord Beltravers' sisters are at Old Forest?"

"The General did not think that Lady Blanche had arrived; he was not certain, but he knew that the Comtesse de St. Cymon had arrived yesterday.

"Then," said Cecilia, "it would be but civil to go to see the Comtesse. I will go this morning."

General Clarendon answered instantly, and with decision, that she must not think of such a thing—that it could not be done. "Madame de St. Cymon is a woman of doubtful reputation, not a person with whom Lady Cecilia Clarendon ought to form any acquaintance."

"No, not form an acquaintance—I'm quite aware of that,"

and eagerly she pleaded that she had no intention of doing any thing; "but just one morning visit paid and returned, you know, leads to nothing. Probably we shall neither of us be at home, and never meet; and really it would be such a marked thing not to pay this visit to the Beltravers family on their return to the country. Formerly there was such a good understanding between the Forresters and your father; and really hospitality requires it. Altogether this one visit really must be paid, it cannot be helped, so I will order the carriage."

"It must not be done!" the General said; "it is a question of right, not of expediency."

"Right, but there is nothing really wrong, surely, I believe all that has been said of her is scandal. Nobody is safe against reports—the public papers are so scandalous! While a woman lives with her husband, it is but charitable to suppose all is right. That's the rule. Besides, we should not throw the first stone." Then Lady Cecilia pleaded, Lady this and Lady that, and the whole county, without the least scruple, would visit Madame de St. Cymon.

"Lady this and Lady that may do as they please, or as their husbands think proper or improper, that is no rule for Lady Cecilia Clarendon; and as to the whole county, or the whole world, what is that to me, when I have formed my own determination?"

The fact was, that at this very time Madame de St. Cymon was about to be separated from her husband. A terrible discovery had just been made. Lord Beltravers had brought his sister to Old Forest to hide her from London disgrace; there he intended to leave her to rusticate, while he should follow her husband to Paris immediately, to settle the terms of separation or divorce.

"Beauclerc, no doubt, will go to Paris with him," said the General.

"To Paris! when will he set out?"

"To-day—directly, if Helen has decidedly rejected him; but you say he did not declare himself. Pray tell me all at once."

And if she had done so, all might have been well; but she was afraid. Her husband was as exact about *some things* as her mother; he would certainly be displeased at the deception she had practised on Helen; she could not tell him that, not at this moment, for she had just fooled him to the top of his bent about this visit; she would find a better time; she so dreaded the instant change of his smile—the look of disapprobation; she was so cowardly; in short, the present pain of displeasing—the consequences even of her own folly, she never could endure, and to avoid it she had always recouré to some new evasion; and now, when Helen—her dear Helen's happiness was at stake, she faltered—she paltered—she would not for the world do her any

wrong; but still she thought she could manage without telling the whole—she would tell nothing *but* the truth.

So, after a moment's hesitation, while all these thoughts went through her mind, when the General repeated his question, and begged to know at once what was passing in her little head, she smiled in return for that smile which played on her husband's face while he fondly looked upon her, and she answered,

"I am thinking of poor Helen. She has made a sad mistake—and has a horrid headach at this moment—in short, she has offended Beauclerc past endurance—past his endurance—and he went off in a passion before she found out her mistake. In short, we must have him back again; could you go, my dear love—or write directly?"

"First let me understand," said the General. "Miss Stanley has made a mistake—what mistake?"

"She thought Beauclerc was engaged to Lady Blanche."

"How could she think so? What reason had she?"

"She had been told so by somebody."

"Somebody!—that eternal scandal-monger, Lady Katrine, I suppose."

"No—not Lady Katrine," said Cecilia; "but I am not at liberty to tell you whom."

"No matter; but Miss Stanley is not a fool—she could not believe somebody or any body, contrary to common sense."

"No, but Beauclerc did not come quite to proposing—and you know she had been blamed for refusing Mr. Churchill before she was asked—and in short—in love, people do not always know what they are about."

"I do not understand one word of it," said the General; "nor I am sure do you, my dear Cecilia."

"Yes, I really do, but——"

"My dear Cecilia, I assure you it is always best to let people settle their love affairs their own way."

"Yes, certainly—I would not interfere in the least—only to get Granville back again—and then let them settle it their own way. Cannot you call at Old Forest?"

"No."

"Could you not write?"

"No—not unless I know the whole. I will do nothing in the dark—always tell your confessor, your lawyer, your physician, your friend, your whole case, or they are fools or rogues if they act for you—go back and repeat this to Helen Stanley from me."

"But, my dear, she will think it so unkind."

"Let her show me how I can serve her, and I will do it."

"Only write a line to Beauclerc—say, 'Beauclerc, come back,—here has been a mistake.'"

She would have put a pen into his hand, and held paper to him.

"Let me know the whole, and then, and not till then, can I judge whether I should be doing right for her or not."

The difficulty of telling the whole had increased to Lady Cecilia, even from the hesitation and prevarication she had now made.

"Let me see Helen,—let me speak to her myself—and learn what this strange nonsensical mystery is."

He was getting impatient.

"Cannot I see Miss Stanley?"

"Why no, my dear love, not just now, she has such a headache! She is lying down. There is the breakfast-bell—after breakfast, if you please. But I am clear she would rather not speak to you herself on the subject."

"Then come down to breakfast, my dear, and let her settle it her own way—that is much the best plan. Interference in love matters always does mischief—come to breakfast, my dear—I have no time to lose—I must be off to a court-martial."

He looked at his watch, and Cecilia went half down stairs with him, and then ran back to keep Helen quiet by the assurance that all would be settled—all would be right, and that she would send her up some breakfast—she must not think of coming down; and Cecilia lamented half breakfast-time how subject to headaches poor Helen was; and through this and through all other conversation, she settled what she would do for her. As the last resource, she would tell the whole truth—not to her husband, she loved him too well to face his displeasure for one moment—but to Beauclerc; and writing would be so much easier than speaking—without being put to the blush she could explain it all to Beauclerc, and turn it playfully; and he would be so happy that he would be only too glad to forgive her, and to do any thing she asked. She concocted and wrote a very pretty letter, in which she took all the blame fully on herself—did perfect justice to Helen; said she wrote without her knowledge, and depended entirely upon his discretion, so he must come back of his own accord, and keep her counsel. This letter, however, she could not despatch so soon as she had expected; she could not send a servant with it till the General should be off to his court-martial.

Now, had Cecilia gone the straight-forward way to work, her husband could in that interval, and would, have set all to rights; but this to Cecilia was impossible; she could only wait in an agony of impatience till the General and his officers were all out of the way, and then she despatched a groom with her letter to Old Forest, and desired him to return as fast as possible, while she went to Helen's room, to while away the time of anx-

ious suspense as well as she could; and she soon succeeded in talking herself into excellent spirits again.

"Now, my dear Helen, if that unlucky mistake had not been made,—if you had not fancied that Granville was married already,—and if he had actually proposed for you—what would you have said!—in short—would you have accepted him?"

"Oh! Cecilia, I do hope he will understand how it all was; I hope he will believe that I esteem him as I always did: as to love——"

Helen paused, and Lady Cecilia went on: "As to love, nobody knows any thing about it till it comes—and here it is coming, I do believe!" continued she, looking out of the window.—No! not Mr. Beauclerc, but the man she had sent with her letter, galloping towards the house. Disappointed not to see Beauclerc himself, she could only conclude that as he had not his horse with him, he was returning in the boat.

The answer to her letter was brought in. At the first glance on the direction, her countenance changed. "Not Granville's hand!—what can have happened!" She tore open the note. "He is gone!—gone with Lord Beltravers!—set off!—gone to Paris!"

Helen said not one word, and Cecilia, in despair, repeated "Gone!—gone!—absolutely gone! Nothing more can be done. Oh, that I had done nothing about it! All has failed! Heaven knows what may happen now! Oh! if I could but have let it all alone! I never, never can forgive myself! My dear Helen, be angry with me—reproach me: pray—pray reproach me as I deserve!"

But Helen could not blame one who so blamed herself—one who, however foolish and wrong she had been, had done it all from the kindest motives. In the agony of her penitence, she now told Helen all that had passed between her and the General; that, to avoid the shame of confessing to him her first deception, she had gone on another and another step in these foolish evasions, contrivances, and mysteries; how, thinking she could manage it, she had written without his knowledge; and now, to complete her punishment, not only had every thing which she had attempted failed, but a consequence which she could never have foreseen had happened.—"Here I am, with a note actually in my hand from this horrid Madame de St. Cymon, whom Clarendon absolutely would not hear of my even calling upon! Look what she writes to me. She just took advantage of this opportunity to begin a correspondence before an acquaintance; but I will never answer her. Here is what she says:—

The Comtesse de St. Cymon exceedingly regrets that Lady Cecilia Clarendon's servant did not arrive in time to deliver her

ladyship's letter into Mr. Beauclerc's own hand. Mr. B. left Old Forest with Lord Beltravers early to-day for Paris.

"The Comtesse de St. Cymon, understanding that Lady Cecilia Clarendon is anxious that there should be as little delay as possible in forwarding her letter, and calculating that if returned by her ladyship's servant it must be too late for this day's post from Clarendon Park, has forwarded it immediately with her own letters to Paris, which cannot fail to meet Mr. Beauclerc directly on his arrival there."

"Oh!" cried Lady Cecilia, "how angry the General would be if he knew of this!" She tore the note to the smallest bits as she spoke, and threw them away; and next she begged that Helen would never say a word about it. There was no use in telling the General what would only vex him, and what could not be helped; and what could lead to nothing, for she should never answer this note, nor have any farther communication of any kind with Madame de St. Cymon.

Helen, nevertheless, thought it would be much better to tell the General of it, and she wondered how Cecilia could think of doing otherwise, and just when she had so strongly reproached herself, and repented of these foolish mysteries; and this was going on another step. "Indeed, Cecilia," said Helen, "I wish—on my own account, I wish you would not conceal any thing. It is hard to let the General suspect me of extreme folly and absurdity, or of some sort of double dealing in this business, in which I have done my utmost to do right, and to go straight forward."

Poor Helen, with her nervous headach beating worse and worse, remonstrated and entreated, and came to tears; and Lady Cecilia promised that it should be all done as she desired; but again she changed, and besought Helen to say nothing herself about the matter to the General: and, this acceded to, Lady Cecilia's feelings being as transient as they were vehement, all her self-reproaches, penitence, and fears passed away, and, taking her bright view of the whole affair, she ended with the certainty that Beauclerc would return the moment he received her letter; that he would have it in a very few days, and all would end well, and quite as well as if she had not been a fool.



## CHAPTER XXII.

THE first tidings of Beauclerc came in a letter from him to the General, written immediately after his arrival at Paris. But it was plain that it must have been written before Lady Cecilia's letter, forwarded by Madame de St. Cymon, could have reached him. It was evident that matters were as yet unexplained, from his manner of writing about "the death-blow to all his hopes," and now he was setting off with Lord Beltravers for Naples, to follow M. de St. Cymon, and settle the business of the sister's divorce. Lady Cecilia could only hope that her letter would follow him thither, enclosed in this Madame de St. Cymon's despatches to her brother; and now they could know nothing more till they could hear from Naples.

Mean while, Helen perceived that, though the General continued to be as attentive and kind to her as usual, yet that there was something more careful and reserved in his manner than formerly, less of spontaneous regard, and cordial confidence. It was not that he was displeased by her having discouraged the addresses of his ward, fond as he was of Beauclerc, and well as he would have been pleased by the match. This he distinctly expressed the only time that he touched upon the subject. He said, that Miss Stanley was the best and the only judge of what would make her happy; but he could not comprehend the nature of the mistake she had made; Cecilia's explanations, whatever they were, had not made the matter clear. There was either some caprice, or some mystery, which he determined not to inquire into, upon his own principle of leaving people to settle their love affairs in their own way.

Helen's spirits were lowered: naturally of great sensibility, she depended more for her happiness on her inward feelings than upon any external circumstances. A great deal of gaiety was now going on constantly among the young people at Clarendon Park, and this made her want of spirits more disagreeable to herself, more obvious, and more observed by others. Lady Katrine rallied her unmercifully. Not suspecting the truth, her ladyship presumed that Miss Stanley repented of having, before she was asked, said No instead of Yes, to Mr. Churchill. Ever since his departure she had evidently worn the willow.

Lady Cecilia was excessively vexed by this ill-natured ruffianry; conscious that she had been the cause of all this annoyance to Helen, and of much more serious evil to her, the zeal and tenderness of her affection now increased, and was shown upon every little occasion involuntarily, in a manner that continually irritated her cousin Katrine's jealousy.

Helen had been used to live only with those by whom she was beloved, and she was not at all prepared for the sort of warfare which Lady Katrine carried on; her perpetual sneers, innuendoes and bitter sarcasms, Helen did not resent, but she suffered. The arrows, ill-aimed and weak, could not penetrate far; it was not with their point they wounded, but by their venom—wherever that touched it worked inward mischief.

Often to escape from one false imputation she exposed herself to another more grievous. One night, when the young people wished to dance, and the usual music was not to be had, Helen played quadrilles, and waltzes, for hours with indefatigable good nature, and when some of the party returned their cordial thanks, Lady Katrine whispered, "Our musician has been well paid by Lord Estridge's admiration of her white hands." His lordship had not danced, and had been standing all the evening beside Helen, much to the discomfiture of Lady Katrine, who intended to have had him for her own partner.

The next night, Helen did not play, but joined the dance, and with a boy partner, whom nobody could envy her. The General, who saw wonderfully quickly the by-play of society, marked all this, and now his eye followed Helen through the quadrille, and he said to some one standing by, that Miss Stanley danced charmingly, to his taste, and in such a lady-like manner. He was glad to see her in good spirits again; her colour was raised, and he observed that she looked remarkably well.

"Yes," Lady Katrine answered, "remarkably well; and black is so becoming to that sort of complexion, no doubt this is the reason Miss Stanley wears it so much longer than is customary for an uncle. Short or long mournings are, to be sure, just according to fashion, or feeling, as some say. For my part, I hate long mournings—so like ostentation of sentiment; whatever I did, at any rate I would be consistent. I never would dance in black. Pope, you know, has such a good cut at that sort of thing. Do you recollect the lines!

"And bear about the mockery of wo,  
To midnight dances and the public shew."

Lady Castlefort took Miss Stanley aside, after the dance was over, to whisper to her so good-naturedly, how shockingly severe Katrine had been; faithfully repeating every word that her sister had said. "And so cruel, to talk of your bearing about the

mockery of wo!—But, my sweet little lamb, do not let me distress you so."

Helen, withdrawing from the false caresses of Lady Castlefort, assured her that she should not be hurt by any thing Lady Katrine could say, as she so little understood her real feelings; and at the moment her spirit rose against the injustice, and felt as much superior to such petty malice as even Lady Davenant could have desired.

She had resolved to continue in mourning for the longest period in which it is worn for a parent, because, in truth, her uncle had been a parent to her; and, besides the motive of affection and respect to his memory, she had other reasons—reasons of economy. Economy was necessary to enable her to carry into effect her generous determination to pay the Dean's debts. The difficulty she would find in living in the society she was now with, upon the very small income which remained to her after what she had given up, had been pointed out sufficiently by Mrs. Collingwood. Helen had replied that for the first year she should want nothing, as every thing that could be necessary for that mourning, which she should certainly continue to wear, had been most handsomely provided; but the morning after Lady Katrine's cruel remarks, Cecilia begged that Helen would oblige her by laying aside black. "Let it be on my birth-day." Lady Cecilia's birth-day was to be celebrated the ensuing week.

"Well, for that day certainly I will," Helen said; "but only for that day."

This would not satisfy Cecilia. Helen saw that Lady Katrine's observations had made a serious impression, and, dreading to become the subject of daily observation, perhaps altercation, she yielded. The mourning was thrown aside. Then every thing she wore must be new. Lady Cecilia and Mademoiselle Felicie, her waiting-maid, insisted upon taking the matter into their own hands. Helen really intended only to let one dress for her friend's birth-day be bespoken for her; but from one thing she was led on to another. Lady Cecilia's taste in dress was exquisite. Her first general principle was admirable—"Whatever you buy, let it be the best of its kind, which is always the cheapest in the end." Her second maxim was—"Never have any thing but from such and such people, or from such and such places," naming those who were at the moment accredited by fashion.

"These, of course, make you pay high for the name of the thing; but that must be. The name is all," said Lady Cecilia. "Does your hat, your bonnet, whatever it be, come from the reigning fashionable authority? then it is right, and you are quite right. You can put down all objections and objectors with the magic of a name. You need think no more about your dress; you have no trouble; while the poor creatures who go toiling and

rummaging in cheap shops—what comes of it! but total exhaustion and disgrace!

"Yesterday, now, my dear Helen, recollect. When Lady Katrine, after dinner, asked little Miss Isdale where she bought that pretty hat, the poor girl was quite out of countenance. 'Really she did not know; she only knew it was very cheap.' You saw that nobody could endure the hat afterwards; so that, cheap as it might be, it was money to all intents and purposes absolutely thrown away, for it did not answer its purpose."

Helen, laughing, observed, that if its purpose had been to look well, and to make the wearer look well, it had fully succeeded.

"Sophistry, my dear Helen. The purpose was not to look well, but to have a distinguished air. Dress, and what we call fashion and taste altogether, you know, are mere matters of opinion, association of ideas, and so forth. When will you learn to reason, as mamma says? Do not make me despair of you."

Thus, half in jest, half in earnest, with truth and falsehood, sense and nonsense, prettily blended together, Lady Cecilia prevailed in overpowering Helen's better judgment, and obtained a hasty submission. In economy, as in morals, false principles are far more dangerous than any one single error. One false principle as to laying out money is worse than any bad bargain that can be made, because it leads to bad bargains innumerable. It was settled that all Helen wanted should be purchased, not only from those who sold the best goods, but from certain very expensive houses of fashionably high name in London. And the next point Lady Cecilia insisted upon was, that Helen's dress should always be the same as her own. "You know it used to be so, my dear Helen, when we were children; let it be so now."

"But there is such a difference *now*," said Helen; "and I cannot afford"—

"Difference! Oh! don't talk of differences—let there be none ever between us. Not afford!—nonsense, my dear—the expense will be nothing. In these days you get the materials of dress absolutely for nothing—the fashion—the making up is all—as Felicie and I, and every body who knows any thing of the matter, can tell you. Now all that sort of thing we can save you—here is my wedding paraphernalia all at your service—patterns ready cut—and here is Felicie, whose whole French soul is in the toilette—and there is your own little maid, who has hands, and head, and heart, all devoted to you—so leave it to us—leave it to us, my dear—take no thought what you shall put on—and you will put it on all the better."

Felicie was summoned.

"Felicie, remember Miss Stanley's dress is always to be the same as my own. It must be so, my dear. It will be the greatest pleasure to me," and, with her most persuasive, caressing manner, she added, "My own dear Helen, if you love me, let it be so."

This was an appeal which Helen could not resist. She thought that she could not refuse without vexing Cecilia; and, from a sort of sentimental belief that she was doing Cecilia "a real kindness,"—that it was what Cecilia called "a sisterly act," she yielded to what she knew was unsuited to her circumstances—to what was quite contrary to her better judgment.

It often so happens, that our friends doubly guard one obvious point of weakness, while another exists undiscovered by them, and unknown to ourselves. Lady Davenant had warned Helen against the dangers of indecision and coquetry with her lovers, but this danger of extravagance in dress she had not foreseen—and into how much expense this one weak compliance would lead her Helen could not calculate.

She had fancied that, at least, till she went to town, she should not want any thing expensive—this was a great mistake. Formerly, in England, as still in every other country but England, a marked difference was made in the style of dress in the country and in town. Formerly, over-dressing in the country was reprobated as quite vulgar; but now, even persons of birth and fashion are guilty of this want of taste and sense. They display almost as much expensive dress in the country as in town.

It happened that, among the succession of company at Clarendon Park this summer, there came, self-invited from the royal party in the neighbourhood, a certain wealthy lady, by some called "Golconda," by others "the Duchess of Baubleshire." She was passionately fond of dress, and she eclipsed all rivals in magnificence and variety of ornaments. At imminent peril of being robbed, she brought to the country, and carried about every where with her, an amazing number of jewels, wearing two or three different sets at different times of the day—displaying them on the most absurdly improper occasions—at a fête champêtre, or a boat-race.

Once, after a riding-party, at a pic-nic under the trees, when it had been resolved unanimously that nobody should change their dress at dinner-time, Golconda appeared in a splendid necklace, displayed over her riding-dress, and when she was reproached with having broken through the general agreement not to dress, she replied that,

"Really she had put the thing on in the greatest hurry, without knowing well what it was, just to oblige her little page, who had brought three sets of jewels for her choice—she had chosen the *most undressed* of the three, merely because she could not disappoint the poor little fellow."

Every one saw the affectation and folly, and, above all, the vulgarity of this display, and those who were most envious were most eager to comfort themselves by ridicule. Never was the "Golconda" out of hearing, but Lady Katrine was ready with some instance of her "absurd vanity." "If fortune had but

bleased her with such jewels," Lady Katrine said, "she trusted she should have worn them with better grace;" but it did not appear that the taste for baubles was diminished by the ridicule thrown upon them—quite the contrary, it was plain that the laughers were only envious, and envious because they could not be envied.

Lady Cecilia, who had no envy in her nature—who was really generous—entered not into this vain competition; on the contrary, she refrained from wearing any of her jewels, because Helen had none; besides, simplicity was really the best taste, the General said so—this was well thought and well done for some time, but there was a little lurking love of ornaments in Cecilia's mind, nor was Helen entirely without sympathy in that taste. Her uncle had early excited it in her mind by frequent fond presents of the prettiest trinkets imaginable; the taste had been matured along with her love for one for whom she had such strong affection, and it had seemed to die with its origin. Before she left Cecilhurst, Helen had given away every ornament she possessed: she thought she could never want them again, and she left them as souvenirs with those who had loved her and her uncle.

Cecilia on her birthday brought her a set of forget-me-nots, to match those which she intended to wear herself, and which had been long ago given to Lady Cecilia by the dear good Dean himself. This was irresistible to Helen, and they were accepted.

But this was only the prelude to presents of more value, which Helen scrupled to receive; yet—

"Oft to refuse and never once offend;"

was not so easily done as said, especially with Lady Cecilia; she was so urgent, so caressing, and had so many plausible reasons, suitable to all occasions. On the general's birthday, Lady Cecilia naturally wished to wear his first gift to her—a pair of beautiful pearl bracelets; but then Helen must have the same. Helen thought that Roman pearl would do quite as well for her. She had seen some such excellent imitations, that no eye could detect the difference.

"No eye! very likely; but still your own conscience, my dear!" replied Lady Cecilia. "And if people ask whether they are real, what could you say? You know there are, every where, impertinent people; malicious Lady Katrines, who will ask questions. Oh! positively, I cannot bear to think of your being detected in passing off counterfeits. In all ornaments, it should be genuine, or none—none, or genuine."

"None, then, let it be for me this time, dear Cecilia."

Cecilia seemed to submit, and Helen thought she had well settled it. But, on the day of the General's *fête*, the pearl bracelets were on her dressing-table. They were from the General,

and could not be refused. Cecilia declared she had nothing to do with the matter.

"Oh, Cecilia!"

"Upon my word," cried Lady Cecilia; "and, if you doubt me, the General shall have the honour of presenting, and you the agony of refusing or accepting them in full salon."

Helen sighed, hesitated and submitted. The General, on her appearing with the bracelets, bowed, smiled, and thanked her with his kindest look; and she was glad to see him look kindly upon her again.

Having gained her point so pleasantly this time, Lady Cecilia did not stop there; and Helen found there was no resource but to bespeak beforehand for herself whatever she apprehended would be pressed upon her acceptance. That one false principle which she had unwittingly—no—which she had weakly admitted, that their toilette should be always the same, led to endless difficulties, for either Helen was to be dressed above her fortune and circumstances, or Lady Cecilia was not to wear the ornaments suited to her rank and taste.

Fresh occasions for display, and new necessities for expense, continually occurred. Reviews, and races, and race-balls, and archery meetings, and archery balls, had been, and a regatta was to be. At some of these the ladies had appeared in certain uniforms, new, of course, for the day; and now preparations for the regatta had commenced, and were going on. It was to last several days: and after the boat-races in the morning, there were to be balls at night. The first of these was to be at Clarendon Park, and Mademoiselle Felicie considered her lady's dress upon this occasion as one of the objects of first importance in the universe. She had often sighed over the long unopened jewel-box. Her lady might as well be nobody. Mademoiselle Felicie could no ways understand a lady well born not wearing that which distinguished her above the common; and if she was ever to wear jewels, the ball-room was surely the proper place. And the sapphire necklace would look *à ravir* with her lady's dress, which, indeed, without it, would have no effect; would be quite *mésquine* and *manquée*."

Now Lady Cecilia had a great inclination to wear that sapphire necklace, which probably Felicie saw when she commenced her remonstrances; for it is part of the business of the well-trained waiting-woman, to give utterance to those thoughts which her lady wishes should be divined and pressed into accomplishment. Cecilia considered whether it would not be possible to divide the double rows of her sapphires, to make out a set for Helen as well as for herself; she hesitated only because they had been given to her by her mother, and she did not like to run the hazard of spoiling the set: but still she could manage it, and she would do it. Mademoiselle Felicie protested the

attempt would be something very like sacrilege; to prevent which, she gave a hint to Helen of what was in contemplation.

Helen knew that with Cecilia, when once she had set her heart upon a generous feat of this kind, remonstrance would be in vain; she dreaded that she would, if prevented from the meditated division of the sapphires, purchase for her a new set: she had not the least idea what the expense was, but, at the moment, she thought any thing would do better than letting Cecilia spoil her mother's present, or put her under fresh obligations of this sort. She knew that the sapphires had been got from the jewellers with whom her uncle had dealt, and who were no strangers to her name; she wrote, and bespoke a similar set to Lady Cecilia's.

"*Charmante!* the very thing," Mademoiselle Felicie foresaw, "a young lady so well born would determine on doing. And if she might add a little word, it would be good at the same opportunity to order a ruby brooch, the same as her lady's, as that would be the next object in question for the second day's regatta ball, when it would be indispensable for that night's appearance; *positivement*, she knew her Lady would do it for Miss Stanley, if Miss Stanley did not do it of her own head."

Helen did not think that a brooch could be very expensive; there was not time to consider about it—the post was going—she was afraid that Lady Cecilia would come in and find her writing, and prevent her sending the letter. She hastily added an order for the brooch, finished the letter, and despatched it. And when it was gone she told Cecilia what she had done. Cecilia looked startled; she was well aware that Helen did not know the high price of what she had bespoken. But, determining that she would settle it her own way, she took care not to give any alarm, and shaking her head, she only reproached Helen playfully with having thus stolen a march upon her.

"You think you have outgeneraled me, but we shall see. Remember I am the wife of a general, and not without resources."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the regatta, of the fineness of the weather, the beauty of the spectacle, and the dresses of the ladies, a full account appeared in the papers of the day, of which it would be useless here to give a repetition, and shameful to steal or seem to steal a description.

We shall record only what concerns Helen.

With the freshness of youth and of her naturally happy temper, she was delighted with the whole, to her a perfectly new spectacle, and every body was pleased except Lady Katrine; who, in the midst of every amusement, always found something that annoyed her, something that "should not have been so." She was upon this occasion more cross than usual, because this morning's uniform was not becoming to her, and was most particularly so to Miss Stanley, as all the gentlemen observed.

Just in time before the ladies went to dress for the ball at night, the precious box arrived, containing the set of sapphires. Cecilia opened it eagerly, to see that all was right. Helen was not in the room. Lady Katrine stood by, and when she found that these were for Helen, her envious indignation broke forth.

"The poor daughters of peers cannot indulge in such things," cried she, "they are fit only for rich heiresses! I understood," continued she, "that Miss Stanley had given away her fortune to pay her uncle's debts, but I presume she has thought better of that, as I always prophesied she would—generosity is charming, but, after all, sapphires are so becoming!"

Helen came into the room just as this speech was ended. Lady Katrine had one of the bracelets in her hand. She looked miserably cross, for she had been disappointed about some ornaments she had expected by the same conveyance that brought Miss Stanley's. She protested that she had nothing fit to wear to-night. Helen looked at Cecilia; and though Cecilia's look gave no encouragement, she begged that Lady Katrine would do

her the honour to wear these sapphires this night, since she had not received what her ladyship had ordered. Lady Katrine suffered herself to be prevailed on, but accepted with as ill a grace as possible.

The ball went on, and Helen at least was happier than if she had worn the bracelets. She had no pleasure in being the object of envy, and now, when she found that Cecilia could be and was satisfied, though their ornaments were not exactly alike, it came full upon her mind that she had done foolishly in bespeaking these sapphires: it was at that moment only a transient self-reproach for extravagance, but before she went to rest this night it became more serious.

Lady Davenant had been expected all day, but she did not arrive till late in the midst of the ball, and she just looked in at the dancers for a few minutes before she retired to her own apartment. Helen would have followed her, but that was not allowed. After the dancing was over, however, as she was going to her room, she heard Lady Davenant's voice, calling to her as she passed by; and, opening the door softly, she found her still awake, and desiring to see her for a few minutes, if she was not too much tired.

"Oh no, not in the least tired; quite the contrary," said Helen.

After affectionately embracing her, Lady Davenant held her at arms' length, and looked at her as the light of the lampshone full upon her face and figure. Pleased with her whole appearance, Lady Davenant smiled, and said, as she looked at her—"You seem, Helen, to have shared the grateful old fairy's gift to Lady Georgiana B. of the never-fading rose in the cheek. But what particularly pleases me, Helen, is the perfect simplicity of your dress. In the few minutes that I was in the ball-room to-night, I was struck with that over-dressed duchess: her figure has been before my eyes ever since, hung round with jewellery, and with that *auréole* a foot and a-half high on her head: like the Russian bride's head-gear, which Heber so well called 'the most costly deformity he ever beheld.' Really, this passion for baubles," continued Lady Davenant, "is the universal passion of our sex. I will give you an instance to what extravagance it goes. I know a lady of high rank, who hires a certain pair of emerald ear-rings at fifteen hundred pounds per annum. She rents them in this way from some German countess in whose family they are an heir-loom, and cannot be sold."

Helen expressed her astonishment.

"This is only one instance, my dear; I could give you hundreds. Over the whole world, women of all ages, all ranks, all conditions, have been seized with this bauble insanity—from the counter to the throne. Think of Marie Antoinette and the story of her necklace; and Josephine and her Cisalpine pearls, and

all the falsehoods she told about them to the emperor she revered, the husband she loved—and all for what?—a string of beads! But I forget,” cried Lady Davenant, interrupting herself, “I must not forget how late it is; and I am keeping you up, and you have been dancing: forgive me! When once my mind is moved, I forget all hours. Good-night—or good-morning, my dear child; go, and rest. But just as Helen was withdrawing her hand, Lady Davenant’s eye fixed on her pearl bracelets—“Roman pearls, or real? Real, I see, and very valuable!—given to you, I suppose, by your poor dear extravagant uncle?”

Helen cleared her uncle’s memory from this imputation, and explained that the bracelets were a present from General Clarendon. She did not know they were so “very valuable,” but she hoped she had not done wrong to accept of them in the circumstances; and she told how she had been induced to take them.

Lady Davenant said she had done quite right. The General was no present-maker, and this exception in his favour could not lead to any future inconvenience. “But Cecilia,” continued she, “is too much addicted to trinket giving, which ends often disagreeably even between friends, or at all events fosters a foolish taste, and moreover associates it with feelings of affection in a way particularly deceitful and dangerous to such a little, tender-hearted person as I am speaking to, whose common sense would too easily give way to the pleasure of pleasing or fear of offending a friend. Kiss me, and don’t contradict me, for your conscience tells you that what I say is true.”

The sapphires, the ruby brooch, and all her unsettled accounts, came across Helen’s mind; and if the light had shone upon her face at that moment, her embarrassment must have been seen; but Lady Davenant, as she finished the last words, laid her head upon the pillow, and she turned and settled herself comfortably to go to sleep. Helen retired with a disordered conscience. She could not rest, but turning from side to side, she tried to recollect all that she had bought, to make out her accounts in her head, and to guess at the total amount of her debts; but still, uncertain as to the price of the sapphires and the ruby brooch, she could come to no conclusion. The first thing she did in the morning was to look in the red case in which the sapphires came, to see if there was any note of their price: she recollected having seen some little bit of card—it was found on the dressing-table. When she beheld the price, fear took away her breath—it was nearly half her whole year’s income; still she *could* pay it. But the ruby brooch that had not yet arrived—what would that cost? She hurried to her accounts; she had let them run on for months unlooked at, but she thought she

must know the principal articles of expense in dress by her actual possessions.

There was a heap of little crumpled bills which with Felicie's griffonage, Helen had thrown into her table-drawer. In vain did she attempt to decipher the figures, like apothecaries' marks, linked to quarters and three quarters, and yards, of gauzes, silks, and muslins, altogether inextricably puzzling. They might have been at any other moment laughable, but now they were quite terrible to Helen; the only thing she could make clearly out, was the total; she was astonished when she saw to how much little nothings can amount, an astonishment felt often by the most experienced—how much more by Helen, all unused to the arithmetic of economy! And there were divers articles yet unnamed, and, as Felicie said, unpaid for—charged to Lady Cecilia's account at various fashionable houses in town. In short, the total of her debt was overwhelming, considerably above her whole year's income, even without the ruby brooch. At this instant her maid came in smiling with a packet, as if sure of being the bearer of the very thing her young lady most wished for; it was the brooch—the very last thing in the world she desired to see. With a trembling hand she opened the parcel, looked at the note of the price, and sank upon her chair, half stupified, with her eyes fixed upon the sum.

She sat she knew not how long, till, roused by the opening of Cecilia's door, she hastened to put away the papers.

"Let me see them, my dear, don't put away those papers," cried Cecilia, "Felicie tells me that you have been at these horrid accounts these two hours, and—you look—my dear Helen, you must let me see how much it is!" She drew the total from beneath Helen's hand. It was astounding even to Cecilia, as appeared by her first unguarded look of surprise. But, recovering herself immediately, she in a playfully scolding tone told Helen that all this evil came upon her in consequence of her secret machinations. "You set about to counteract me, wrote for things that I might not get them for you, you see what has come of it! As to these bills, they are all from tradespeople who cannot be in a hurry to be paid; and as to the things Felicie has got for you, she can wait, is not she a waiting-woman by profession? Now, where is the ruby-brooch? Have you never looked at it? I hope it is pretty—I am sure it is handsome," cried she as she opened the case. "Yes; I like it prodigiously, I will take it off your hands, my dear, will that do?"

"No, Cecilia, I cannot let you do that, for you have one the same, I know, and you cannot want another—no, no."

"You speak like an angel, my dear, but you do not look like one," said Cecilia. "So wo-begone, so pale a creature, never did I see! do look at yourself in the glass; but you are too

wretched to plague. Seriously, I want this brooch, and mine it must be—it is mine: I have a use for it, I assure you."

"Well, if you have a use for it, really," said Helen, "I should indeed be very glad——"

"Be glad then, it is mine," said Cecilia, "and now it is yours, my dear Helen, now, not a word! pray, if you love me!"

Helen could not accept of it; she thanked Cecilia with all her heart, she felt her kindness—her generosity, but even the hitherto irresistible words, "If you love me," were urged in vain. If she had not been in actual need of money, she might have been over-persuaded, but now her spirit of independence strengthened her resolution, and she persisted in her refusal.

Lady Davenant's bell rang, and Helen, slowly rising, took up the miserable accounts, and said, "Now I must go——"

"Where!" said Cecilia, "you look as if you had heard a knell that summoned you—what are you going to do?"

"To tell all my follies to Lady Davenant."

"Tell your follies to nobody but me," cried Lady Cecilia. "I have enough of my own to sympathize with you, but do not go and tell them to my mother, of all people; she, who has none of her own, how can you expect any mercy?"

"I do not; I am content to bear all the blame I so richly deserve, but I know that after she has heard me, she will tell me what I ought to do, she will find out some way of settling it all rightly, and if that can but be, I do not care how much I suffer. So the sooner I go to her the better," said Helen.

"But you need not be in such a hurry; do not be like the man who said, 'Je veux être l'enfant prodigue, je veux être l'enfant perdu.' L'enfant prodigue, well and good, but why l'enfant perdu?"

"My dear Cecilia, do not play with me now—do not stop me," said Helen, anxiously. "It is serious with me now, and it is as much as I can do——"

Cecilia let her go, but trembled for her, as she looked after her, and saw her stop at her mother's door.

Helen's first knock was too low, it was unheard, she was obliged to wait; another, louder, was answered by, "Come in." And in the presence she stood, and into the middle of things she rushed at once; the accounts, the total, lay before Lady Davenant. There it was: and the culprit, having made her confession, stood waiting for the sentence.

The first astonish change of look, was certainly difficult to sustain. "I ought to have foreseen this," said Lady Davenant, "my affection has deceived my judgment. Helen, I am sorry for your sake and for my own."

"Oh do not speak in that dreadful calm voice, as if—do not give me up at once," cried Helen.

"What can I do for you? what can be done for one who has no strength of mind?"

I have some, thought Helen, or I should not be here at this moment.

"Of what avail, Helen, is your good heart—your good intentions, without the power to abide by them? When you can be drawn aside from the right by the first paltry temptation—by that most contemptible of passions—the passion for baubles! You tell me it was not that, what then? a few words of persuasion from any one who can smile, and fondle, and tell you that they love you;—the fear of offending Cecilia! how absurd! Is this what you both call friendship? But weaker still, Helen; I perceive that you have been led blindfold in extravagance by a prating French waiting-maid—to the brink of ruin, the very verge of dishonesty."

"Dishonesty! how?"

"Ask yourself, Helen: is a person honest, who orders and takes from the owner that for which she cannot pay? Answer me, honest or dishonest."

"Dishonest! if I had intended not to pay. But I did intend to pay, and I will."

"You will! The weak have no will—never dare to say I will. Tell me how you will pay that which you owe. You have no means—no choice, except to take from the fund you have already *willed* to another purpose. See what good intentions come to, Helen, when you cannot abide by them!"

But I can," cried Helen, "whatever else I do, I will not touch that fund, destined for my dear uncle—I have not touched it."

"Not yet, Helen, but you must, you cannot pay both your uncle's debts and your own. Justice may be, in the opinion of the dishonest sentimentalist, a slow-paced virtue, that cannot keep up with generosity; but I am no sentimentalist, I am plainly honest, and I require honesty in those whom I can continue to esteem."

"I am plainly honest, too," cried Helen, "only have patience with me, and I will pay all."

"How?"

"Out of my allowance—my income—in time—I only ask time."

"And how long? Have you ever calculated—can you calculate? How long do you think you would be in paying this debt? Look at this total."

Helen closed her eyes for one instant, but, opening them, and fixing them on the sum to which Lady Davenant with stern steadiness pointed, she answered, "I could pay it in two years, and I will—I will give up my whole allowance."

"And what will you live upon in the mean time?"

"I should not have said my whole allowance, but I can do with very little, I will buy nothing new."

"Buy nothing—live upon nothing!" repeated Lady Davenant; "how often have I heard these words said by the most improvident, in the moment of repentance, even then as blind and uncalculating as ever! And you, Helen, talk to me of your powers of forbearance,—you, who, with the strongest motive your heart could feel, have not been able for a few short months to resist the most foolish—the most useless fancies."

Helen burst into tears. But Lady Davenant, unmoved, at least to all outward appearance, coldly said, "It is not feeling that you want, or that I require from you; I am not to be satisfied by words or tears."

"I deserve it all," said Helen; "and I know you are not cruel. In the midst of all this, I know you are my best friend."

Lady Davenant was now obliged to be silent, lest her voice should betray more tenderness than her countenance chose to show.

"Only tell me what I can do now," continued Helen; "what can I do?"

"What you CAN do, I will tell you, Helen. Who was the man you were dancing with last night?"

"I danced with several; which do you mean?"

"Your partner in the quadrille you were dancing when I came in."

"Lord Estridge: but you know him—he has been often here."

"Is he rich?" said Lady Davenant.

"Oh yes, very rich, and very self-sufficient: he is the man Cecilia used to call '*Le Prince de mon mérite*.'"

"Did she? I do not remember. He made no impression on me, nor on you, I dare say."

"Not the least, indeed."

"No matter, he will do as well as another, since he is rich. You can marry him, and pay your present debts, and contract new, for thousands instead of hundreds:—this is what you CAN do, Helen."

"Do you think I can?" said Helen.

"You can, I suppose, as well as others. You know that young ladies often marry to pay their debts?"

"So I once heard," said Helen, "but is it possible?"

"Quite. You might have been told more—that they enter into regular partnerships, joint-stock companies with dress-makers and jewellers, who make their ventures and bargains on the more or less reputation of the young ladies for beauty or for fashion, supply them with finery, speculate on their probabilities of matrimonial success, and trust to being repaid after marriage.

Why not pursue this plan next season in town? You must come to it like others, whose example you follow—why not begin it immediately?"

There is nothing so reassuring to the conscience as to hear, in the midst of blame that we do deserve, supposition of faults, imputations which we know to be unmerited—impossible. Instead of being hurt or alarmed by what Lady Davenant had said, the whole idea appeared to Helen so utterly beneath her notice, that the words made scarcely any impression on her mind, and her thoughts went earnestly back to the pressing main question—"What can I do, honestly, to pay this money that I owe?" She abruptly asked Lady Davenant if she thought the jeweller could be prevailed upon to take back the sapphires and the brooch?

"Certainly not, without a considerable loss to you," replied Lady Davenant; but with an obvious change for the better in her countenance, she added, "Still, the determination to give up the bauble is good: the means, at whatever loss, we will contrive for you, if you are determined."

"Determined!—oh yes." She ran for the bracelets and brooch, and eagerly put them into Lady Davenant's hand. And now another bright idea came into her mind: she had a carriage of her own—a very handsome carriage, almost new; she could part with it—yes, she would, though it was a present from her dear uncle—his last gift: and he had taken such pleasure in having it made perfect for her. She was very, very fond of it, but she would part with it; she saw no other means of abiding by her promise, and paying his debts and her own. This passed rapidly through her mind; and when she had expressed her determination, Lady Davenant's manner instantly returned to all its usual kindness, and she exclaimed as she embraced her, drew her to her, and kissed her again and again—"You are my own Helen! These are deeds, Helen, not words: I am satisfied—I may be satisfied with you now!"

"And about that carriage, my dear, it shall not go to a stranger, it shall be mine. I want a travelling chaise—I will purchase it from you; I shall value it for my poor friend's sake, and for yours, Helen. So now 't is settled, and you are clear in the world again. I will never spoil you, but I will always serve you, and a greater pleasure I cannot have in this world. My child, I deserve this pleasure for having withstood my first foolish impulse, when you told me of your folly. I longed to pay the money that instant, but I resisted; I give myself infinite credit for that. I should have been a weak, unworthy friend, had I spared you the pain you have felt this last hour: it will make you wiser—better, I do believe, you cannot be."



After this happy termination of the dreaded confession, how much did Helen rejoice that she had had the courage to tell all to her friend! The pain was transient—the confidence permanent.

As Helen was going into her own room, she saw Cecilia flying up stairs towards her, with an open letter in her hand, her face radiant with joy.

"I always knew it would all end well! Churchill might well say that all the sand in my hour-glass was diamond sand. There, my dear Helen—there," cried Cecilia, embracing her as she put the letter into her hand.

It was from Beauclerc, his answer to Lady Cecilia's letter, which had followed him to Naples. It was written the very instant he had read her explanation, and, warm from his heart, he poured out all the joy he felt on hearing the truth, and, in his transport of delight, he declared that he quite forgave Lady Cecilia, and would forget, as she desired, all the misery she had made him feel. Some confounded quarantine, he feared, might detain him, but he would certainly be at Clarendon Park in as short a time as possible. Helen's first smile, he said, would console him for all he had suffered, and make him forget every thing.

Helen's first smile he did not see, nor the blush which spread and rose as she read. Cecilia was delighted. "Generous, affectionate Cecilia!" thought Helen; "if she has faults, and she really had but one, who could help loving her?"

Not Helen, certainly, or she would have been the most ungrateful of human beings.

Besides her sympathy in Helen's happiness, Cecilia was especially rejoiced at this letter, coming, as it did, the very day after her mother's return; for though she had written to Lady Davenant on Beauclerc's departure, and told her that he was gone only on Lord Beltravers' account, yet she dreaded that, when it came to speaking, her mother's penetration would discover that something extraordinary had happened. Now all was easy. Beauclerc was coming back: he had finished his friend's business, and, before he returned to Clarendon Park he wished to know if he might appear there as the acknowledged admirer of Miss Stanley—if he might with any chance of success pay his addresses to her. Secure that her mother would never ask to see the letter, considering it either as a private communication to his guardian, or as a love-letter to Helen, Cecilia gave this version of it to Lady Davenant; and how she settled it with the General, Helen never knew, but it seemed all smooth and right.

And now, the regatta being at an end, the archery meetings

over, and no hope of farther gaiety for this season at Clarendon Park, the Castleforts and Lady Katrine departed. Lady Katrine's last satisfaction was the hard haughty look with which she took leave of Miss Stanley—a look expressing, as well as the bitter smile and cold form of good breeding could express it, unconquered, unconquerable hate.

END OF VOL. I.



## LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

IT IS NOT EASY TO DEVISE A CURE FOR SUCH A STATE OF THINGS (THE DECLINING TASTE FOR SCIENCE;) BUT THE MOST OBVIOUS REMEDY IS TO PROVIDE THE EDUCATED CLASSES WITH A SERIES OF WORKS ON POPULAR AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE, FREED FROM MATHEMATICAL SYMBOLS AND TECHNICAL TERMS, WRITTEN IN SIMPLE AND PERSPICUOUS LANGUAGE, AND ILLUSTRATED BY FACTS AND EXPERIMENTS, WHICH ARE LEVEL TO THE CAPACITY OF ORDINARY MINDS."

*Quarterly Review.*

**PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON THE OBJECTS, ADVANTAGES, AND PLEASURES OF THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.** By J. T. W. Herschel, A. M. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

"Without disparaging any other of the many interesting and instructive volumes issued in the form of cabinet and family libraries, it is, perhaps, not too much to place at the head of the list, for extent and variety of condensed information, Mr. Herschel's discourse of Natural Philosophy in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia."—*Christian Observer.*

"The finest work of philosophical genius which this age has seen."—*Mackintosh's England.*

"By far the most delightful book to which the existing competition between literary rivals of great talent and enterprise has given rise."—*Monthly Review.*

"Mr. Herschel's delightful volume. \* \* \* We find scattered through the work instances of vivid and happy illustration, where the fancy is usefully called into action, so as sometimes to remind us of the splendid pictures which crowd upon us in the style of Bacon."—*Quarterly Review.*

"It is the most exciting volume of the kind we ever met with."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"One of the most instructive and delightful books we have ever perused."—*U. S. Journal.*

**A TREATISE ON MECHANICS.** By Capt. Kater, and the Rev. Dionysius Lardner. With numerous engravings.

"A work which contains an uncommon amount of useful information, exhibited in a plain and very intelligible form."—*Olmsted's Nat. Philosophy.*

"This volume has been lately published in England, as a part of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, and has received the unsolicited approbation of the most eminent men of science, and the most discriminating journals and reviews, in the British metropolis.—It is written in a popular and intelligible style, entirely free from mathematical symbols, and disencumbered as far as possible of technical phrases."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Admirable in development and clear in principles, and especially felicitous in illustration from familiar subjects."—*Monthly Mag.*

"Though replete with philosophical information of the highest order in mechanics, adapted to ordinary capacities in a way to render it at once intelligible and popular."—*Lit. Gazette.*

"A work of great merit, full of valuable information, not only to the practical mechanic, but to the man of science."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

**A TREATISE ON HYDROSTATICS AND PNEUMATICS.** By the Rev. D. Lardner. With numerous engravings.

"It fully sustains the favorable opinion we have already expressed as to this valuable compendium of modern science."—*Lit. Gazette.*

"Dr. Lardner has made a good use of his acquaintance with the familiar facts which illustrate the principles of science."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"It is written with a full knowledge of the subject, and in a popular style, abounding in practical illustrations of the abstruse operations of these important sciences."—*U. S. Journal.*

## LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

**HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** By Sir James Mackintosh. In 3 Vols. Vols. 1, 2 and 3 published.

"In the first volume of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, we find enough to warrant the anticipations of the public, that a calm and luminous philosophy will diffuse itself over the long narrative of our British History."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"In this volume Sir James Mackintosh fully develops those great powers, for the possession of which the public have long given him credit. The result is the ablest commentary that has yet appeared in our language upon some of the most important circumstances of English History."—*Atlas*.

"Worthy in the method, style, and reflections, of the author's high reputation. We were particularly pleased with his high vein of philosophical sentiment, and his occasional survey of contemporary annals."—*Nat. Gazette*.

"If talents of the highest order, long experience in politics, and years of application to the study of history and the collection of information, can command superiority in a historian, Sir James Mackintosh may, without reading this work, be said to have produced the best history of this country. A perusal of the work will prove that those who anticipated a superior production, have not reckoned in vain on the high qualifications of the author."—*Courier*.

---

**THE HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS, to the Battle of Waterloo.** By T. C. Grattan.

"It is but justice to Mr. Grattan to say that he has executed his laborious task with much industry and proportionate effect. Undisfigured by pompous nothingness, and without any of the affectation of philosophical profundity, his style is simple, light, and fresh—perspicuous, smooth, and harmonious."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

"Never did work appear at a more fortunate period. The volume before us is a compressed but clear and impartial narrative."—*Lit. Gaz.*

---

**HISTORY OF FRANCE.** By Eyre Evans Crowe. In 3 vols.

"His history of France is worthy to figure with the works of his associates, the best of their day, Scott and Mackintosh."—*Monthly Mag.*

"For such a task Mr. Crowe is eminently qualified. At a glance, as it were, his eye takes in the theatre of centuries. His style is neat, clear, and pithy; and his power of condensation enables him to say much, and effectively, in a few words, to present a distinct and perfect picture in a narrowly circumscribed space."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

---

**HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.** By Sir Walter Scott. In 3 Vols.

"The History of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, we do not hesitate to declare, will be, if possible, more extensively read, than the most popular work of fiction, by the same prolific author, and for this obvious reason: it combines much of the brilliant coloring of the *Ivanhoe* pictures of by-gone manners, and all the graceful facility of style and picturesqueness of description of his other charming romances, with a minute fidelity to the facts of history, and a searching scrutiny into their authenticity and relative value, which might put to the blush Mr. Hume and other professed historians. Such is the magic charm of Sir Walter Scott's pen, it has only to touch the simplest incident of every-day life, and it starts up invested with all the interest of a scene of romance; and yet such is his fidelity to the text of nature, that the knights and serfs, and collared fools with whom his inventive genius has peopled so many volumes, are regarded by us as not mere creations of fancy, but as real flesh and blood existences, with all the virtues, feelings and errors of commonplace humanity."—*Lit. Gazette*.

## LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

"BOOKS THAT YOU MAY CARRY TO THE FIRE, AND HOLD READILY IN YOUR HAND, ARE THE MOST USEFUL AFTER ALL. A MAN WILL OFTEN LOOK AT THEM, AND BE TEMPTED TO GO ON, WHEN HE WOULD HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED AT BOOKS OF A LARGER SIZE, AND OF A MORE ERUDITE APPEARANCE."

*Dr. Johnson.*

"We advisedly call the Cabinet Cyclopædia a great undertaking, because we consider, that in its effects on the tone and habits of thought of what is known by the phrase, 'the reading public,' it will be, if carried through in the spirit of its projection and commencement, one of the most invaluable productions of modern literature. \* \*

"But these advantages, eminent as they undoubtedly are, are not the sole nor the chief recommendations of the Cabinet Cyclopædia. Neither is it on the extreme cheapness of the publication, nor the federal independence—if we may so speak—of its several volumes, that we rest our prediction of its influence on the tone of thinking of the present, and on the literature of the next generation—but on the promise, amounting almost to a moral certainty, of the great excellence of its execution. A multitude of persons eminent in literature and science in the United Kingdom are employed in this undertaking; and, indeed, no others should be employed in it; for it is a truth that the profound and practised writer alone is capable of furnishing a 'popular compendium.'"

"What parent or guardian that throws his eye over the list of its contributors but must be rejoiced by meeting the names of those who are in themselves a guarantee of intellectual and moral excellence?"—*Literary Gazette.*

"The plan of the work appears well adapted to the purpose it is proposed to fulfil—that of supplying a series of publications, embracing the whole range of literature and science, in a popular and portable form; while the excellence of the execution is guaranteed by the judgment displayed in the selection of writers. The list of authors employed in this ambitious undertaking comprises some of the most eminent men of the present age."—*Atlas.*

"The Cyclopædia, when complete, will form a valuable work of reference, as well as a most entertaining and instructive library. It is an essential principle in every part of it, that it should be clear and easily understood, and that an attempt should everywhere be made to unite accurate information with an agreeable manner of conveying it. It is an experiment to try how much science may be taught with little crabbed or technical language, and how far the philosophical and poetical qualities of history may be preserved in its more condensed state. It possesses also the most indispensable of all the qualities of a work intended for general instruction—that of cheapness. Whatever the plan might be, it was evident that the grand difficulty of Dr. Lardner was to unite a body of writers in its execution, whose character or works afforded the most probable hope that they were fitted for a task of which the peculiarity, the novelty, and even the prevalent relish for such writings greatly enhance the difficulty. We do not believe, that in the list of contributors, there is one name of which the enlightened part of the public would desire the exclusion."

"In science, the list is not less promising. The names of the President, Vice-Presidents, and most distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, are contained in it. A treatise on astronomy, by Herschel; on optics, by Brewster; and on mechanics, by Lardner; need be only recommended by the subjects and the writers. An eminent Prelate, of the first rank in science, has undertaken a noble subject which happily combines philosophy with religion. Twelve of the most distinguished naturalists of the age, Fellows of the Linnæan and Zoological Societies, are preparing a course of natural history. Others not less eminent in literature and science, whose names it is not needful yet to mention, have shown symptoms of an ambition to take a place among such fellow-laborers."—*Times.*

"The topics, as may be supposed, are both judiciously selected and treated with ability. To general readers, and as part of a family library, the volumes already published possess great recommendations. For the external beauties of good printing and paper they merit equal commendation."—*Edin. American.*

"The uniform neatness of these volumes, their very moderate price, and the quantity of information which they contain, drawn from the best and most attractive sources, have given them deserved celebrity, and no one who desires to possess such information, should hesitate a moment to add them to his library."—*Fed. Gazette.*

"This excellent work continues to increase in public favor, and to receive fresh accessions of force to its corps of contributors."—*Lit. Gazette.*

"Its plan and arrangement are entitled to our best commendations."—*Genl. Mag.*

## LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

### HISTORY OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE SILK MANUFACTURE; with numerous engravings.

"It contains abundant information in every department of this interesting branch of human industry—in the history, culture, and manufacture of silk."—*Monthly Magazine*.

"There is a great deal of curious information in this little volume."—*Lit. Gaz.*

### HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS; being a View of the Rise, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom. By J. C. L. DE SISMONDI.

"The excellencies, defects, and fortunes of the governments of the Italian commonwealths, form a body of the most valuable materials for political philosophy. It is time that they should be accessible to the American people, as they are about to be rendered in Sismondi's masterly abridgment. He has done for his large work, what Irving accomplished so well for his *Life of Columbus*."—*National Gazette*.

### HISTORY OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE MANUFACTURES OF PORCELAIN AND GLASS. With numerous Wood Cuts.

"In the design and execution of the work, the author has displayed considerable judgment and skill, and has so disposed of his valuable materials as to render the book attractive and instructive to the general class of readers."—*Sat. Evening Post*.

"The author has, by a popular treatment, made it one of the most interesting books that has been issued of this series. There are, we believe, few of the useful arts less generally understood than those of porcelain and glass making. These are completely illustrated by Dr. Lardner, and the various processes of forming differently fashioned utensils, are fully described."

### BIOGRAPHY OF BRITISH STATESMEN; containing the Lives of Sir Thomas More, by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH; Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Cranmer, and Lord Burleigh.

"A very delightful volume, and on a subject likely to increase in interest as it proceeds. \* \* \* We cordially commend the work both for its design and execution."—*London Lit. Gazette*.

### THE HISTORY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. In 5 vols.

"A general History of the Spanish and Portuguese Peninsula, is a great desideratum in our language, and we are glad to see it begun under such favorable auspices. We have seldom met with a narrative which fixes attention more steadily, and bears the reader's mind along more pleasantly."

"In the volumes before us, there is unquestionable evidence of capacity for the task, and research in the execution."—*U. S. Journal*.

"Of course this work can be but an abridgment; but we know not where so much ability has been shown in condensation. It is unequalled, and likely long to remain so. \* \* We were convinced, on the publication of the first volume, that it was no common compilation, manufactured to order; we were prepared to announce it as a very valuable addition to our literature. \* \* \* Our last words must be, heartily to recommend it to our readers."—*Athenæum*.

### HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

"Like the preceding historical numbers of this valuable publication, it abounds with interesting details, illustrative of the habits, character, and political complexion of the people and country it describes; and affords, in the small space of one volume, a digest of all the important facts which, in more elaborate histories, occupy five times the space."—*Evening Post*.

# CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA,

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, LL.D. F.R.S. L. & E.

M. R. I. A. F. L. S. F. Z. S. Hon. F. C. P. S. M. Art. S. &c. &c.

ASSISTED BY

EMINENT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.

*Now Publishing by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard, and for sale by all Booksellers.*

THIS work will form a popular compendium of whatever is useful, instructive, and interesting, in the circle of human knowledge. A novel plan of publication and arrangement has been adopted, which presents peculiar advantages. Without fully detailing the method, a few of these advantages may be mentioned.

Each volume will contain one or more subjects uninterrupted and unbroken, and will be accompanied by the corresponding plates or other appropriate illustrations. Facility of reference will be obtained without fettering the work by a continued alphabetical arrangement. A subscriber may omit particular volumes or sets of volumes, without disintegrating his series. Thus each purchaser may form from the "CABINET" a Cyclopædia, more or less comprehensive, as may suit his means, taste, or profession. If a subscriber desire to discontinue the work at any stage of its publication, the volumes which he may have received will not lose their value by separation from the rest of the work, since they will always either be complete in themselves, or may be made so at a trifling expense.

The purchasers will never find their property in this work destroyed by the publication of a second edition. The arrangement is such that particular volumes may be re-edited or re-written without disturbing the others. The "CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA" will thus be in a state of continual renovation, keeping pace with the never-ceasing improvements in knowledge, drawing within its circle from year to year whatever is new, and casting off whatever is obsolete, so as to form a constantly modernized Cyclopædia. Such are a few of the advantages which the proprietors have to offer to the public, and which they pledge themselves to realize.

Treatises on subjects which are technical and professional will be adapted, not so much to those who desire to attain a practical proficiency, as to those who seek that portion of information respecting such matters which is generally expected from well-educated persons. An interest will be imparted to what is abstract by copious illustrations, and the sciences will be rendered attractive, by treating them with reference to the most familiar objects and occurrences.

The unwieldy bulk of Encyclopædias, not less than the abstruse discussions which they contain, has hitherto consigned them to the library, as works of only occasional reference. The present work, from its portable form and popular style, will claim a place in the drawing-room and the boudoir. Forming in itself a *Complete Library*, affording an extensive and infinitely varied store of instruction and amusement, presenting just so much on every subject as those not professionally engaged in it require, convenient in size, attractive in form, elegant in illustrations, and most moderate in expense, the "CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA" will, it is hoped, be found an object of paramount interest in every family.

To the heads of schools and all places of public education the proprietors trust that this work will particularly recommend itself.

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that nothing will be admitted into the pages of the "CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA" which can have the most remote tendency to offend public or private morals. To enforce the cultivation of religion and the practice of virtue should be a principal object with all who undertake to inform the public mind; but with the views just explained, the conductor of this work feels these considerations more especially pressed upon his attention. Parents and guardians may, therefore, rest assured that they will never find it necessary to place a volume of the "CABINET" beyond the reach of their children or pupils.



## LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.

CONSIDERABLE progress having been made in this work, the publishers wish to direct the attention of the public to the advantages by which it is distinguished from other similar monthly publications.

It is not intended that the Cabinet Cyclopædia shall form an interminable series, in which any work of interest which may present itself from time to time can claim a place. Its subjects are classified according to the usual divisions of literature, science, and art. Each division is distinctly traced out, and will consist of a determinate number of volumes. Although the precise extent of the work cannot be fixed with certainty, yet there is a limit which will not be exceeded; and the subscribers may look forward to the possession, within a reasonable time, of a complete library of instruction, amusement, and general reference, in the regular form of a popular Cyclopædia.

The several classes of the work are—1, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; 2, THE USEFUL and FINE ARTS; 3, NATURAL HISTORY; 4, GEOGRAPHY; 5, POLITICS and MORALS; 6, GENERAL LITERATURE and CRITICISM; 7, HISTORY; 8, BIOGRAPHY.

In the above abstruse and technical departments of knowledge, an attempt has been made to convey to the reader a general acquaintance with these subjects, by the use of plain and familiar language, appropriate and well-executed engravings, and copious examples and illustrations, taken from objects and events with which every one is acquainted.

The proprietors formerly pledged themselves that no exertion should be spared to obtain the support of the most distinguished talent of the age. They trust that they have redeemed that pledge. Among the volumes already published in the literary department, no less than four have been the production of men who stand in the first rank of literary talent.—Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott. In the scientific department, a work has been produced from the pen of Mr. Herschel, which has been pronounced by the highest living authority on subjects of general philosophy, to contain “the noblest observations on the value of knowledge which have been made since Bacon,” and to be “the finest work of philosophical genius which this age has seen.”

### *The following is a selection from the list of Contributors.*

The Right Honorable Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, M.P.

The Right Rev The Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, Esq.

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

J. B. BIOT, Member of the French Institute.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. Poet Laureate.

The Baron CHARLES DUPIN, Member of the Royal Institute and Chamber of Deputies.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

T. B. MACAULEY, Esq. M.P.

DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D.

J. C. L. SISMONDI, of Geneva.

Capt. HENRY KATER, Vice President of the Royal Society.

The ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

DAVIES GILBERT, Esq. M.P.

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.

The Right Hon. T. P. COURTENAY, M.P.

J. J. BERZELIUS, of Stockholm, F.R.S., &c.

The Rev. G. R. GLEIG.

T. PHILLIPS, Esq. Prof. of Painting, R.A.

Rev. C. THIRLWALL, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ANDREW URE, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. &c.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.

"Witnesses from every part of the country concurred in declaring that the Encyclopædia Americana was in a fair way to degrade the dignity of learning, and especially the learning of Encyclopædias, by making it *too cheap*—that the multitudes of all classes were infatuated with it in saying in so many words from the highest to the lowest, 'the more we see of the work the better we like it.'"—*N. Y. Courier and Inquirer*.

"The articles in the present volume appear to us to evince the same ability and research which gained so favorable a reception for the work at its commencement. The *Appendix* to the volume now before us, containing an account of the *Indian Languages of America*, must prove highly interesting to the reader in this country; and it is at once remarkable as a specimen of history and philology. The work altogether, we may again be permitted to observe, reflects distinguished credit upon the literary and scientific character, as well as the scholarship of our country."—*Charleston Courier*.

"The copious information which this work affords on American subjects, fully justifies its title of an American Dictionary; while at the same time the extent, variety, and felicitous disposition of its topics, make it the most convenient and satisfactory Encyclopædia that we have ever seen."—*National Journal*.

"If the succeeding volumes shall equal in merit the one before us, we may confidently anticipate for the work a reputation and usefulness which ought to secure for it the most flattering encouragement and patronage."—*Federal Gazette*.

"The variety of topics is of course vast, and they are treated in a manner which is at once so full of information and so interesting, that the work, instead of being merely referred to, might be regularly perused with as much pleasure as profit."—*Baltimore American*.

"We view it as a publication worthy of the age and of the country, and cannot but believe the discrimination of our countrymen will sustain the publishers, and well reward them for this contribution to American Literature."—*Baltimore Patriot*.

"It reflects the greatest credit on those who have been concerned in its production, and promises, in a variety of respects, to be the best as well as the most compendious dictionary of the arts, sciences, history, politics, biography, &c. which has yet been compiled. The style of the portion we have read is terse and perspicuous; and it is really curious how so much scientific and other information could have been so satisfactorily communicated in such brief limits."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"A compendious library, and invaluable book of reference."—*N. Y. American*.

"Those who can, by any honest modes of economy, reserve the sum of two dollars and fifty cents quarterly, from their family expenses, may pay for this work as fast as it is published; and we confidently believe that they will find at the end that they never purchased so much general, practical, useful information at so cheap a rate."—*Journal of Education*.

"If the encouragement to the publishers should correspond with the testimony in favor of their enterprise, and the beautiful and faithful style of its execution, the hazard of the undertaking, bold as it was, will be well compensated; and our libraries will be enriched by the most generally useful encyclopedic dictionary that has been offered to the readers of the English language. Full enough for the general scholar, and plain enough for every capacity, it is far more convenient, in every view and form, than its more expensive and ponderous predecessors."—*American Farmer*.

"The high reputation of the contributors to this work, will not fail to insure it a favorable reception, and its own merits will do the rest."—*Silliman's Journ.*

"The work will be a valuable possession to every family or individual that can afford to purchase it; and we take pleasure, therefore, in extending the knowledge of its merits."—*National Intelligencer*.

"The Encyclopædia Americana is a prodigious improvement upon all that has gone before it; a thing for our country, as well as the country that have it birth, to be proud of; an inexhaustible treasury of useful, pleasant, and familiar learning on every possible subject, so arranged as to be speedily and safely referred to on emergency, as well as on deliberate inquiry; and better still, adapted to the understanding, and put within the reach of the multitude. \* \* \* The Encyclopædia Americana is a work without which no library worthy of the name can hereafter be made up."—*Yankee*.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.

"This work appears to improve as it issues from the press. The number of able writers, who contribute original matter in all the departments of literature and science is amply sufficient to give it celebrity and high character. To men engaged in the active pursuits of life—whose time is precious—this popular dictionary is a most valuable and ready mode of reference. It embraces brief views and sketches of all the late discoveries in science—and the present condition of literature, politics, &c. &c. Every merchant's counting-room—every lawyer's library—every mechanic—every farmer ought to possess a copy of this useful and valuable work."—*Courier*.

"From the specimen which has already been given, we have no hesitation in saying, that in regard to intelligence, skill, and faithful diligence, it is a work of the very highest order. We know of no similar publication that can bear any comparison with it for the rich variety of valuable information, which it condenses within so small a compass. It is free from all the narrowness of English prejudice, it contains many important and interesting details which can be found in no English production, and is a work which could be written by none but German scholars, more than two hundred of whom were employed in the original compilation."—*Boston Observer*.

"This cannot but prove a valuable addition to the literature of the age."—*Mer. Advertiser*.

"The vast circulation this work has had in Europe, where it has already been reprinted in four or five languages, not to speak of the numerous German editions, of which seven have been published, speaks loudly in favor of its intrinsic merit, without which such a celebrity could never have been attained. To every man engaged in public business, who needs a correct and ample book of reference on various topics of science and letters, the *Encyclopædia Americana* will be almost invaluable. To individuals obliged to go to situations where books are neither numerous nor easily procured, the rich contents of these twelve volumes will prove a mine which will amply repay its purchaser, and be with difficulty exhausted; and we recommend it to their patronage in the full conviction of its worth. Indeed, it is difficult to say to what class of readers such a book would not prove useful, nay, almost indispensable, since it combines a great amount of valuable matter in small compass, and at moderate expense, and is in every respect well suited to augment the reader's stock of ideas, and powers of conversation, without severely taxing time or fatiguing attention."—*Am Daily Advertiser*.

"The department of American Biography, a subject of which it should be disgraceful to be ignorant, to the degree that many are, in this work, a prominent feature, and has received the attention of one of the most indefatigable writers in this department of literature, which the present age can furnish."—*Boston Courier*.

"According to the plan of Dr. Lieber, a desideratum will be supplied; the substance of contemporary knowledge will be brought within a small compass;—and the character and uses of a manual will be imparted to a kind of publication heretofore reserved, on strong shelves, for occasional reference. By those who understand the German language, the *Conversation Lexicon* is consulted ten times for one application to any English Encyclopedia."—*National Gazette*.

"The volume now published is not only highly honorable to the taste, ability, and industry of its editors and publishers, but furnishes a proud sample of the accuracy and elegance with which the most elaborate and important literary enterprises may now be accomplished in our country. Of the manner in which the editors have thus far completed their task, it is impossible, in the course of a brief newspaper article, to speak with adequate justice."—*Boston Bulletin*.

"It continues to be particularly rich in the departments of Biography and Natural History. When we look at the large mass of miscellaneous knowledge spread before the reader, in a form which has never been equalled for its condensation, and conveyed in a style that cannot be surpassed for propriety and perspicuity, we cannot but think that the *American Encyclopædia* deserves a place in every collection, in which works of reference form a portion."—*South-western Patriot*.

"By far the best work of the kind ever offered for sale in this country."—*U. S. Gaz.*

## THE PEOPLE'S LIBRARY.

"The editors and publishers should receive the thanks of the present generation, and the gratitude of posterity, for being the first to prepare in this language what deserves to be entitled not the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA*, but the *PEOPLE'S LIBRARY*."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

*Just Published, by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard,*

And sold in Philadelphia by *E. L. Carey & A. Hart*; in New-York by *G. & C. & H. Carvill*; in Boston by *Carter & Hendee*; in Baltimore by *E. J. Coale, & W. & J. Neal*; in Washington by *Thompson & Homans*; in Richmond by *J. H. Nash*; in Savannah by *W. T. Williams*; in Charleston by *W. H. Berrett*; in New-Orleans by *W. M. Kean*; in Mobile by *Odiorne & Smith*; and by the principal booksellers throughout the Union.

THE  
**ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA:**  
A  
**POPULAR DICTIONARY**  
OF

**ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND POLITICS,**

BROUGHT DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME, AND INCLUDING A COPIOUS  
COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES IN

**AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY:**

*On the basis of the Seventh Edition of the German*  
**CONVERSATIONS-LEXICON.**

EDITED BY FRANCIS LIEBER,

ASSISTED BY

EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH AND T. G. BRADFORD, ESQRS.

IN THIRTEEN LARGE VOLUMES, OCTAVO, PRICE TO SUBSCRIBERS,  
BOUND IN CLOTH, TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF EACH.

EACH VOLUME WILL CONTAIN BETWEEN 600 AND 700 PAGES.

"THE WORLD-RENOWNED CONVERSATIONS-LEXICON."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"To supersede cumbrous Encyclopedias, and put within the reach of the poorest man, a *complete library*, equal to about forty or fifty good-sized octavos, embracing every possible subject of interest to the number of 20,000 in all—provided he can spare either from his earnings or his extravagancies, *twenty cents* a week, for three years, a library so contrived, as to be equally suited to the learned and the unlearned,—the mechanic—the merchant, and the professional man."—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

"The reputation of this valuable work has augmented with each volume; and if the unanimous opinion of the press, uttered from all quarters, be true, which in this instance happens to be the case, it is indeed one of the best of publications. It should be in the possession of every intelligent man, as it is a library in itself, comprising an immense mass of lore upon almost every possible subject, and in the cheapest possible form."—*N. Y. Mirror*.

## ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.

MORE than half of the volumes of this work are now before the public, and the reception they have met with is the best evidence that the publishers have fulfilled the promises made at its outset. They have now only to promise, for the editors and themselves, that no exertion shall be spared to render the remaining volumes equal to those already published, and thus sustain the reputation it has acquired. The subscription is large, and increasing; and in those quarters where its circulation is greatest, and where it is best known, there is a constantly increasing demand. The publishers invite the attention of those who may not already have possessed themselves of it, or may not have had an opportunity to become acquainted with its merits, to the following account of the original work, upon which it is based, and which is termed by the Edinburgh Review—

### THE WORLD-RENOUNDED LEIPZIG CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.

It was intended to supply a want occasioned by the character of the age, in which the sciences, arts, trades, and the various forms of knowledge and of active life, had become so much extended and diversified, that no individual engaged in business could become well acquainted with all subjects of general interest; while the wide diffusion of information rendered such knowledge essential to the character of an accomplished man. This want, no existing works were adequate to supply. Books treating of particular branches, such as gazetteers, &c. were too confined in character; while voluminous Encyclopædias were too learned, scientific, and cumbrous, being usually elaborate treatises, requiring much study or previous acquaintance with the subject discussed. The conductors of the CONVERSATION LEXICON endeavored to select from every branch of knowledge what was necessary to a well-informed mind, and to give popular views of the more abstruse branches of learning and science; that their readers might not be incommoded, and deprived of pleasure or improvement, by ignorance of facts or expressions used in books or conversation. Such a work must obviously be of great utility to every class of readers. It has been found so much so in Germany, that it is met with everywhere, among the learned, the lawyers, the military, artists, merchants, mechanics, and men of all stations. The reader may judge how well it is adapted to its object, from the circumstance, that though it now consists of twelve volumes, seven editions, comprising about ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES, have been printed in less than fifteen years. It has been translated into the Swedish, Danish and Dutch languages, and a French translation is now preparing in Paris.

In the preparation of the American edition, no expense has been spared to secure the ablest assistance, and the editors have been aided by many gentlemen of distinguished ability.

The American Biography, which is very extensive has been furnished by MR. WALSH, who has long paid particular attention to that branch of our literature, and from materials in the collection of which he has been engaged for some years. For obvious reasons, the notices of distinguished Americans will be confined to deceased individuals: the European biography contains notices of all distinguished living characters, as well as those of past times.

The articles on Zoology and the various branches of Natural Science, and those on Chemistry and Mineralogy, have been prepared expressly for this work by gentlemen distinguished in the several departments.

In relation to the Fine Arts, the work is exceedingly rich. Great attention was given to this in the German work, and the Editors have been anxious to render it, by the necessary additions, as perfect as possible.

To gentlemen of the Bar, the work will be peculiarly valuable, as in cases where legal subjects are treated, an account is given of English, French, German and American Law.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A MEMOIR OF SEBASTIAN CABOT, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published.**

"Put forth in the most unpretending manner, and without a name, this work is of paramount importance to the subjects of which it treats."—*Lit. Gazette*. "The author has corrected many grave errors, and in general given us a clearer insight into transactions of considerable national interest."—*Id.* "Will it not," says the author, with just astonishment, "be deemed almost incredible, that the very instrument in the Records of England, which recites the Great Discovery, and plainly contemplates a scheme of Colonization, should, up to this moment, have been treated by her own writers as that which first gave permission to go forth and explore?"—*Id.* "We must return to investigate several collateral matters which we think deserving of more space than we can this week bestow. Meanwhile we recommend the work as one of great value and interest."—*Id.*

"The general reader, as well as the navigator and the curious, will derive pleasure and information from this well-written production."—*Courier*.

"A specimen of honest inquiry. It is quite frightful to think of the number of the inaccuracies it exposes: we shall cease to have confidence in books." "The investigation of truth is not the fashion of these times. But every sincere inquirer after historical accuracy ought to purchase the book as a curiosity: more false assertions and inaccurate statements were never exposed in the same compass. It has given us a lesson we shall never forget, and hope to profit by."—*Spect.*

**HISTORY OF THE NORTHMEN, OR NORMANS AND DANES; from the earliest times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy. By Henry Wheaton, Member of the Scandinavian and Icelandic Literary Societies of Copenhagen.**

This work embraces the great leading features of Scandinavian history, commencing with the heroic age, and advancing from the earliest dawn of civilization to the introduction of Christianity into the North—its long and bloody strife with Paganism—the discovery and colonization of Iceland, Greenland, and North America, by the Norwegian navigators, before the time of Columbus—the military and maritime expeditions of the Northmen—their early intercourse of commerce and war with Constantinople and the Eastern empire—the establishment of a Norman state in France, under Rollo, and the subjugation of England, first by the Danes, under Canute the Great, and subsequently by the Normans, under Duke William, the founder of the English monarchy. It also contains an account of the mythology and literature of the ancient North—the Icelandic language prevailing all over the Scandinavian countries until the formation of the present living tongues of Sweden and Denmark—an analysis of the Eddas, Sagas, and various chronicles and songs relating to the Northern deities and heroes, constituting the original materials from which the work has been principally composed. It is intended to illustrate the history of France and England during the middle ages, and at the same time to serve as an introduction to the modern history of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

**AN HISTORICAL INQUIRY INTO THE PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS, from the Earliest Ages, and into the Influence of their Increase or Diminution on the Prices of Commodities. By William Jacob, Esq. F. R. S. In 8vo.**

"Mr. Jacob's Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals is one of the most curious and important works which has lately issued from the press. The influence of the precious metals on the industry of mankind is acknowledged to be great; though, perhaps, the notions respecting the precise mode of its operation were obscure, and undoubtedly the history of its effects had never been traced with accuracy and ingenuity. Mr. Huskisson, who had maintained a friendship with Mr. Jacob for more than five-and-twenty years, first put the author on the investigation; it is one of the minor obligations which the country owes to that enlightened statesman."—*Spectator*.

"It was written at the suggestion of the late Mr. Huskisson, and displays the fruits of much industry and research, guided by a sound judgment, and embodying more learning than is usually brought to bear on statistical or economical subjects. We recommend the book to general attention."—*Times*.

## MECHANICS, MANUFACTURES, &c.

**A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON RAIL-ROADS, AND INTERIOR COMMUNICATION IN GENERAL**—containing an account of the performances of the different Locomotive Engines at, and subsequent to, the Liverpool Contest; upwards of two hundred and sixty Experiments, with Tables of the comparative value of Canals and Rail-roads, and the power of the present Locomotive Engines. By NICHOLAS WOOD, Colliery Viewer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c. 8vo. With plates.

"In this, the able author has brought up his treatise to the date of the latest improvements in this nationally important plan. We consider the volume to be one of great general interest."—*Lit. Gaz.*

"We must, in justice, refer the reader to the work itself, strongly assuring him that, whether he be a man of science, or one totally unacquainted with its technical difficulties, he will here receive instruction and pleasure, in a degree which we have seldom seen united before."—*Monthly Review.*

**REPORTS ON LOCOMOTIVE AND FIXED ENGINES.** By J. STEPHENSON and J. WALKER, Civil Engineers. With an Account of the Liverpool and Manchester Rail-road, by H. BOOTH. In 8vo. With plates.

**MILLWRIGHT AND MILLER'S GUIDE.** By OLIVER EVANS. New Edition, with additions and corrections, by the Professor of Mechanics in the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, and a description of an improved Merchant Flour-Mill, with engravings, by C. & O. Evans, Engineers.

**THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF THE SUGAR-CANE,** with Practical Directions for its Culture, and the Manufacture of its various Products; detailing the improved Methods of Extracting, Boiling, Refining, and Distilling; also descriptions of the Best Machinery, and useful Directions for the general Management of Estates. By GEORGE RICHARDSON PORTER.

"This volume contains a valuable mass of scientific and practical information, and is, indeed, a compendium of everything interesting relative to colonial agriculture and Manufacture."—*Intelligence.*

"We can altogether recommend this volume as a most valuable addition to the library of the home West India merchant, as well as that of the resident planter."—*Lit. Gazette.*

**ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS.** By JAMES RENWICK, Esq. Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Columbia College, N. Y. In 8vo. with numerous engravings.

"We think this decidedly the best treatise on Mechanics, which has issued from the American press, that we have seen; one, too, that is alike creditable to the writer, and to the state of science in this country."—*Am. Quar. Review.*

**TREATISE ON CLOCK AND WATCH-MAKING,** Theoretical and Practical, by THOMAS REID, Edinburgh Honorary Member of the Worshipful Company of Clock-Makers, London. Royal 8vo. Illustrated by numerous plates.

## BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

This series of Treatises is published under the following circumstances:—

THE Right Honorable and Rev. FRANCIS HENRY, Earl of Bridgewater, died in the month of February, 1825; he directed certain trustees therein named, to invest in the public funds, the sum of eight thousand pounds sterling; this sum, with the accruing dividends thereon, to be held at the disposal of the President, for the time being, of the Royal Society of London, to be paid to the person or persons nominated by him. The Testator farther directed, that the person or persons selected by the said President, should be appointed to write, print and publish one thousand copies of a work, on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work, by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God's creatures in the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and, thereby, of conversion; the construction of the hand of man, and an infinite variety of other arguments; as also by discoveries, ancient and modern, in arts, sciences, and the whole extent of literature.

He desired, moreover, that the profits arising from the sale of the works so published, should be paid to the authors of the works.

The late President of the Royal Society, DAVIES GILBERT, Esq. requested the assistance of his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Bishop of London, in determining upon the best mode of carrying into effect, the intentions of the Testator. Acting with their advice, and with the concurrence of a nobleman immediately connected with the deceased, Mr. Davies Gilbert appointed the following eight gentlemen to write separate Treatises in the different branches of the subjects here stated:—

I. The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man, by the Rev. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

II. The adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man, by JOHN KIDD, M. D., F. R. S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford.

III. Astronomy and General Physics, considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. Wm. Whewell, M. A., F. R. S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

IV. The hand: its mechanism and vital endowments as evincing design, by Sir Charles Bell, K. H., F. R. S.

V. Animal and Vegetable Physiology, by Peter Mark Roget, M. D., Fellow of and Secretary to the Royal Society.

VI. Geology and Mineralogy, by the Rev. Wm. Buckland, D. D., F. R. S., Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford.

VII. The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals, by the Rev. Wm. Kirby, M. A., F. R. S.



New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

VIII. Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, by Wm. Prout, M. D., F. R. S.

THE FOLLOWING ARE PUBLISHED.

**ASTRONOMY AND GENERAL PHYSICS**, considered with reference to Natural Theology. By the Rev. WILLIAM WHEWELL, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge; being Part III. of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. In one vol. 12mo.

"It is a work of profound investigation, deep research, distinguished alike for the calm Christian spirit which breathes throughout, and the sound, irresistible argumentation which is stamped on every page."—*Daily Intelligencer*.

"Let works like that before us be widely disseminated, and the bold, active, and ingenious enemies of religion be met by those, equally sagacious, alert and resolute, and the most timid of the many who depend upon the few, need not fear the host that comes with subtle steps to 'steal their faith away.'"—*N. Y. American*.

"That the devoted spirit of the work is most exemplary, that we have here and there found, or fancied, room for cavil, only peradventure because we have been unable to follow the author through the prodigious range of his philosophical survey—and in a word, that the work before us would have made the reputation of any other man, and may well maintain even that of Professor Whewell."—*Metropolitan*.

"He has succeeded admirably in laying a broad foundation, in the light of nature, for the reception of the more glorious truths of revelation; and has produced a work well calculated to dissipate the delusions of scepticism and infidelity, and to confirm the believer in his faith."—*Charleston Courier*.

"The known talents, and high reputation of the author, gave an earnest of excellence, and nobly has Mr. Whewell redeemed the pledge.—In conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying, that the present is one of the best works of its kind, and admirably adapted to the end proposed; as such, we cordially recommend it to our readers."—*London Lit. Gazette*.

"It is a work of high character."—*Boston Recorder*.

**A TREATISE ON THE ADAPTATION OF EXTERNAL NATURE TO THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN**, principally with reference to the supply of his wants, and the exercise of his intellectual faculties. By JOHN KIDD, M. D., F. R. S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford; being Part II. of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. In one vol. 12mo.

"It is ably written, and replete both with interest and instruction. The diffusion of such works cannot fail to be attended with the happiest effects in justifying 'the ways of God to man,' and illustrating the wisdom and goodness of the Creator by arguments which appeal irresistibly both to the reason and the feelings. Few can understand abstract reasoning, and still fewer relish it, or will listen to it: but in this work the purest morality and the kindest feelings are inculcated through the medium of agreeable and useful information."—*Balt. Gaz.*

"It should be in the hands of every individual who feels disposed to 'vindicate the ways of God to man.'"—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

**New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.**

**BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.**

"No one will read this book without profit; it is certainly one of the most interesting volumes we have ever read."—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

"Dr. Kidd has fulfilled his task, and may claim the gratitude of those who delight to contemplate the wisdom of Providence in the works of nature, and to discover the adaptation of the vegetable to the animal world, and the subserviency of the whole to the high destinies of man."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"The subject has been ably treated by a learned professor, and though it is not the most captivating topic in the world, has certainly served to display the ability of a sound thinker, who might rise, on other themes, to eloquence."—*Sat. Evening Post*.

"We congratulate Professor Kidd on the production of his work, and repeat the commendation, to which, as a popular treatise, it is indisputably entitled."—*Christian Remembrancer*.

**ON THE ADAPTATION OF EXTERNAL NATURE TO THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CONSTITUTION OF MAN.** By the Rev. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.; being Part I. of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. In one vol. 12mo.

"The volumes before us are every way worthy of their subject. It would seem almost supererogatory to pass any judgment on the style of a writer so celebrated as Dr. Chalmers. He is well known as a logician not to be baffled by any difficulties; as one who boldly grapples with his theme, and brings every energy of his clear and nervous intellect into the field. No sophistry escapes his eagle visions—no argument that could either enforce or illustrate his subject is left untouched. Our literature owes a deep debt of gratitude to the author of these admirable volumes."—*Lit. Gazette*.

**THE HAND: ITS MECHANISM AND VITAL ENDOWMENTS, AS EVINCING DESIGN.** By Sir CHARLES BELL, K. G. H.; being Part IV. of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. In one vol. 12mo.

**SOCIETY AND MANNERS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**

By the Rev. C. S. STEWART, U. S. Navy, Author of *A Voyage to the South Seas, &c.* In 2 vols. 12mo. In the press.

**MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.**

By Major HAMILTON, Author of *Cyril Thornton, Annals of Peninsular Campaigns, &c.* In 1 vol. 8vo.

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE,

WHICH CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF

ORIGINAL TALES, NOVELS, AND OTHER WORKS OF FICTION,

BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS OF THE AGE, AND EDITED BY

LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.

### VOL. I.

THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY, by Mr. BANIM, author of the O'Hara Tales, is universally acknowledged to be the most talented and extraordinary work that has issued from the press for many years.

"Mr. Banim has put forth all the vigor that belongs to the old O'Hara Tales, and avoided the weakness that sullied his subsequent efforts."—*Athenaeum*.

"There is more tenderness, more delicacy shown in the development of female character, than we have ever before met with in the works of this powerful novelist.

"Banim never conceived a character more finely than the young Ghost-Hunter, Morris Brady. It is a bold and striking outline."—*Author of Eugene Aram*.

"There is no living author who has excelled Mr. Banim in a striking portraiture of national manners. The volume now on our tables, by this amiable and highly gifted writer, exhibits more of his excellencies than any of his longer writings we remember to have read: every character, without exception, in his animated and natural groups, have a distinct, a probable, and a vivid individuality." &c.—*Times*.

### VOL. II.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE,

BY THE EDITOR.

"It is long since we have met with so bold, spirited, and original a story."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We now once more recommend the work itself, and the series, of which it is a worthy volume, to the public."—*Athenaeum*.

"Decidedly one of the best romances we have ever read."—*Court Journal*.

"Mr. Ritchie's Tales sometimes amount to the sublime, either in the terrible exigency or the melting pathos of the event, or in the picturesque energy of the description.—Schinderhannes may be esteemed as the best work of fiction for which we are indebted to his pen."—*Atlas*.

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

VOL. III.  
WALTHAM,  
A NOVEL.

"Certain we are that very few of our modern novels can produce a character more admirably drawn than that of Murdock Macara, and Johnson the quondam tutor; Mr. Bolton and Hulson are sketches that no one but a man of talent could have conceived, and none but a master could have filled up."—*London Monthly Magazine*.

"It is a publication of no ordinary merit, is written with considerable power, and embodies a story of deep interest. The Library of Romance has already an extensive circulation, and deserves still greater."

"The numbers published thus far, are devoted to works of the best description, and are calculated to entertain without offending a single moral precept."—*Penn. Inquirer*.

"There are some fine passages, and touches of strong descriptive powers of nature and characters."—*Balt. Amer.*

VOL. IV.  
THE STOLEN CHILD,  
A TALE OF THE TOWN.

BY JOHN GALT.

"The auto-biography in this volume is equal to Mr. Galt's best days, and even his subordinate characters are worthy to be recorded in the Annals of the Parish."—*Athenaeum*.

"The Stolen Child is a most cleverly managed story."

"We do not think any one ever exceeded Mr. Galt in sketching national portraits—they are preserved as if for a museum of natural curiosities."—*Lit. Gaz.*

"A story of considerable interest."—*Balt. Gazette*.

VOL. V.  
THE BOND MAN,  
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF WAT TYLER.

"A very picturesque and interesting story, and laid during a period which well deserves illustration."—*Lit. Gaz.*

"One of those stirring narrations that give a picture of the times, and take along the reader with the events, as if he was indeed a part of what he read. This series of romances has thus far maintained its character for novelty and raciness, and while the whole is worthy of especial commendation, each number is in itself a complete story."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"The narrative embraces one of the most interesting periods of English history, and is full of life and spirit. The character of Wat Tyler is well depicted."—*Balt. Gazette*.

VOL. VI.  
THE SLAVE-KING,

FROM THE "BUG-JARGAL" OF VICTOR HUGO.

"In this abridged tale from Victor Hugo, may the readers of wonderful incidents'wooterror to delight' them. The attention is aroused, and maintained to a frenzied state of excitement anxious to be satisfied with similar details."—*Am. Sentinel*.

"This peculiar and interesting romance well merited a translation, and the one before us is executed in a style likely to render it most popular with English readers, while the original French character is adequately preserved."—*Athenaeum*.

"It is a tale of active and thrilling interest."—*N. Y. Courier & Advertiser*.

Other Volumes are in preparation.

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## PENCIL SKETCHES,

OR OUTLINES OF CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."—*Shakespeare*.

**CONTENTS.**—The Escorted Lady. A Pic-Nic at the Sea-Shore. The Miss Vanlears. Country Lodgings. Sociable Visiting. Frank Finlay. The Travelling Tin-man. Mrs. Washington Potts. Uncle Philip. The Revolutionary Officer. Poland and Liberty. The Duchess and Sancho. The Clean Face. Lady Jane Grey. In one volume, 12mo.

"Miss Leslie hits, skilfully and hard, the follies, foibles, and exceptionable manners of our meridian. She is perhaps too severe; she draws too broadly, but she is always more or less entertaining, and conveys salutary lessons even in her strongest caricatures. Her subjects, incidents, and persons, are happily chosen for her purposes."—*National Gazette*.

"For the most part, they are excellent, well and naturally written, and the pictures they give of real life are such as cannot fail to entertain, as well as instruct. Miss L. possesses a happy faculty as a writer of short stories."—*Penn. Inquirer*.

"All abounding in genuine humor, and in rich and true sketches of character."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The work is composed of 'tales of real life,' in which the gifted authoress has scarcely a superior at the present day. Her 'Mrs. Washington Potts,' so justly admired for its exact delineation of men, women, and manners, as they are, is now accompanied by many other equally happy sketches, which make up a family group."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"As a writer, Miss Leslie has chosen a course for herself. She is free from the besetting sins of the novelists of the day; and the emanations from her pen are calculated not only to amuse, but also to have a beneficial effect."—*Pennsylvanian*.

"This is one of the most amusing little volumes we have read for a long time.

"Miss Leslie bids fair, we think, to prove an ornament to the literature of our country. She displays great tact in the delineation of character and manners."—*Baltimore Gazette*.

"The happy faculty she has of catching a thousand little peculiarities of manner, and hitting off the broader features of character, certainly entitles Miss Leslie to very great praise. As a new writer, she holds forth liberal promise for her future efforts."—*N. Y. American*.

"A series of light but admirable sketches, emanating from a well-regulated and observant mind."—*Daily Intelligencer*.

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## DE LORAINÉ,

A Novel, in 2 Vols.

BY W. GODWIN, AUTHOR OF CALEB WILLIAMS, &c. &c.

"We always regarded the novels of Godwin as grand productions. No one ever more forcibly portrayed the workings of the mind, whether it were in its joyous hilarity of happiness, or in the sublime agonies of despair. His tales, if we may so express it, have each but one character, and one end; but that character, how all-absorbing in interest, and how vividly depicted; and that end, how consistent with its preliminaries, how satisfactory, and how beautiful!"—*Metropolitan*.

"A creation of an imagination to the last degree wonderful, grand and striking as an outline of which, in his best days, he need not have been ashamed. The female character is, in many respects, beautifully developed."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"Mr. Godwin exhibits great power in the treatment of his story. It is rich in interest of a dramatic kind, which is not usual in Mr. Godwin's novels. The whole account of the ruined castle on the Rhine, of the singular man who resides in it, of the dangers to which its alarmed inmates are exposed day by day, and the minuteness with which the scene and the circumstances are described, cannot be perused without the liveliest emotions. It ranks in dramatic power with the *Kreutzer* of Miss Lee, and far surpasses that admirable tale in qualities of a loftier kind. Such a picture of youthful feelings, of early love, and the passions incidental to the spring-time of life as this work contains, was never produced at such a period of life by any other writer, except, perhaps, Goethe."—*Atlas*.

## ASMODEUS AT LARGE,

A FICTION.

BY BULWER, AUTHOR OF PELHAM, EUGENE ARAM, &c.

"This is another admirable production from the prolific pen of Mr. Bulwer—distinguished by the same profundity of thought and matchless humor which are so happily combined in all his writings."—*Baltimore Weekly Messenger*.

"Our readers have felt that the impassioned pen of the author of Eugene Aram has not lost its power in these sketches."—*N. Y. American*.

## Miss Austen's Novels, Complete.

EMMA, A Novel, by Miss Austen, 2 vols.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY, 2 vols.

MANSFIELD PARK, "

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, "

NORTHANGER ABBEY, "

PERSUASION, "

"There are few works of fiction, so acceptable in republication as the Novels of Miss Austen.

"They never weary, their interest is never lost, for, as in the prints of Hogarth, we find fresh matter for admiration upon every renewal of our acquaintance. In her works the scene is before us with all the reality of the world, and, free from the engrossment of acting a part in it, we discover points of interest which a divided attention had overlooked.

"Her merit considered, her perfection in one style, Miss Austen is the worst appreciated Novelist of her time. The *Quarterly Review*, (to its honor be it remembered,) was the first critical authority which did justice to her merits, and that after the grave closed over her unconscious and modest genius.

"It is remarkable that Scott, who noticed with praise many inferior authors, never mentioned Miss Austen."—*Examiner*.

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## LITTERATURE FRANCAISE.

BIBLIOTHEQUE CHOISIE DE LITTERATURE FRANCAISE.

SELECT LIBRARY

OF MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.

THIS work is published semi-monthly, containing 60 large and closely-printed pages per Number, at \$5 per annum, if paid in advance. Each page embraces double the quantity of matter usually contained in the ordinary pages of novels, and can be sent by mail at a very trifling expense.

The Editor of this work is fully aware of the necessity of caution in the selection of books for republication, and it will be his study to avoid all those that a father might hesitate to place in the hands of his daughters. All new books of importance, in the various departments of polite literature, will be received immediately after publication in Paris; and every exertion will be made so to diversify the contents of this work, as to give a satisfactory idea of the French Literature of the present day.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

LES ECORCHEURS. By Vicomte D'Arlincourt.

CINQ MARS. By Comte de Vigne.

Of "Cinq Mars," Lady Morgan says,

"A charming production—there are scenes in them, which, for vigor and vivacity, exceed any thing in the English or Scotch novels of the day."—*Lady Morgan's France.*

## THE SUMMER FETE.

A POEM, WITH SONGS.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq., Author of Irish Melodies, &c.

"The description of the Fete is in easy, graceful, flowing verse, and the songs with which it is interspersed are, unlike many of those which that gifted poet has published, unexceptionable in their moral tendency."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Many of the songs interspersed are pretty and pleasing, and savor of the usual richness of sentiment and luxuriance of style habitual to Moore. We can willingly recommend the work to all ladies and lovers of good poetry."—*American Sentinel.*

## THE WIFE.

A TALE OF MANTUA.

A Play, in Five Acts, by JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Author of *Virginius*, *The Hunchback*, *Magdalen* and other Tales, &c.

"The story of the play is described as highly interesting, and is worked up with so much skill, that the feelings are strongly excited, and kept alive from the onset. The piece will soon be introduced, no doubt, into this country."—*Nat. Gazette.*

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## LEGENDS OF THE LIBRARY AT LILIES.

BY THE LORD AND LADY THERE.

In 2 vols. 12mo.

"Two delightful volumes, various, graceful, with the pathos exquisitely relieved by gaiety; and the romantic legend well contrasted by the lively sketch from actual existence."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The author of these volumes merits much higher praise than most of the pretenders to the palm of genius."—*Balt. American*.

## FRANKENSTEIN, OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.

BY MRS. SHELLEY. In 2 VOLUMES, 12mo.

"The romance of a child of genius."—*Canning*.

"One of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever."—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

"Certainly one of the most original works that ever proceeded from a female pen."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This work will be universally acceptable."—*Atlas*.

"Perhaps there is no modern invention which has taken more thorough hold of the popular imagination than Frankenstein."—*Spectator*.

## ANDREW THE SAVOYARD.

A Novel, by PAUL DE KOCK, Author of Modern Cymon, &c.

In 2 vols. 12mo. In the press.

"Another adaptation from the light and witty pages of De Kock, and executed with equal judgment and animation as regards the translation."

"Still, the same epigrammatic spirit pervades the work; the same lively delineation of character, often hit-off by a single touch; and the same character so intensely French."—*Athenaeum*.

"The more we see of Kock's inventions, the more we like them. Upon the frame-work of this story, which is by no means impossible, he has interwoven much humor, touches of sterling nature, and specimens of searching wit."

"We prognosticate that this book will be read with avidity by all classes, and not the least by those whose constrained and affected nicety will make them openly condemn it the most."—*Metropolitan*.

## THE MODERN CYMON.

From the Jean of C. PAUL DE KOCK, Author of Andrew the Savoyard, &c. In 2 vols. 12mo.

"De Kock is quite unrivalled in his sketches of Parisian society. There is much character and spirit thrown into the translation, and the dialogues are excellent."—*Lit. Gazette*.

"A good translation of a clever work. Paul de Kock paints to the life the bourgeois of Paris."—*Athenaeum*.

"We cannot withhold our applause of the subtle spirit of fun, the fine dramatic tact, and the natural portraiture of character."—*Atlas*.



New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

**THE MAGDELEN AND OTHER TALES.**

By **SHERIDAN KNOWLES**, Author of *The Wife, Hunchback, &c.*

In 1 volume, 18mo.

**TALES OF THE CARAVANSERAI.**

**THE KHAN'S TALE.**

By **J. B. FRAZIER.**

Being volume seven of the Library of Romance.

**WALDEMAR;**

**A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.**

By **W. H. HARRISON.**

Being volume eight of the Library of Romance.

**AURUNGZEBE;**

**A TALE OF ALRASCHID.**

An Eastern Tale. In 2 volumes 12mo.

**THE CANTERBURY TALES.**

BY **SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.**

"There are fine things in the 'The Canterbury Tales.' Nothing of Scott's is finer than 'The German Tale.' I admired it when a boy, and have continued to like what I did then. This, I remember, particularly affected me."  
—*Lord Byron.*

"To read the *Canterbury Tales* of the Misses Lee once more, is a species of temporary regeneration. There is scarcely any educated person of this century who has not, at some time or other, of youth, drawn a sincere pleasure from these pages. The different tales have been to many like turning down a leaf in life; we can find our place again in juvenile existence by the associations connected with them. The Officer's Tale, perhaps, was read on some sunny bank in a pleasant land—a stolen pleasure. The Young Lady's Tale unfolded all its intricacy on some fair sofa of a well-remembered apartment. On the German Tale, perhaps, two hearts beat in unison, trembled in harmony, and, when sharing a mutual agitation, two heads bent over the mystic page, they turned round to see each other's fright reflected in well-known and well-loved features. Even now we feel a shiver running over the frame, as we call to mind the fearful whisper of the name of Kruitzner, amidst the silent throng of a kneeling congregation in the cathedral. Such a *memoria technica* has its charm; and we may be pardoned for approaching this number of 'The Standard Novels' with feelings of far more interest than we take up any new novel of the day."—*Spectator.*

"One of the most entertaining books of the age."—*Courier.*

"Full of incident and variety."—*Lit. Gazette.*

"Few readers of entertaining literature can be ignorant of these popular productions, and we are therefore spared the necessity of saying how much we have been excited by a perusal of 'Montford'; how deeply entertained by the narrative of 'Arundel'; how truly affected by the stories of 'Constance,' and 'Lothaire,' the 'Two Emilies,' and 'Cavendish.' The pure morality which reigns through these tales—which we can scarcely dare to call fictions—will render them most eligible reading for young persons. They ought to be in every family library."—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

New Works, published by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GERMAN LIFE.

In 2 Vols. 12mo.

"The pictures here given of German life have an interest which to us is perfectly irresistible."—*Sunday Times*.

"The work under our notice has great claims to the consideration of every reader who likes good tales, in which he will find every thing in keeping."—*Metropolitan*.

"These most original stories are replete with incidents, scenes, and characters that will dwell upon the mind they have amused; some of them have the conciseness, wit, and satirical point, of Voltaire's sparkling romance, but without their mockery of all that is sacred and virtuous. We rise from their perusal with our hearts warmed for our fellow-men, and with our love and interest increased for this world."—*Court Magazine*.

## THE LAST MAN.

BY MRS. SHELLEY, AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

## DELAWARE, OR, THE RUINED FAMILY.

A Novel, in 2 Vols. 12mo.

"Delaware is a work of talent in every sense of the word. The plot is full of interest, the characters are sketched with vitality and vigor, and the style is neat and flowing throughout."—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

"Delaware is a tale of much amusement and interest. We heartily commend it to our readers as a very pleasant and very clever work."—*Lit. Gazette*.

"Delaware is an original novel by an able man."—*Spectator*.

"The story is well told, the characters clearly unfolded, and the conclusion natural and satisfactory."—*Athenaeum*.

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS, OR, TALES AND CONFESSIONS.

By LEITCH RITCHIE, Author of Schinderhannes, &c.

In 2 Vols. 12mo.

"This work is supposed by eminent critics to be the chef-d'œuvre of the author."

"Mr. Ritchie is by far our best writer of romantic and imaginative tales," was the dictum of the Literary Gazette—and the Atlas pronounces him "the Scott of the short, picturesque, and bold story."

"The power of fascinating the reader, of chaining him down, as it were, while his fancy is tormented by terrible imaginings, is the principal characteristic of Mr. Leitch Ritchie's pictures."—*London Weekly Review*.

## THE REPEALERS.

A Novel. By the Countess of Blessington.

In 2 Vols. 12mo.

"The Irish scenes are entitled to warm commendation, they are written with equal good feeling and good sense; while Grace Cassidy is a sweet and touching portrait," &c. &c.—*Lit. Gazette*.

**Cooper's New Novel.**

**THE HEADSMAN,**

A New Novel, by the Author of the Spy, Pilot, &c. In 2  
12mo.

**THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.**

BY THEODORE HOOK, AUTHOR OF SAYINGS AND DOINGS, &  
IN 2 VOLS. 12mo.

"We proceed to assure the reader, who has it before him, that he will  
an intellectual treat of no mean order. The principal feature of its  
lence is an all-engrossing interest, which interest is mainly attributable  
extreme vraisemblance of its incidents, and the fidelity with which  
character supports its individuality. In it there is as much inventio  
originality as we have ever met with in a modern novel, be the autho  
he may."—*Metropolitan*.

"The moral of the tale carries conviction as to the justness of its ag  
bility, and the incidents flow as naturally as the stream of events in  
day life."—*Ibid*.

"Here is a novel from a deservedly popular author, written with grea  
and sprightliness."—*Athenaeum*.

**SWALLOW BARN,**

OR, A SOJOURN IN THE OLD DOMINION.

In 2 vols. 12mo.

"We cannot but predict a warm reception of this work among all pe  
who have not lost their relish for nature and probability, as well as all  
who can properly estimate the beauties of simplicity in thought and e  
sion."—*New York Mirror*.

"One of the cleverest of the last publications written on this or the  
side of the Atlantic."—*New York Courier and Enquirer*.

"The style is admirable, and the sketches of character, men, and sce  
so fresh and agreeable, that we cannot help feeling that they are drawn  
nature."

**THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY,**

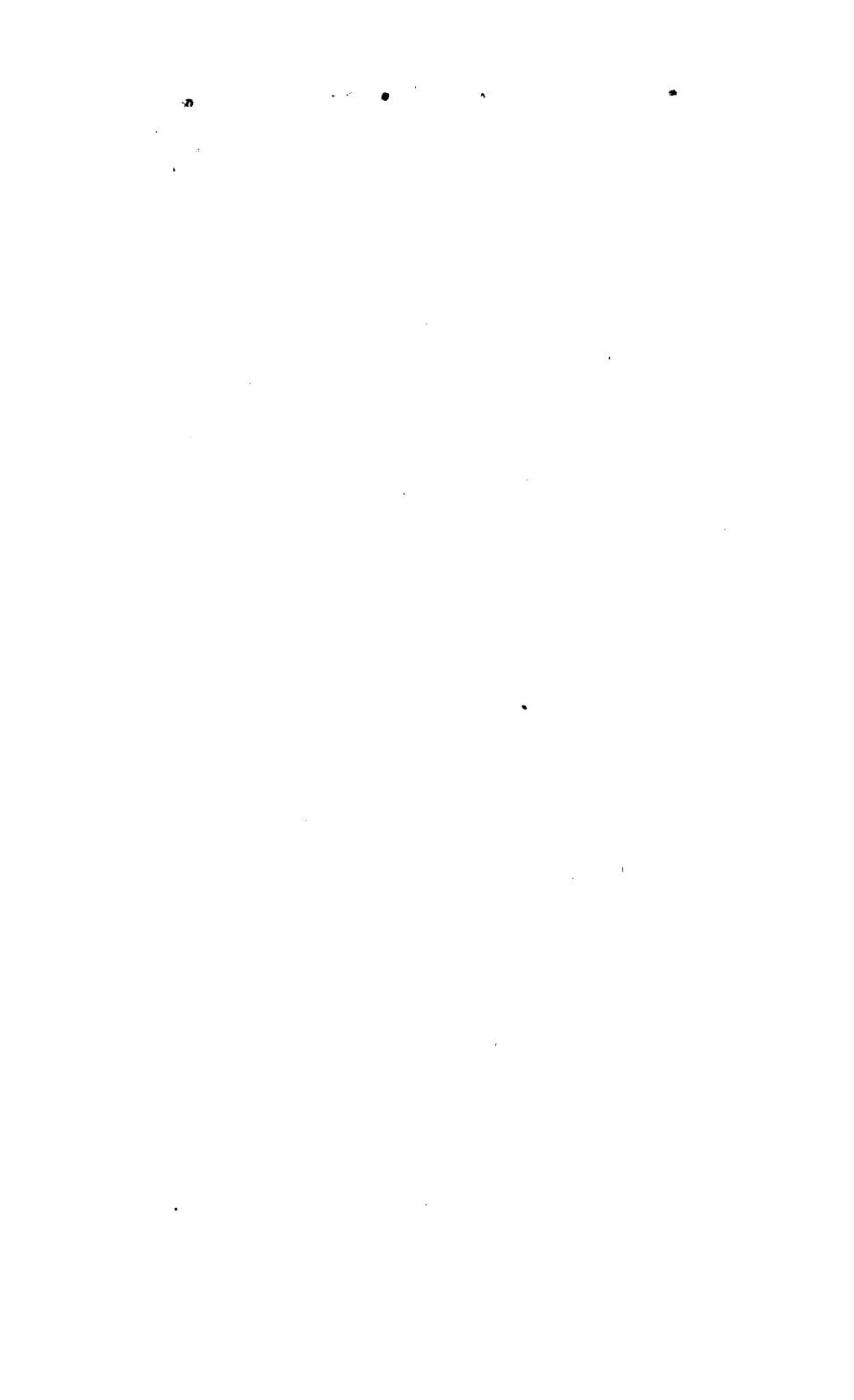
Consisting of a Series of Tales illustrative of the Scenery  
Manners of Scotland. In 2 vols. 12mo. In the press.

"These pages are pictures from scenes whose impress of truth tells the  
author has taken them as an eye-witness; and many are rich in quiet,  
ple pathos, which is evidently his forte."—*Literary Gazette*.

GALE MIDDLETON, A Novel, by HORACE SMITH, Autho  
Brambletye House, &c. In 2 vols. 12mo. In the press

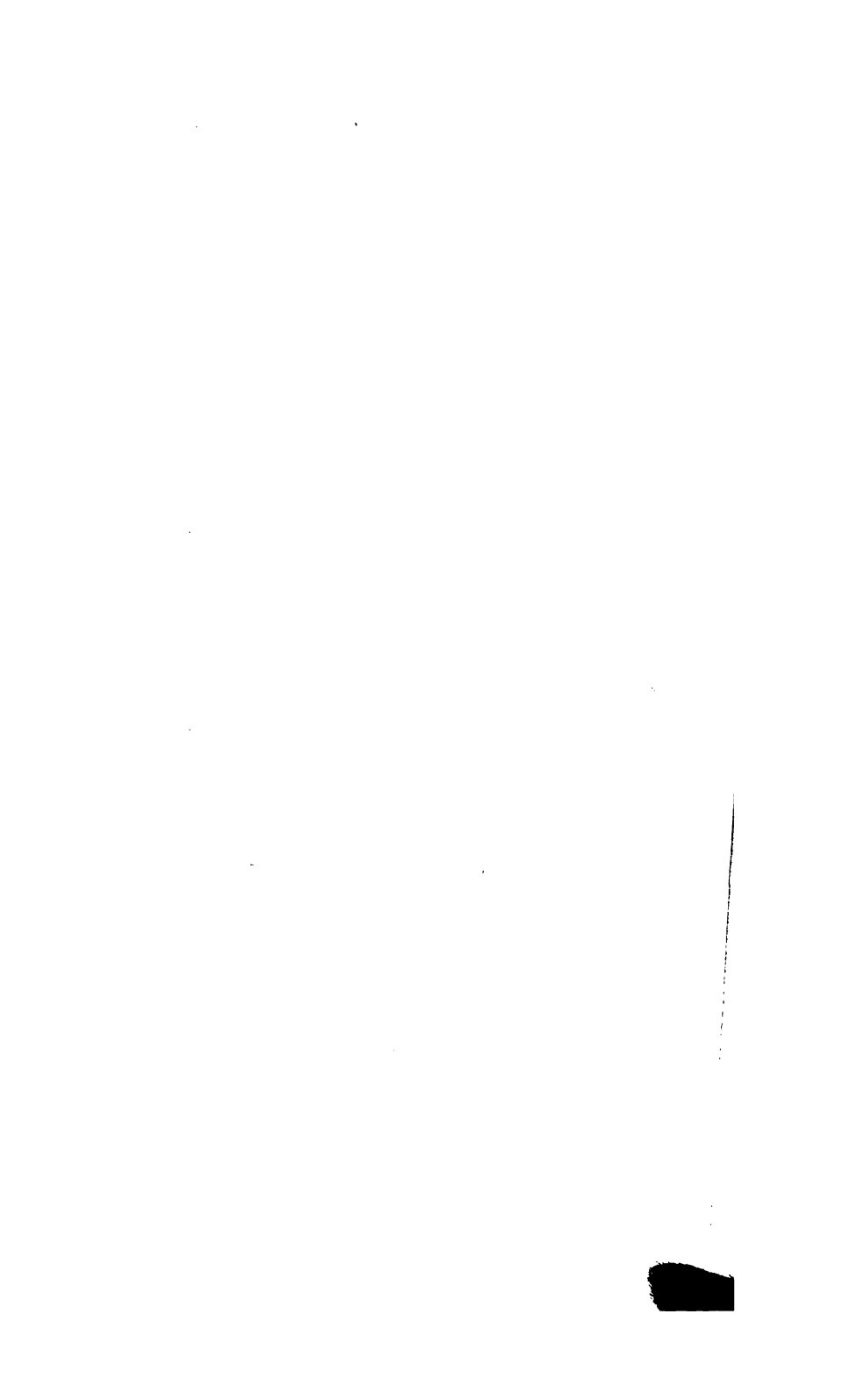
TREVALYAN, A Novel, by the Author of Marriage in F  
Life. In 2 vols.

5c  
JL



1  
2  
3  
4  
5

6  
7



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.

2.

3.









